

DAYS OF THE LEADERS

L. LAMPREY

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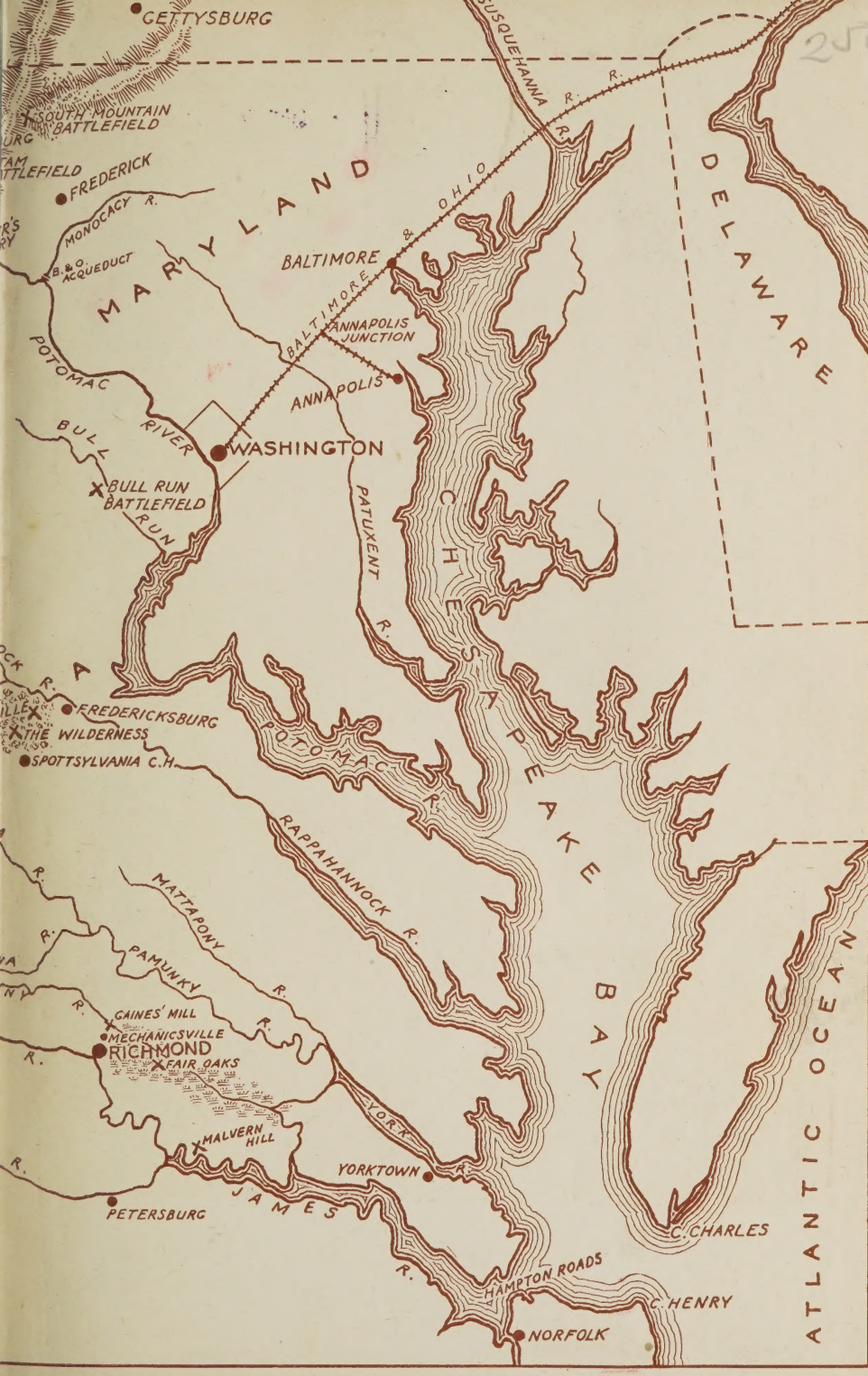
25 50 75 100



WOODS

MARSHES

X BATTLES (Where there were no towns)



GETTYSBURG

SOUTH MOUNTAIN
BATTLEFIELD

ANTETAM
BATTLEFIELD

FREDERICK

MONOCACY R.

B. & O. ACQUEDUCT

POTOMAC

BULL RIVER

BULL RUN
BATTLEFIELD

RUN

WASHINGTON

PATUXENT R.

FREDERICKSBURG

THE WILDERNESS

SPOTTSYLVANIA C.H.

POTOMAC R.

RAPPAHANNOCK R.

NATAPONY R.

PAMUNKY R.

GAINES' MILL

MECHANICSVILLE

RICHMOND

FAIR OAKS

MALVERN HILL

PETERSBURG

JAMES R.

YORKTOWN

HAMPTON ROADS

NORFOLK

BALTIMORE

ANNAPOPOLIS JUNCTION

ANNAPOPOLIS

WASHINGTON

PATUXENT R.

POTOMAC R.

RAPPAHANNOCK R.

NATAPONY R.

PAMUNKY R.

GAINES' MILL

MECHANICSVILLE

RICHMOND

FAIR OAKS

MALVERN HILL

PETERSBURG

JAMES R.

YORKTOWN

HAMPTON ROADS

NORFOLK

C. CHARLES

C. HENRY

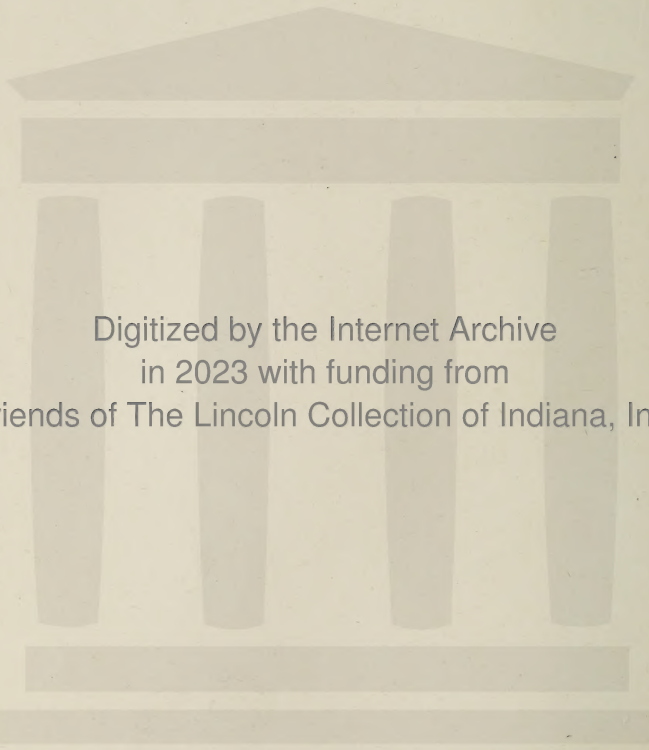
ATLANTIC OCEAN

DELAWARE

OHIO

SUSQUEHANNA R.

25



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DAYS OF THE LEADERS



“MR. PRESIDENT, WON'T YOU PLEASE SAY SOMETHING
THAT I CAN REMEMBER ALL MY LIFE?”

—Page 39

GREAT DAYS IN AMERICAN HISTORY SERIES

DAYS OF THE LEADERS

BY

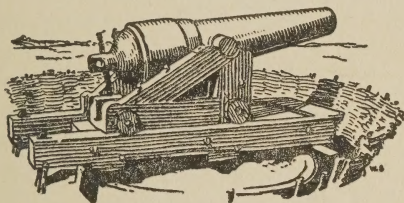
L. LAMPREY

Author of

*"Days of the Pioneers," "Days of the Commanders," "Days of
the Discoverers," "Days of the Colonists," "In the Days
of the Guild," "Masters of the Guild," etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY

WALLIS STURTEVANT



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TO
AUSTIN LEROY LAMPREY
A SOLDIER OF THE REPUBLIC

In the sun-bright dust of the street below
Glittered the bayonets all a-row,
And the muffled tramp of a thousand feet
Echoed the roll of the war-drum's beat,
And the gray old soldier leaned to hear,
With his hollowed palm to his eager ear,
As the fife shrilled loud, and the drums kept time
To a nation's heart-beat hid in rhyme.

He lifted himself in his old arm-chair
And gazed on the Regiment marching there
In a glory of scarlet and blue and gold—
And high overhead, like a torn-out fold
Of Liberty's robe, with its stripes and its stars—
Heaven's glorious blue on a field of Mars—
The old flag fluttered, half shot away
In the storm and stress of that judgment day
When through blood-dyed stream, up threatening crag,
The Thirteenth Regiment carried the flag!

The veteran looked,—and his face turned white
In a long-dead morning's returning light.
He fingered his old gun's outworn lock,
He felt the thrill of the battle's shock,
And he raised his head like a startled stag
As he saw the ghosts by the tattered flag.

Some were weary and bent and gray,
Some were blithe and gallant and gay,
And their voices rose through the dust and din—
“Comrade, O comrade, where have you been?
You have missed the drill this many a year”—
The call rang sweet to his listening ear,
And his soul broke loose from the frail old form
That had weathered a nation’s years of storm.
His eye did not falter, his foot did not lag
As he went to march by the tattered flag!

INTRODUCTION

In the various volumes of this Great Days in American History Series it has been the aim of the author to use as much new and unfamiliar material as possible. In the case of some of the events dealt with, the story has been told so many times that one would think nothing remained to disclose. There has proved to be, however, a surprising amount of picturesque and dramatic historical material practically untouched. This is true even in episodes as familiar as the conquest of Mexico, the landing of the *Mayflower*, the battle between the *Constitution* and the *Guerriere*, and the launching of Fulton's steamboat. In the present volume, such an incident is found in General Lee's "lost order," which enabled him to reassemble his scattered troops, choose his own ground at Antietam and possibly saved his army from wreck. Nothing more strange and sensational could have been invented than that a phantom army, having no existence in fact, should be as effective as a real one; yet this actually happened.

Another phenomenon which impresses the student of history is the importance which apparently trivial things take on in the light of subsequent events. For example, if in April, 1861, just after the outbreak of the war, when the Baltimore bridges were burned and mail trains halted, an artilleryman had not managed to go through from Washington to Reading with a

carpet-bag full of mail, a rumor might have gained ground that the Secession party had taken Washington. In that case foreign intervention might have resulted before the facts could be known.

In this volume, as in the previous volumes of the series, although many of the characters are imaginary, their adventures are often literally true. In fact the wealth of material available makes it difficult to invent anything more dramatic than the truth. Upon investigation it will be found that some of the incidents which sound most like fiction are on record as fact.

In the childhood of the author, "The War" as it was always called, appeared to be the great overshadowing memory of all the older people. Those who witnessed it are passing away. Even the men who fought against Spain are not all here to-day. Any record, however inadequate, of the somber, tragic, heroic years of the struggle for the Union, the swift and brilliant action of the later war of 1898, may some day be of value to the historian.

L. LAMPREY

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DAYS OF THE LEADERS

I

CIPHERS

“**S**HUT up, Geoff—there’s somebody coming.”
“Only Celia. She don’t count.”

Three boys were in council on the landing. A little girl came down the stairs, drawing her long dark braids cautiously over her shoulder. Celia was quite aware that she did not count. The boys had tried teasing her a little when she first came to Richmond. She neither burst into tears nor showed temper, and they voted it no fun. Now, they simply let her alone.

The old brick house with its white porches nearly always had its guests—aunts and uncles, cousins, friends, acquaintances, staying for weeks or months. On the way to plantations in Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, the Carolinas or the Southwest, hotels at the Hot Springs, Newport or Saratoga, homes of relatives and friends North or South, everybody made a point of staying with Cousin Betty in Richmond.

The hostess was almost as shadowy and unreal as the old portraits on the walls. Her days were mostly spent with her invalid mother, in the shut-off west wing. Uncle Cato the butler, and Aunt Cherry the housekeeper, slaves born on the place, and trained under the hospitable rule of “Old Marse,” always

made visitors welcome, and everything went on smoothly.

Rupert and Frank and their cousin Geoff had known the place from babyhood, but it was all new to Celia Morgan. Her father was an army officer stationed in the West. When her mother died he sent Celia, then four years old, to the uncle and aunt who had brought him up, in the old red house on a New England farm. In the fall of 1860, Madam Walton, her grandmother and Cousin Betty's aunt, came North to take Celia for a long visit to her Southern kin, her mother's people, whom she had never seen. And here she was.

There had been an exciting week in New York when her father got a furlough and came East to see her, and they stayed with Uncle David, who lived in the great city. Cousin Adrienne and Cousin Aldonna, his young-lady daughters, chose for Celia a wardrobe such as she had never had before. Two years ago they had sent her a French doll with a trunk full of exquisite little clothes made from pieces of their own beautiful dresses—fine cambric, velvet, gauze, *mous-seline de soie*, brocade and hair-striped summer silk, in colors like flowers. The doll was named Donna Adrienne for them both—Donna, Father said, was the Spanish for "Lady." At the end of that week Madam Walton arrived in New York to take her granddaughter South, and Captain Morgan went back to New Mexico and the Indians.

Celia had Adrienne in her arms now, together with a book by Captain Mayne Reid. She sat down in a deep window-seat in the unoccupied library, and set up the doll in a corner opposite. She did not exactly play with Adrienne any more, but she liked her company. Aunt Rachel said when the doll first came that

a present like that ought to be kept for special occasions, but they did not take that view here. The best china and silver were used every day, and the great parlors were always open.

In the old farm-house nobody had time to sit down and read a story-book by the hour. Celia used to wash dishes and pare apples and pick up chips when she was quite little. She fed the chickens, she helped Uncle Jo shell corn, she went berrying and nutting with the boys, Ben and Harvey. Sometimes she brought a book or paper out to the barn and read aloud to them by lantern light, while they milked the cows. When she was very little they drew her to school, in the winter, on a sled they made for her, and Ben built her a "cubby" in the orchard.

All she had to do here was to be properly dressed to see visitors, when they asked what "poor Caroline's child" was like. Nobody thought she was at all like her dead mother. Celia did not think so herself. Caroline Walton was a belle and a beauty when, at nineteen, she ran away with the young Northern officer who had no money except his pay. Her family had not liked it in the least. Celia, as the sole surviving relic of the lost and lovely Caroline, had a certain interest for all the Walton relatives. In herself, she was a solitary little cipher.

If they had known how lonely she was—and eleven years old can be a very lonely age—it might have been different; they were kind-hearted people. But only Adrienne knew, and she could not talk.

The parlors were full of visitors, as usual. Scraps of talk drifted into the library.

"Of course the child has had no suitable education . . . brown as an Indian, my dear, if you could have

seen her! . . . Oh, yes, we used cucumber juice by the *gallon*, and that famous lotion of Great-grand-mother's, but her complexion . . . Naturally poor Caroline's child cannot be allowed to grow up among strangers . . . when I saw the house I was appalled . . . her father under orders and we had to decide at once . . . her father has taught her to ride, at least . . . yes, music, French and dancing of course——"

That last voice, the high one that went up and down like singing, belonged to Aunt Cornelia. One reason why Celia seldom spoke unless she was spoken to, and then briefly, was Aunt Cornelia's horrified expression in referring to the "Yankee twang." Celia did not know exactly what the Yankee twang might be, and hoped she did not have it; but she could not help noticing that people here spoke very differently from the way in which they spoke at Uncle Jo's.

More cousins arrived. Celia was sent for and introduced, and sat down in a corner by her grandmother. Some officers in uniform were there. One, a tall, handsome man of dignified appearance, was Robert E. Lee—General Lee, second in command to General Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief of the United States Army. It was said that Lee would be commander-in-chief when General Scott died or retired. Celia had heard her father tell of this officer's brave exploits in the Mexican War, many years ago, when Lee was a young officer of engineers and Captain Morgan was a young West Point graduate.

The prettiest of the girl cousins, Sally Walton, was some relation to General Lee. When the General was taking his leave Celia heard Miss Sally say firmly,

"No, 'deed, Cousin Robert, I can't kiss you good-bye, unless you promise not to turn traitor!"

If that was a joke, it did not seem to amuse the General. He looked very grave. Celia was puzzled.

Quiet and shy as she was, the little girl had always been intensely proud that her father was in the service. He had fought in Mexico; his father had served in the War of 1812. Celia's ancestors on both sides had taken part in the Revolution. Almost the very first thing she remembered was Sergeant Garrity lifting her up in his arms to see the flag run up above the frontier fort, and the bugle blowing as the men hastily rode away to fight the hostile Indians. The first tune she learned to know was "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Here in Richmond, people called themselves Virginians, Georgians, Carolinians or Southerners—but not Americans.

After General Lee left, there was a good deal of excited talk among the gentlemen. One old man with bright dark eyes and long white hair was called Mr. Ruffin. Celia knew that he was the author of articles in Government Reports that came to Uncle Jo—articles on farming which Uncle Jo read aloud and said were good. But what he was saying had nothing to do with that.

"The pauperism and greed of the North . . . heavy tribute exacted from Southern industries . . . ruin and destitution.

"Gentlemen, Virginia cannot remain indifferent at such a time. Our failure in this conflict must be followed by the shameful degradation of a noble and free people."

There was a protesting chorus.

"We cannot fail."

"You don't think the North will fight, do you? The Yankees are a heap too shrewd for that. They know which side their bread is buttered."

"Cotton is King. If they try to coerce the South they will see grass growing in the streets of New York and starving mill workers rioting in their factory towns. Coercion? Nonsense!"

It sounded as if the North were a foreign country that they all hated.

The visitors went away. The Walton carriage, with Uncle Pomp driving, rolled up to the door. The ladies staying in the house came down-stairs, filling the hall with their silken flounces and mantillas, French bonnets and lace shawls, and went off to a party. The children would have their tea with Cousin Betty, later on.

Celia went back to her seat in the library and "The Desert Home." The house was very still.

In the garret, where the boys had found some real Indian war-bonnets and other relics in an old chest, they were putting on their war-paint. Chief Eagle Eye and his braves, Lone Wolf and Big Medicine, were going to fall upon the settler's wife and child in their isolated cabin on the prairie. The wig of Celia's doll would make a realistic scalp. Subsequently Rupert, who owned a real shot-gun, would come on the scene as Wild Bill, the intrepid scout, and rescue the distracted woman. In order to make it true to life they intended to have it a complete surprise to Celia. It is only fair to say that they had no idea of her feelings about the doll being scalped.

It grew too dark to read. Celia sat waiting for

Pliny, the house-boy, to bring lights. At home—she still thought of the old farm-house as home—she would simply have gone out in the kitchen for a lamp, but here it was not to be thought of.

A stealthy footstep sounded in the hall. Then the war-party burst into the library in a whirlwind of whoops and yells and flourishing of weapons.

Celia did not cry, or faint, or plead for mercy. She turned into a small human wild-cat when Rupert made his grab at Adrienne. She flew at him so ferociously that he dodged, fell over a chair, upset Frank and wedged Geoff in a corner between the chair, the heavy table and his own spear. When they had picked themselves up and the lights arrived, Celia was nowhere to be found. They hunted up-stairs and down, even opened the great wardrobe in the upper hall, but found no trace of her. The servants had not seen her. Out-of-doors it was raining hard.

"She might have known we wouldn't hurt her," said Geoff at last.

"She's prob'ly off somewhere crying and fixing to tell on us," was Frank's theory.

"I never thought she'd flare up that way," said Rupert candidly. "'Course we wouldn't have kept her doll. I meant to glue the scalp on again. If it got broken I'd have bought her another."

Celia, crouched in her hiding-place, heard every word. She shook like an enraged mother-bird defending her nest. They should never get Adrienne, never!

A week before, in looking for a spool of thread Aunt Cornelia had dropped near the wardrobe, she had found a panel that moved. It was open a little way, and slid sidewise into the wall behind the massive

mahogany creation of a colonial cabinet-maker. The hole led into a small square room, with a high window almost covered with vines. In a basket lay Queenie, Cousin Betty's beautiful Maltese cat, purring softly, her green eyes like emeralds in the dusk, and beside her two dear little silvery-gray kittens. A few days later the cat led forth her children to be petted and admired, and the panel was closed. But it was not fastened. Celia was hidden in the secret room.

The boys gave it up at last. Celia heard their feet descending the stairs. When they were gone she came out and closed the panel behind her, got the doll's trunk and came back. Cautiously creeping into the hidden room she put Adrienne and all her belongings inside an old cherry-wood desk with a front that let down. When the boys quizzed her at supper she only smiled and said that she "guessed she wouldn't tell where she had been."

"Just like a Yankee, guessing at everything!" said Frank.

"I am one," said Celia.

The bell rang. A telegraph boy handed in a message. Almost at the same moment the ladies of the family returned. The dispatch drove everything else out of all their minds.

On February 4, 1861, the Southern Confederacy was born.

Other dispatches and letters followed giving the thrilling history of those days at the Convention. Jefferson Davis was to be President, Alexander H. Stephens Vice-President of the new nation. All the boys of the neighborhood began to drill. The parlors were full of excited people discussing the news.

It was said that Lincoln would never be inaugurated.

If Virginia would only follow her sister states and secede from the Union, Confederate troops could march into Washington itself, seize the public buildings and put Davis in the White House. Of course Lincoln, if he were kept out of Washington, could still take the oath in New York, or Philadelphia. But it was thought that if the Confederacy got possession of the capital, England and other foreign powers would recognize Davis, and not Lincoln, as President.

A stout, middle-aged Charleston cousin said that if Lincoln did get into Washington he would not live to take the oath. What was more, to assassinate the "Illinois Ape" would not be murder.

"You always were too brash for your own good, Barnwell," said Madam Walton calmly, untangling a knot in her yarn.

"Brash, am I, Cousin Valeria?" sputtered the Carolinian, flourishing a newspaper. "Here's Davis's speech at Stevenson:

"'We will carry war where it is easy to advance—where food for the sword and torch await our armies, in the densely populated cities: Though they, the enemy, may come and spoil our crops we can raise them as before, while they cannot rear again the cities that took years of industry and millions of money to build.' What do ye think of that?"

"Wait till the eggs are hatched," said the undisturbed old lady.

Yet Madam Walton was prepared to put nearly all her fortune into Confederate bonds; her journey to the North had been partly for the purpose of selling securities, with a view to this. Many of her friends there had assured her that peaceful separation of

North and South would be managed somehow. Knowing what war was like she was not enthusiastic over war talk. When she was hardly older than Celia she had seen Admiral Cockburn's fleet menacing Baltimore and Charleston.

Then it became known that Lincoln had actually been inaugurated, in Washington. For the first time in the history of the country a Cabinet had been chosen without a single slaveholder in it. It was said that thousands of military guards were posted around the Capitol when Lincoln was sworn in.

The Richmond papers had a story that Lincoln had not dared to pass through Baltimore except in disguise. The boys jeered at the cowardice of the "rail-splitter."

"He's too tall to be disguised," said Celia quietly. "Did you ever see him?"

"Of course not!" said Frank scornfully.

"He's six feet four; Uncle Jo took me to the station when he made a speech from the train platform. Nobody could help noticing him, in the biggest kind of a crowd."

Aunt Cordelia's husband came from Washington and confirmed the story of the military guards. There were not thousands, however, only a few hundred. General Scott, who was a Virginian, was denounced as "a traitor to his State" for posting those guards at all. Yet Virginia did not leave the Union until Lincoln had been President for a month. It was more than Celia could understand.

One morning, Celia was wakened early, to be dressed for a journey. Madam Walton never made explanations; she gave orders and was obeyed. She was hastening her departure because her youngest son

Bruce, who was at the Mississippi plantation, was in the militia, and she had matters to talk over with him before war might call him away. Celia had no chance to get her treasures out of the secret room. People were coming and going in the hall continually. But on the wall over the cherry-wood desk hung an old sword and an old flag, torn and weather-stained, the undaunted, unconquered flag of the Union. Celia knew that Cousin Betty loved it still.

Charleston was even livelier than Richmond. Everywhere the palmetto banner waved, gayly defiant. The houses were filled with young men in new uniforms, designed after the natty gray suits of the New York Seventh. Ladies were making regimental flags and badges. War talk was the only talk.

General Beauregard, who rode by on a handsome horse, was another officer who had served in Mexico. So was Major Robert Anderson, the commandant of Fort Sumter, on its island in the harbor. He had seventy men in all, behind those low gray ramparts. Seven thousand stood ready to attack them. Above the fort, the starry flag was blown free on the strong sea-wind. Celia, gazing at it with yearning eyes, heard old Mr. Ruffin tell her grandmother that he hoped to be the man who would fire the first shot at that flag.

Lincoln was delaying action, refusing to be first to break the peace. If he delayed much longer, the garrison of Sumter would starve. At last he said to his advisers:

"I am going to send bread to Anderson."

The balconied house, where Madam Walton was staying with her granddaughter, overlooked the harbor. Lieutenant Preston Walton took the young folk to a

housetop and pointed out the batteries posted at Cummings Point and on James Island, the floating battery at Sullivan's Island, the Confederate flag waving over Fort Moultrie. The buoys in the narrow, dangerous channel had been removed, and stone-laden vessels were sunk there to keep Northern provision-ships from coming in to the relief of Sumter.

On April 11, Beauregard sent a message to Major Anderson demanding the surrender of Sumter. Anderson knew that his men were facing starvation. He replied that he would not surrender, but that unless he received other orders from his Government, he would evacuate the fort at noon on April 15.

That night the relief ships—the *Pawnee*, the *Harriet Lane* and the transport *Baltic*—appeared outside the bar. Beauregard again demanded immediate surrender of the fort—and was refused.

At midnight seven cannon shots were heard. The reserves had been called out. At half past three in the morning Beauregard informed the commandant that in one hour, if surrender was again refused, the Confederate batteries would fire on Sumter. On the morning of April 12, at half past four, a thunder shower was clearing to a drizzling mist when old Edmund Ruffin, his white hair floating on the breeze, fired the first shot from the Stevens Battery. The fort did not reply. All but nine of the guns were so placed that the Union gunners could at once have been picked off by the Confederates. All day the bombardment went on. Shells set the wooden barracks afire; the precious water must be used to quench the flames. Next day the cisterns were wrecked. A shot tore into the powder-magazine. Men half choked and blinded rolled out the powder-barrels in desperate haste.

There was nothing to eat but a little salt pork. Burning buildings made the place a furnace. Eight times the flag-staff was struck without being broken. The ninth time, about one o'clock, the top was cut off and the flag dropped among blazing embers. It was rescued by Lieutenant Hall and nailed to the ramparts. That evening Anderson consented to evacuate the fort.

Celia and her cousins were swept into the crowd in front of the Charleston Hotel. Governor Pickens was speaking from the balcony. He said:

"The flag of the United States has triumphed for seventy years. To-day it has been humbled before the glorious little State of South Carolina."

Nobody noticed Celia's silence in the general excitement; she was always silent. Next morning the garrison marched out of Sumter, saluting their flag as they passed, and took it with them aboard ship for New York.

War had begun.

THE CALL

My forefathers in days of old
Came dauntless oversea,
Not for the sake of power or gold,
But that they might be free.

My grandsire fought against the King,
—The same old cause, meseems,
That freedom in whose name we sing,
That nurtures all our dreams.

Through peaceful years our people dwelt
Among their flocks and herds,
No zest of battle-rage they felt;
Wasted no empty words.

Now comes the crash of threatening guns,
The sound of drum and fife,
And as of old the watchword runs,
For honor as for life!

O down the wind the well-known call
Comes blithely to mine ear,
Follow thy fate, whate'er befall,
Go forth, and know no fear!

II

THE AWAKENING OF THE NORTH

AUNT RACHEL sat in the doorway of the old red house, rocking and knitting. The children who had gone out of that entry-way, down the green lane with its huge willow-tree at the corner, into the wide world, used to think of her there. Before the snow was fairly gone from the dooryard her little straight-backed rocker would appear at the open door on the first mild afternoon, and Aunt Rachel would be in it with a little plaid shawl over her shoulders and her knitting in hand. Now and then her keen, loving old eyes lifted to look down to the road when some neighbor passed with a word of greeting. She was Aunt Rachel to everybody within fifteen miles.

Often she was knitting out some of the neighborhood problems in the twilight, but on this April evening her thoughts were busy with her own children.

The family was pretty well scattered, though they were all doing well. Rebecca was away out in Ohio and had a baby three months old. Of course John Henry Smith was good as gold and his folks thought the world and all of Rebecca, or she didn't see how she could have let Rebecca go.

Ben was in Lowell, working in a machine-shop. Never was cut out for farming, Ben wasn't, though he was smart enough at it. He built a dam in the brook and rigged a water-wheel to do the churning,

when he was too little to get out of doing it by hand. Aunt Rachel could hear the brook now, high with spring flood-water from the pastures, chuckling over that.

Ben was always one to go ahead—a handsome, wilful boy with thick unruly dark hair and a flashing smile that nobody could resist. Harvey, the bookish one, was still at home, when he was not at the academy in the next town. Harve wanted to go to college, working his way part of the time perhaps.

Celia was 'way down South with her grandmother; that did seem almost too bad; the child acted so contented here. But the old lady was well off, and could give her a good education and every advantage. It was only natural for her to want her daughter's child, to keep her company in her old age.

Aunt Rachel changed her needle. There was a creeping chill in the air as the sun set. Frogs were chirping in the meadow. The slender shoots of the great pollard willow were alive with tender green. The soft dark of the misty night was closing in on the valley. Harvey's lantern showed a dancing light in the barn—he must be almost through milking.

"What in creation keeps Father so late?" she thought, suddenly. Uncle Jo had gone to see a man in the next county about buying a new horse. As he got older his lame leg bothered him sometimes; he had broken it once, logging. Aunt Rachel got up and peered out into the dark. There ought to be a letter from Ben to-night.

She had taken care of the milk and was making up her mind to send Harvey to the village to see what had happened, when the sound of wheels in the lane,

and the unaccustomed quick trot of the old sorrel, brought them to the door in a hurry.

"All right, mother; don't you fret," called Uncle Jo before they could see him. Yet there was something in his voice that kept her standing there, looking anxiously through the shadows.

"I waited down to the station to get all the news there was, by telegraph," he explained as he climbed wearily out of the wagon. "They've fired on Fort Sumter."

Between untackling and feeding old Bett, getting bags and parcels into the house and putting the belated supper on the table, the story was told so far as he knew it. Sumter had not yet fallen, but the paper said that it could not hold out for many days. All along the valley and up on the mountainside, twinkling lights in village houses and on lonely farms, and one big flare that marked the store and smithy and railway station, showed where other quiet folk were wakened into fear and wonder by the great news.

Uncle Jo could hardly believe that war had come. He hated to believe it. Great leaders like Horace Greeley and Professor Morse ought to know. Professor Morse was president of the Peace Society and said slavery was ordained of God. Aunt Rachel said that no doubt he was a great inventor, but he was carrying invention too far when he made that statement.

"Now, Rachel, just try to look at the other side a little," plead Uncle Jo, mildly. "There them planters have got all their property dependent on slavery; their living's bound up in it. They'd naturally feel aggrieved when these Abolitionists incite their hands to run off."

"I notice when that Henry Briggs woke us up last spring and asked to be let to sleep in the barn, you didn't hitch up and go to inform the sheriff," said his wife, dryly.

"Well, no," said Uncle Jo with a sigh, winding the clock. "I never could feel to take part in hunting down any critter that was runnin' for its life, even a fox. And I don' know as I'd want to send a hoss back to anybody that had used it like his master had used that boy. Why, his back was all over scars! It's a terrible tangled situation. But I did hope we could make out without gettin' us into a war."

Early next morning Harvey saddled his own colt and rode to the telegraph office. He brought back the news that Sumter was still holding out. All that day farmers halted their work in the fields to hail any one coming from the village, who might have something to tell. Ray Hallett, riding hard on his fleet young horse, brought word at last that the garrison had evacuated the fort.

Not for years had the little white church held such a congregation as it did on Sunday, April 14. Everybody who was able to get there turned out. On Monday came the President's proclamation.

Lincoln had called a special session of Congress, and asked the loyal States to furnish seventy-five thousand militia for immediate service, the volunteers to serve three months. This force was to be employed in "maintaining the Government of the United States, and regaining such forts and other Government property as had been seized by Confederate forces."

To most Northern States the news came like a meteorite out of a cloudless sky, kindling flame where it fell. One or two Governors, like Governor Andrew of Mas-



"HARVEY BROUGHT BACK THE NEWS THAT SUMTER WAS
STILL HOLDING OUT."

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Massachusetts, had read the signs of the times accurately and knew what to do. There was plenty of enthusiasm, but little or no experience. Four times as many volunteers were offered as were asked for. The Governor of Rhode Island was a "Conservative Democrat," but he raised the quota for his State and offered himself as leader. Among his recruits was a millionaire who had just bought a ticket for Europe, but tore it up and went into camp as a private soldier.

Thoughtful men began to see how menacing the situation really was. Southern officers in the regular army were resigning to take command of Confederate troops. They were in the prime of life, many of them experienced. Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Beauregard, Bragg, Jackson and others were veterans of the Mexican War. They had behind them a government united, aggressive, confident of speedy success and with everything to gain by it. In the North, many still hoped for a compromise. The ranking generals of the Union army were old men who had not seen active service for many years.

Pennsylvania troops on their way to Washington were threatened by a mob as they passed through Baltimore. Tuesday brought news that the Sixth Massachusetts was ordered South. The telegraph operator at the little station hesitated as he read the dispatch to Uncle Jo. That was Ben's regiment.

A tragic thing in war-time is the swiftness with which public news travels, as compared with private news. No great battle was fought in the war for the Union that did not mean days of torturing suspense to thousands of families who knew that certain regiments were in the fight, but could not know what had happened until the dreadful lists of the dead and

wounded began to come in. There was a report, vague and incomplete, that the Massachusetts troops had been attacked in Baltimore and several men killed. When the postmaster handed Uncle Jo a letter postmarked "Washington," his hands shook so that he tore the envelope half across in opening it. But Ben was alive. The letter was read and re-read, in the need to feel after these days of desperate anxiety that the boy was really safe. This was his account of the Baltimore fight:

WASHINGTON, D. C. April the 20, 1861

"Dear Father, Mother and Brother,

"Well we are here safe & sound but had a rough time in Baltimore. Reached the President Street Station in that city in the forenoon of yesterday & had to change to the B. & O. R. R. we expected the cars would be drawn to the Camden st. station by horses. A big mob armed with stones & bricks was waiting for us all yelling like mad for Jeff. Davis & the Southern Confederacy. Harve is that spelt right? The first 8 cars went through but they stoned the next one and tried to tear up the track, then blocked the street with anchors. Our officers saw that we would have to hoof it to Camden st., so we that were waiting got out of the cars & formed on the sidewalk, Captain A. S. Follansbee of our Company in command. We were 2 Lowell companies, one from Stoneham & the Lawrence Light Infantry. Our orders were not to fire unless attacked. We had not started when the mob came up. A man with a Secession flag on a pole hollered 'you'll never get through the city alive, every nigger of you will be killed.' We wasted no breath on him but moved on up President street in close

order. At the corner they made a rush & the air rained stones &c. for about a minute; we went on the double quick to Pratt st. There they had taken up the planks of the bridge but we went over it all right, Scotch hop. At Gay st. they came at us like crazy men, some of our boys were knocked down by the stones and the mob took away their muskets and fired on us.

"I guess Capt. Follansbee concluded we had had enough he told us to cap our pieces, they were loaded allready and defend our selves & so we did. They say there was 10,000 people in that mob I can't tell I was too busy to stop & count them.

"Well we fought our way through to the Camden st. station but it was no church picnic now I tell you. One man was knocked down by a heavy iron thrown from a top story window. Luther Ladd was killed first, he was a boy only 17 years old born in Alexandria N. H. He gave one cheer for the flag after he was shot then dropped. Addison Whitney was 21, a Maine fellow working in Lowell, Charles A. Taylor was a painter & decorator from Boston, they were killed & Sumner Needham of Lawrence mortally wounded. I was quite surprised to find I had nothing the matter with me but a few bruises, because the paving stones were thickern spatter where I was, for a time.

"When we got to Washington we found Gen. Scott had all ready fortified the Capitol building & we are quartered in the Senate chamber. The doors and windows are barricaded with building stones barrels of cement or anything else handy. Some iron plates they had ready for the new dome are set up for breast-works between the marble columns. If we could face

what we did in the open street I think we would give them a hot reception here.

"A lot of the boys are writing home as I am, on the Senators' desks. A Pennsylvania fellow told me this one was Jeff. Davis's but as he will not use it again very soon I thought I might as well take possession. Mother don't worry about me our officers are fine men & I would not be anywhere else for a farm. Gov. Andrew has telegraphed to have the boys that were killed sent home to Boston for a funeral with military honors. He is the right man for these times & so is Lincoln. I have seen Lincoln today & enclose a picture of him bought here of a pedler it is pretty fair.

Yours aff.

BEN."

THE MIRAGE

When summer shall come again, come again,
 Over the mountains to dance on the plain,
Then she shall bring our flag home again,
 Harvest the gold of our ripening grain!

Flag of the South, flag of empire,
 Waving so proudly o'er city and town,
Who shall dare brave your fierce onset?
 Onward then, Southern men, beat the foe down!

When summer shall come again, come again,
 Then shall our nation, her colors unfurled,
Send her brave ships, bring them home again,
 Harvest our fortune all over the world!

Build ye then, founding an empire,
 Proud shall her name be wherever 'tis known.
Unto none owe ye allegiance—
 The South stands secure and alone.

When summer shall come again, come again,
 Then shall our vision come surely to pass—
Then shall our armies come home again,
 Their foe as the withered mown grass.

Ours then the glory of empire,
 Citizens we of a greater than Rome.
Southern men, hark to the onset!
 Strike now for your hearth and your home!

III

DAVID AND GOLIATH

"David an' Goliah dey went fur to fight—
Goliah wuz er giant in er copper coat so bright—
David hove er brick at him an' knocked him outer sight—
Dave he was little but oh my!"

THE boys came tumbling and scuffling down the stairs from the "peanut gallery" of a Bowery theater, whistling and humming the catchy minstrel song. They rather liked the last line, though their Biblical information was hazy. It reminded Sven Lindstrom of something he had heard in a mission school, before he knew much English. He did not attend the mission school very long. Terry Donovan, another boy who lived in the same tenement house, told him that a boy could make money selling papers even if he could not read or speak English well. Terry lent him money to buy his first stock of papers and told him to fight back if anybody bothered him. And the little Swede did.

Sven was an orphan; his parents died of ship fever before they landed. Magnus Henning, who came from the same village, would have taken him with his own family to the Northwest. Sven did not like that idea. He knew nothing of the prairies of the New World, but he knew how Magnus farmed in Sweden, and had a suspicion that his ways would not change

with the sky above him. New York with its big bright windows and the crowds in the streets, was much more to his taste. It was like the towns of the Trolls inside the mountains, that his mother used to tell him about; but this town was open to sea and sky. He slipped away and slept that night with Terry in a box of sand, down among the warehouses. Terry said a box of sand was bully on a cold night, when your father was drunk.

The two boys told each other the story of their lives, and Sven was re-christened Charlie Johnson by his new friend. In time he came to be called Stub Johnson, and after Magnus and the other Swedes from the ship had gone West, he went on selling papers. He regarded himself as an American boy, but always thought of his name as being Sven Lindstrom.

It was a long time before he heard a word of Swedish spoken. Then a tall, absent-minded looking gentleman came near walking over the boy and gave an exclamation in that language. Without thinking, Sven answered him in his native tongue. The man stopped and looked him over and asked his name. Sven said it was Lindstrom. After that he brought a paper every evening to the house where this man lived. It was on Franklin Street, a little street west of Broadway, all a tangle of old brick houses and old gardens and ailanthus trees; and the man's name was Mr. John Ericsson.

Usually Sven saw only the servant who took in the paper, but one evening he came a little later than usual and found the gentleman at dinner. It was a plain, good dinner—tea and brown bread, a steak, some beans and some lettuce. Sven found himself answering questions, always in Swedish. Could he read?



"SVEN FOUND HIMSELF ANSWERING QUESTIONS."

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A little, but he did not go to school. Why not? Well, he did not have time; he had to sell his papers. The gentleman told him he might learn to read even so, and it was a shame to be ignorant. The tow-headed, blue-eyed newsboy was cleaner than some of the others. That may be why Ericsson took an interest in him, or perhaps it was because Sven was a Swede like himself.

Terry did not care much for reading; he liked to go to a show, or play the violin he had got at a pawnshop and tinkered up. There was, however, an old man on the top floor, Daddy Winkler, who used to be a schoolmaster. He would probably be glad to give lessons for a little money, in the evening.

The old man was a German. He read the papers, and he knew something about this Mr. Ericsson. The Swede was an inventor—designed machinery for ships. He had invented the screw propeller used on the new steamer *Princeton*; a steam fire-engine; an instrument for measuring distances at sea, and so many other things that nobody could remember half of them. If Sven had ever heard about Aladdin he might have thought that Ericsson was like the genie in that story. Even as it was he felt about him rather as another sort of boy might feel about a wizard. When he found among Daddy Winkler's old books one with pictures and diagrams of pistons and levers and screws—entitled "Physics," though it was not about medicine—he decided to learn to read that book if it took him a year.

It was more than a year before he understood much of it. He studied reading, spelling and arithmetic and found out what was meant by mechanical drawing. He read all he found in the newspapers about the big

new steamers, and questioned all the sailors who knew anything of the *Great Eastern*, the mammoth passenger ship that was under construction. But he was most interested in the armored warships. He wondered what Mr. Ericsson was inventing now.

The inventor's habits were so regular that it was not hard to get a glimpse of him. He arose at seven every day and took a cold bath. In summer ice was put in it to make it cold enough. He went through gymnastic exercises, and at nine he ate his breakfast of eggs, tea and brown bread. He ate nothing more till his late dinner, and after dinner he worked till ten o'clock. He spent about ten hours a day making drawings, notes and calculations for his machines. At ten he always went for a walk; then he wrote exactly one page in the diary which he kept in Swedish, and went to bed. Sven formed a habit of being in that neighborhood about ten o'clock at night to see Ericsson come out. He wondered whether, if he studied hard, he could ever be a master mechanic and help make the machines his hero designed. His ambition was rather like that of a David setting out to hold his own against a giant, but he did not think of that. In the old country his forefathers used to fight storm and sea. These are far stronger than man.

At sixteen Sven was a tall, strong lad, working in a machine-shop and studying evenings. All these years he had left papers there regularly, though he was not a newsboy now and had not been for two years. He and old Daddy Winkler were partners in a news-stand, with boys working for them; but this one route Sven always served himself. War was in the air and business was good.

One evening Sven went to see Ericsson and ask his

advice. The inventor questioned him a little and gave him a note to a Government superintendent. The boy landed first in the Brooklyn Navy Yard and afterward in the Government shipyard at Newport News in Virginia.

It seemed like a foreign land. The leisurely Southern speech, the soft air, the winds sweet with strange flowers, the black slaves hired out by their masters, their weird haunting songs, so different from the minstrel-show melodies, were all strange and interesting enough. More interesting still was the work, on the ships and their inner life of machinery.

Stranger than either was an undercurrent, a worry, a friction, that came from the talk of war. The shipyards were far South—almost in North Carolina. If war came the Southern leaders would seize the place if they could. Southern officers at Norfolk and Newport News were already counting on these ships and munitions. The officers who sided with the Government were planning how they should save them. Foundries, ship-yards, machine shops, two thousand cannon, a quarter of a million pounds of gunpowder, vast stores of shot and shell, and twelve ships of war, might turn the scale one way or the other. Such things could not be made at a day's notice. Among the ships were the monster ship-of-the-line *Pennsylvania* and the powerful forty-gun steam frigate *Merrimac*. But unless the Southern officers committed some open act of war against the United States nothing could be done in the way of defense.

The workmen were well aware of the situation. One or two hinted to Sven that he would find it profitable to go with the South. The Confederate Navy, including of course what ships were in the yards, would

blockade the entire Atlantic coast. When England recognized the new nation the North would be shut up inside her coast line with no ships and no commerce. If the South were successful, wealth, power and prosperity would desert the North for Southern seaports—Charleston, Norfolk, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans.

In the rich old trading port of Norfolk were many fine houses built by the wealth of the sea. Sven's seafaring blood woke at the dream of pacing the deck of his own ship, with a cargo of cotton for English factories beneath his feet. He was not twenty-one; he had never taken the oath of allegiance to his adopted country. Why should he not choose his country now?

Nearly all his American friends were of foreign birth. There has never been a time when New York has not had more men of foreign ancestry on her streets than she had native Americans, not since she was a little colonial village named New Netherland. Terry Donovan was Irish, Daddy Winkler was German, McAndrew who had taught him forging was a Scot, and his closest friend at Brooklyn, Andy Croffut, was English. Then there was John Ericsson.

That silent figure loomed suddenly greater than all. What did he care for money? What would he say if Sven went over to the enemy? Sven knew that win or lose, he was an American—like Ericsson.

When Sumter had fallen Virginia troops attacked the Navy Yard. Captain McCauley decided that it could not be defended. On the evening of Saturday, April 20, orders were given to scuttle all ships of war but the *Cumberland*, and spike the guns. At four o'clock the *Pawnee*, a steam frigate, arrived at Fortress Monroe, took aboard four hundred and fifty

Massachusetts volunteers and reached the Navy Yard about eight in the evening. Her captain, Hiram Paulding, had orders to save the public property from falling into the hands of the enemy. He sent Lieutenant Wise to bring out the *Merrimac*, but she was already scuttled and sinking. So were five other ships. The *Delaware* and *Columbus*, dismantled seventy-fours, must be abandoned; so must the huge three-decker *Pennsylvania*. Ten million dollars' worth of property must be destroyed. Even in peace the *Merrimac* would be worth a million.

Old McAndrew, standing at midnight beside young Lindstrom as the marine barracks blazed up, clenched his fist in helpless wrath.

"One cap'n of the auld Navy," he said between his teeth "wad hold this place with twenty men!"

Others felt as he did, but it was all of no use. At four in the morning the *Pawnee* and the *Cumberland* went down the river in the light of the burning Navy Yard. For miles out at sea and up the James and York Rivers the flames could be seen. A dreadful cannonading began as the fires on the *Pennsylvania* exploded her guns, one after another. Norfolk and Portsmouth Secessionists were already busy putting out fires, saving the dry dock and retrieving cannon and other property. The *Merrimac* was burned down to the water-line, but was afterward raised, repaired, armor-plated and named the *Virginia* by the exulting enemy.

THE GUNS

The guns they talk together,
And this is what they say—
“Man has his own thought,
And he will have his way,
But when the smoke begins to clear
And the fight is over and done,
The winner is the cannoneer
That has learned to know his gun!”

The rifles talk together
And this is what they say—
“Good shot or bad shot
Each man will have his way,
But we are the voices of life and death,
And when the fight's begun,
The man that will save his blood and breath
Is the man that knows his gun!”

The guns they talk together,
And this is what they say—
“Man he made us to work his will,
And he will have his way,
But he ought to know, by sea or shore
Before a war is begun,
There is nothing whatever that counts for more
Than the man who knows his gun!”

IV

THE RED TOUCHSTONE

THREE private soldiers from three volunteer regiments came down the steps of the Capitol. The great building was a fortified barrack. The basement was stored with barrels of beef and pork and other provision. The halls and upper rooms were full of soldiers. Iron plates, and other material for the dome not yet built, had been converted into defenses. At the edge of the western esplanade poked up a long row of chimneys. The vaults under the terrace had been made into enormous ovens, baking sixteen thousand loaves of bread a day.

The three young fellows walked up Pennsylvania Avenue toward the White House, more than a mile away. The street was unpaved and muddy, lined with mean brick and frame houses. The two-storied verandas of hotels rose here and there.

In springtime and war time friends are easily made. Ben Taylor was from Massachusetts, Martin Kendrick from Wisconsin, Mark Symonds from Pennsylvania. All three were still under twenty. Ben had been helping to build the Capitol ovens under direction of Lieutenant Cate of the Sixth Massachusetts. Kendrick was a corporal in a frontier company that could shoot, but was creatively ignorant of drill. Symonds was a mechanic from the Reading railroad shops. It was he who was speaking.

"You know after you fellers came through Baltimore the city was put under martial law. The mayor wouldn't let anybody get out without a pass, and all the mail trains were stopped. But Jim Gay of the Reading artillery company happened to be here, and he left Washington with a lot of letters and dispatches in a carpet-bag and got into Baltimore the night of April 19. That was the night they burned the railroad bridges. He and some others got a carriage to Cockeysville and caught a train to Reading. He turned the news dispatches over to the papers, about as soon as they would have come by the regular mail train. There was a rumor that the Secessionists were in control of Washington and had taken our troops prisoners, and lots believed it."

"I s'pose if a Secesh flag was run up over the Capitol, foreign governments might have recognized Davis as President. Then we'd have had them to fight," commented Kendrick soberly.

"They haven't done it though," laughed Ben, with a flash of his dark eyes and white teeth. "I heard one of the New York Seventh say his State could raise the whole seventy-five thousand volunteers if it had to."

"Yes, but a man with a uniform and a musket ain't necessarily a soldier, my son," said Symonds dryly. "These Southern fellers can ride about as soon as they can walk, and I b'lieve they cut their teeth on a revolver. When they go away to school, the planters' sons get their drill at these here State Military Institutes. The Southern officers from the reg'lar army will be colonels and generals, and the lieutenants and captains'll be picked from these same suckin' West-Pointers."

"I know one colonel of militia that never smelt powder in his life, 'less'n 't was on the Fourth of July," said Ben with a deep disgust, "*but* he's the son-in-law of a Congressman."

"And Scott was born in 1786 and isn't able now to sit a horse," added Kendrick. "Dad says the North hasn't really waked up yet, and won't till after the first big battle."

The boys were silent for a minute. When and where would that battle be, and would they be in it?

"Say," observed Ben presently, "how many officers do you suppose there are, hived up here? I've saluted about a thousand."

The uneven brick sidewalks were crowded with strange visitors. Gentlemen in broadcloth and silk hats, ladies in Paris bonnets and mantles of the latest fashion, discouraged-looking "poor white trash," ragged darkeys, officers in uniform, sharp-eyed contractors, and militiamen from a dozen states jostled one another. In front of the old Willard House, the only large hotel, the boys recognized Secretary Seward—considered to be the brains of Lincoln's administration—and General McDowell. A little further on they slackened their pace as they passed the White House, hoping for a glimpse of the President. In front of the gray stucco house where Dolly Madison once lived they were halted by a tall young fellow in civilian clothes, who laid his hand on Kendrick's shoulder.

"Hello, Martin!"

"Why, hello, Paul Randolph! What are you doing here?"

"Came on from New York to bring my aunt and sister home. You remember Lucy? They were

visiting at the Senator's when war broke out. I just ran across Norman Gray, and he's trying to persuade me that it's going to be serious."

Randolph's companion, a lad in uniform, with bright waves of hair gleaming in the May sunshine, met the glance of the others with a proud lift of the head. Kendrick remembered him as a freshman with a gift for poetry and oratory. Randolph had graduated from college the year before and gone into his uncle's law office. Kendrick wondered what he really thought, and asked, "Don't you regard it as serious, then?"

"If I did I might not feel bound to enlist in a hurry. War doesn't settle anything. Norman, here, is as full of patriotism as the white-headed eagle some regiment has adopted."

Young Gray flushed. "You should have seen what happened when we came through Annapolis."

"Well, what?"

"We came by sea, you know, with orders to take Annapolis and Annapolis Junction and open the road to Washington. When we came into port everything was ablaze with light, everybody out in the street. Secessionists from Baltimore were coming to turn the old *Constitution* over to the Confederate navy—she's been used for a school-ship. Captain Blake, the superintendent, had kept her guns double-shotted for four days and nights, and you may believe he was glad to see us. Butler told off some Eighth Massachusetts men to navigate her, with the *Maryland*, our transport, for a tug. That old ship was built in Boston, and in her first action she was manned by Massachusetts men. My grandfather was one. Do you think we meant to let her turn her guns on the old flag?"

"The *Maryland* went aground on a sand-bar, and having his suspicions of the captain, Butler put some more sailors and engineers from the Eighth in charge of her. Governor Hicks and the Mayor told him not to try to land Northern troops in Maryland, and said nobody would sell us provisions. Butler was on the point of saying he'd land us and take the supplies, when the *Boston* hove in sight with the New York Seventh aboard. They got us off the sand-bar, put us on the wharf of the Naval Academy and fed us.

"The Secessionists told us we couldn't go to Washington because the rails were taken up and locomotives dismantled. Our company moused around, found one engine carefully dissected, and showed it to the General. He looked it over and inquired, not of anybody in particular, but of the crowd as a whole, 'Anybody know anything about this locomotive?' Charlie Homans spoke up. 'Our shop made that engine, and I guess I can fix her.' And he did.

"While he was at it the rest of us were raking rails out of woods, and swamps, and brooks. On the 24th we were laying our track and building bridges, and moving about a mile an hour. It took us all that day and all night to march the twenty-one miles to Annapolis Junction. Through woods, for hour after hour, in the black dark, expecting every minute to be fired on. When raw recruits, all kinds of men, farmers, sailors, mechanics, college boys, clerks, can take a situation like that so coolly, I tell you it makes you proud of being an American!"

"War will settle one thing," said Ben Taylor sturdily, "—which can whip." There was no doubt in Ben's mind on that point.

Randolph had shaken hands with Lincoln, it seemed.

"Secretary Seward took us to call. Lucy was awfully excited about it. She and Fanny Marshall spent all the morning deciding what to wear. Somehow I never can realize that Lucy's growing up. She's fifteen and feels older than I am; she has only one more year at boarding-school.

"Well, we were presented to a great raw-boned, sallow man in clothes that didn't fit—big hands and feet, big features, deep-set eyes and bristly dark hair and beard—but he somehow gave an impression of being more of a man all through than any other man I've met here. Lucy looked up in his face and said, as seriously as a kitten,

"'Mr. President, won't you please say something to me that I can remember all my life?'

"He looked down at her from all his feet and furlongs and said with a fatherly smile, 'My dear, I think you are a very pretty young lady.' Lucy'll never hear the last of that."

They laughed and parted.

"Paul's a queer fellow," said Martin Kendrick as they went back to barracks. "He sees all 'round a question and generally takes the unpopular side. But if he goes in, he'll stick."

In this way did the recruits of the new army exchange views. Men arriving from the North reported that the general feeling was that one decisive battle might "put down the rebellion." Greeley's *Tribune* in New York was running a daily editorial,

"THE NATION'S WAR-CRY!

"Forward to Richmond! Forward to Richmond! The rebel Congress must not be allowed to meet there on the twentieth of July! By that date the place must be held by the National Army."

"They'd better stop talking and saw wood," said Symonds, grimly. Ellsworth's Zouaves had just come in from Alexandria with the dead body of their beloved young colonel. The Union army under McDowell had crossed the Potomac. Twenty-seven miles away at Manassas Junction lay Beauregard's Confederates. Johnston with another large Confederate force was in the Shenandoah Valley, opposed by Union troops under Patterson. McClellan had made good progress in West Virginia. The South had won easy victories over many Federal forts and army posts. Both sides were hoping for a quick ending of the war, but neither believed that a decisive battle would mean its own defeat.

Nearly two months later, it was prophesied that on Sunday, July 21, the two armies must meet somewhere near Manassas Junction. Bull Run, a narrow wooded valley, was a mill-stream bordered by bluffs neither high nor steep, giving cover for the artillery. This was the meeting-place.

On Sunday the heights near Washington were black with curious crowds. The roads from the capital were crowded with society people and Government officials in carriages, correspondents of American and English papers, and anxious relatives of army officers. Jefferson Davis, expecting a Confederate victory, was on his way from Richmond. The first great battle between the two armies tore all illusions away, as cobwebs are torn by an opening gate.

From early morning until about noon the armies grappled in the Bull Run valley, neither side gaining. Regiment after regiment was brought up by Beauregard; regiment after regiment of Northern troops

advanced, until fourteen thousand Federal infantry were massed on the ground. The Confederates did not know that these men had been under arms since two o'clock in the morning, and that some had arrived weary with many hours of marching; nor did they know that some twenty thousand troops that might have been used as reserves were still guarding Washington. The men were in all sorts of uniforms—the State uniforms of militia, the foreign-looking suits and tasseled caps of Zouaves, the blue of the regular army. Colonel Cameron, brother of the Secretary of War, was killed leading the Scotch Highlanders of the Seventy-ninth New York into battle. There were rather less than thirty thousand men in McDowell's army and not far from that number in Beauregard's. Among the Confederate officers were Longstreet, Johnston, Thomas J. Jackson, Kirby Smith, Jubal Early, Ewell, and others afterward well known to both sides.

Once at least the Confederates were fairly driven off the field. About two o'clock, however, the tide began to turn. General Bee, rallying his men against Sherman's attack on the "Henry House hill," shouted, "There is Jackson's brigade standing like a stone wall." He was never to know that he had rechristened that officer "Stonewall Jackson," but so it was.

In the heat and hurly-burly of that July Sunday afternoon the tired and half-trained Union regiments battled against more and more reinforcements, learning once and for all what battle meant. Jefferson Davis, coming on the scene at four o'clock, thought that the South had lost the day. But at about the same time Johnston's troops arrived from the Shenan-

doah, and seven fresh regiments were thrown against the Union front. It broke and retreated. The battle of Bull Run was a defeat for the Union.

By some blunder, the baggage wagons and sutler's wagons had not been halted far to the rear, but were in the roads near the battle-field. A shell broke among them and frightful confusion followed. Into this panic-stricken welter of teamsters, mules, wagons and terrified spectators, poured the retreating troops falling back toward Washington. The young privates who had met on that soft and beautiful May afternoon in Washington were literally hurled together in the rout that followed. Kendrick had a shot through one arm; Symonds was lamed by the kick of a horse; Ben Taylor had a bullet-graze along his skull and Norman Gray a rather serious bayonet-wound in the shoulder. They held together and got back to safety somehow; none of them could have told exactly how. If the enemy had understood the situation and followed up his advantage there is no telling what might have happened.

The news of the great defeat reached the North on Monday, July 22. Lists of killed and wounded, sinister stories told of officers who ran away and surgeons who left the helpless wounded to their fate, might not all be true, but there was no more light talk of a summer's campaign. The North, with grim determination, set about raising half a million more men, and five hundred million dollars.

ERICSSON

When the tall galleons ruled the Spanish Main,
 When Drake's bold captains battled 'round the Horn,
When pirates haunted every ocean lane—
 Then ocean fairy-tales were newly born.

When clanking engines in an iron shell
 Scared the white sails that danced across the sea,
And ironclads, of aspect fierce and fell,
 Menaced our fleet's unconquered admiralty,

In a by-street, unfellowed and austere,
 His dreams unrealized and his fame unwon,
That stranger dwelt, whose name the world should hear,
 Patriot, inventor, leader—Ericsson.

V

LEVIATHAN IN ARMOR

“**W**HERE you goin’ to be to-night, Stub?”
“Down at the shop.”

“Sha, what’s the sense of workin’ day and night? Let’s go see Chanfrau in ‘Mose.’ They say he’s fit to kill.”

“Not just now.”

“Get out! ‘All work and no play don’t go with this child!

“‘Oh dear no, not for Joe!
Not for Joseph, if he knows it—
Oh, dear, no!’”

Andy Croffut marched out jauntily with his hat far over one ear—a black-eyed, wiry little fellow with hair like a shoe-brush and the mouth and eyes of a low comedian. He did half the talking in any company, and more than half when he and Sven Lindstrom were together. Sven glanced after him, smiled and went off in the other direction. Andy never could see that working on a war contract was different from any other work.

The *Merrimac* had been raised out of the mud of Norfolk harbor, and the Confederates were said to be making her over into a new and terrible kind of battleship. Sven devoutly believed that John Ericsson could

invent a way to beat her, but unless the workmen stuck to their jobs as conscientiously as the inventor did to his, how would that help the case? Ericsson had designed something unlike any craft ever seen afloat, most people said. Sven could remember seeing something like it in Sweden, used for a timber-raft.

Ericsson called this boat the *Monitor* because she was meant to herald a new race of sea-fighters. He had promised that in a hundred days he would have her ready.

Long, low and narrow, a few inches above the water at most, the hull of the thing was one hundred and twenty-four feet long, thirty-four feet wide at the top and sharp at both ends. On top of this hull another hull, five feet high, jutted over the lower one three feet seven inches all around save at the ends, where it projected twenty-five feet over anchor, propeller and rudder. It was built of three-inch iron; the exposed parts were protected by a thirty-inch wall of white oak, sheathed in iron armor six inches thick. The deck lay flush with the sides of the upper hull, and was also armored and bomb-proof. The smoke-stack was made with telescopic slides that could be lowered in action. Ericsson invented these.

Amidships of this curious boat was a round iron tower of the type known as martello. Old McAndrew, who had been all over the world and was something of a reader, said that in old times round towers were built along the coast of Italy to guard against pirates. The watchman gave warning by striking on a bell with a martello or hammer. Any round tower with thick walls for defensive purposes came to be called a martello tower. The one on the *Monitor* was ten feet high and twenty feet in diameter,

and made to revolve. Two eleven-inch cannon were mounted in it—the Dahlgren gun invented by Captain John Adolf Dahlgren, commander of the Washington Navy Yard, whose son Ulric, at nineteen, was in the Union Army.

On an ordinary warship, when a gun is mounted broadside, there is a dislocating pressure on the keel. Much heavier guns could be mounted on the *Monitor* because they were mounted over the center, greatly lessening such pressure. In a heavy sea such a platform would be the steadiest place on which to aim the gun, because the rolling of the boat would be reduced to a minimum. With the revolving turret the port-hole could be turned away from the enemy while the gunners were loading, lessening the risk to them. The whole craft, down to the smallest details, was designed to make it as hard as possible for the enemy to hit any part of it, and to reduce the damage as far as possible if he did hit. She was a miniature warship, stripped for action down to the limit—if she was a ship at all. Beside the stately wooden ships of the old navy she was like a mud-turtle among swans.

The turret was armored with eight thicknesses of one-inch iron plate, overlapped so cunningly that nowhere could be found a joint more than an inch thick. The roof, of plate iron, perforated, shell-proof, rested on wrought-iron beams six inches down the cylinder. A sliding hatch gave light, and let the defenders fire through it if the enemy came aboard. It was not thought that he would accomplish much in that way, because only one man could descend at a time, and he had to come through the top. The motive power, a double cylinder engine, moved both the craft itself and the revolving turret, so that in taking aim the

director could steer as he chose. What would happen when this dwarf battleship met the giant enemy, nobody knew.

Winter wore on; before the early spring of 1862 the *Monitor* was nearly done. Sven found himself wearying of shop work. He did not know it, but he came of a race of fighting men, who built and sailed their own war-galleys, and by March 1 he had gone south to the navy.

The squadron was lying in and about Hampton Roads. Sven got a place on a tug as an engineer. He had come at his own cost, and he meant to be on the scene when the *Monitor* found her foe.

The flag-ship, the *Roanoke*, and the steam frigate *Minnesota* were at Fortress Monroe. The sailing frigate *Congress* and the sloop-of-war *Cumberland* lay in the mouth of the James River, off Newport News. No sea-fight was ever more impressively staged than this one would be, if Hampton Roads should be the place of battle.

On Saturday morning, March 8, two Confederate gun-boats were seen coming down the James from Richmond. A little before noon two more appeared in the Elizabeth River. With them came what looked like a monstrous floating iron roof. This was the dreaded *Virginia*, the transformed *Merrimac*.

Nothing like it had been seen afloat. The original forty-gun ship was covered with a vast roof, sloping down to the water-line, of twenty-eight-inch oaken timbers, armored six inches thick with iron plates and bars of railway iron. A false bow, running out to a point, was fitted with an iron beak on an oak frame, thirty-three feet long, modelled on those of the rams already in use on the Mississippi. Four eighty-

pounders, rifled cannon, were mounted on each side. The bow and stern guns would throw a hundred-pound solid shot or a hundred-and-twenty-pound shell. There were furnaces for heating shot, and engines for throwing scalding water. All the machinery was below the water-line; hardly anything showed above but the sloping iron roof.

This frightful-looking object was coming on swiftly, all her ports closed. Shot from the *Congress* and *Cumberland* rattled on her armored roof like hail and with about as much apparent effect. She evidently intended to ram the *Cumberland*. The terrible beak of the ram tore savagely under the starboard fore-channels of the sloop-of-war, and the water poured in and drenched the powder-magazine within half an hour. Meanwhile the *Virginia* was firing at close range on her disabled enemy.

It was a losing fight from the first. Lieutenant George Morris, in temporary command of the doomed ship, made as gallant a fight as man could, and the flagship and the *Minnesota* were coming to the rescue, but they could not be in time. At half-past three the *Cumberland* began to careen. The gunners fired their last shots with decks awash. Those who could were ordered to jump and save themselves if possible. The dead, with more than a hundred sick and wounded, went down with the ship.

The Confederate gun-boats were attacking the *Congress*, which after the sinking of the sloop-of-war was run aground, under cover of the strong batteries of Newport News. Now the ram opened fire on her, and killed or wounded nearly half her crew. At half-past four, without a gun left, and with her hull afire, she surrendered. A Confederate tug, as it came

alongside to receive the crew, was driven back by the shore batteries, and the ironclad fired again on the disabled frigate. But the *Minnesota* was now coming up, and while the ironclad turned to meet her the crew of the *Congress* got away to Newport News. Out of four hundred and thirty-four men, hardly more than two hundred were left alive.

The *Minnesota*, her mainmast crippled by a shot from Sewell's Point, ran aground within a mile and a half of Newport News, and the crew beheld the black mass of the armored leviathan bearing down upon them. But the water was too shallow for the *Virginia*, and she could not come within a mile of the stranded frigate. The *Minnesota* fought off the gunboats gallantly, and at nightfall the Confederate craft drew off toward Norfolk. The *Roanoke*, her machinery disabled, was in tow of a couple of tugs moving toward the fighting, when she grounded. So did the frigate *St. Lawrence*, towed by the gun-boat *Cambridge*.

There was no rest that night for any man aboard the Union squadron. The *Congress*, on fire from the hot shot with which the ironclad had pelted her, lit up the darkling waters with a bodeful glare. Outside this fiery arena, somewhere in the dark, lurked the savage armored ship. It might have been a comfort to the battered victims of the *Virginia* if they had known that some at least of their shots had told. The commander of the ironclad was seriously wounded, and Catesby Jones, her second-in-command, was now in charge. Two of her guns were broken, her prow was twisted, her anchor shot away and some of her armor damaged. But for all that the Federals could see, she was quite uninjured. On the morrow

there would be another losing fight. After all the men of the squadron were dead or captured, the monster ironclad would prowl up and down the Northern coast. When her sinister bulk was descried in a harbor there would be ruin and panic and nobody knew what would follow. Her tireless, ruthless, inhuman ferocity meant a new era of sea-fighting. The old way was cruel enough.

Sven Lindstrom, sick at heart, and yet hoping tenaciously that Ericsson's genius would be equal even to this, looked out across the heaving waters into the darkness. A little after midnight he saw something coming in from sea. It might have been a part of a wreck, but it did not move like that. It was heading for the grounded *Minnesota*. He watched closely, his heart pounding. He believed that he knew what it was. But how small it looked!

At two o'clock Sunday morning the *Monitor* was lying quietly alongside the *Minnesota*, and Lieutenant John L. Worden, commander of the little ironclad, was in conference with Captain Van Brunt of the frigate. As the news ran through the squadron Sven's heart leaped exultantly. He could not tell why, but he felt sure that all would be well.

Before sunrise the menacing black roof once more loomed in the river. The drums of the *Minnesota* sounded a defiance. Her crew might be going to die, but they would die game. Her stern guns opened fire on the enemy.

Then the *Monitor* slid out into the roadstead and ran alongside the huge *Virginia*. It seemed as if some rash little animal were butting a crocodile in the side. The turret revolved, and heavy shot banged into the Confederate ram at close range. The gunners of the

Virginia opened with a broadside, every shot a two-hundred-pound mass of iron moving two thousand feet to the second. Most of them, however, did not even touch the little *Monitor*; they passed over, or to one side; those that did happen to hit the turret glanced off and went into the sea. Broadside after broadside followed with the same result. It is hard to get in shots that score, when the target is a small round object in smooth armor, rocking on the waves and revolving on a pivot, and when none of the gunners have had any practice at such a mark. One shot hit the turret squarely, but its end was mashed like a piece of lead, without hurting the *Monitor* at all.

The little black turret-ship maneuvered for position, trying to get the range of one of the enemy's port-holes. By means of a reflecting telescope the sailing-master, who had charge of the turning of the turret, could keep the guns trained on the enemy all the time. There was no need of worrying over what the enemy might do to the *Monitor*; that was all settled.

The Confederate ironclad now turned her attention to the *Minnesota*. The reception Van Brunt gave her with all his broadside guns and a ten-inch pivot gun would, as he said later, "have blown out of the water any timber-built ship in the world," but it did not stop the *Virginia*. A shell came crashing through the *Minnesota* amidships and set her on fire; however, the flames were soon quenched.

Then up came the *Monitor* between them, and in changing her position the Confederate ram went aground. Now once more Van Brunt came at her with all his guns, and when she got afloat again she headed for Norfolk, the *Monitor* after her. The badgered ram turned and tried to run the little iron-

clad down, or cut her in two, or do something to her in some way. But the great beak only scraped ineffectively over the armored deck of the *Monitor*. Then a heavy shot went through the armor of the *Virginia*, and after one more vain attempt to make an impression on the exasperating revolving turret the huge Confederate ram withdrew toward Norfolk.

The *Monitor's* turret had been hit nine times, her side armor eight times; three times shot glanced off the deck, and once the pilot-house was hit. The only person on board seriously injured was the commander, Lieutenant Worden. While he was watching at the peep-hole a shot struck fairly in front of it. He was hit in the face and knocked senseless by some flying fragments of cement. When he came to himself he asked,

"Is the *Minnesota* safe?"

On hearing that she was, and the enemy routed, he said,

"Then I don't care what becomes of *me*."

The wrathful enemy called the *Monitor* "a Yankee cheese-box on a plank." But it had spoiled the future of the great ironclad ram. Sven found, in talking with some of the soldiers who had seen the battle from the shore, that they had seen it all clearly, but had not heard a sound.

"The wind must have been wrong somehow," said Andy Croffut, who had enlisted in an infantry regiment. "Like a blasted panorama, it was."

It was indeed a panorama,—the meeting of the old navy and the navy of the future, the tall wooden ships, white-sailed and stately, against armored iron fighters with hearts of flame. Ericsson was right. The new era of naval warfare had begun.

THE *MONITOR*

Cradled in silver and curtained in rain,
 Out of the harbor she crept that day,
An iron ship with a human brain,
 And southward she took her way.

A little dragon, of Northern birth—
 Her master was born of the same stern race,
That by stark sheer strength and the pride of worth
 Won power, and wealth, and place.

A dragon true to the dream of a man,
 Out in the dark like a demon she sped,
And the world is a-building on Ericsson's plan,
 In the way where the *Monitor* led!

VI

DAYS OF JUDGMENT

“**I**T appears like to me that we all won’t have much use for preachin’, after this war,” observed Mary Frances, running to shoo the hens out of her pansy-bed.

“Mary Fan, such levity is unsuitable,” said Aunt Louisa Gibson.

“Can’t restrain it, Ma, not right now. I’m bound to laugh or cry, one, and I got no time to cry. When I was a little girl they said preachin’ was to prepare us for the Day o’ Judgment. But after what’s happened this last year I don’t reckon a livin’ soul in the State o’ Tennessee would be a-scared o’ the Last Day. Moreover, we can’t any of us do as we want to now, conscience or no conscience; we simply got to do as we can!”

Mary Fan sailed down the uneven brick path in her full, buff calico skirt and frilly sunbonnet, like a saucy brigantine before the wind. Celia ran after her. The plantation was under Miss Gibson’s sole charge, for Hal and Jerry, her two brothers, were in Johnston’s army. Mary Fan was twenty-two, older than either, plump and pretty as a quail and as hard to get ahead of, the boys said. Her parted hair was like sleek brown plumage, and her eyes were as blue as the blue-eyed grass. Aunt Louisa was thin and gray with great hollow black eyes and a disposition to read a

great many sermons and hymns. Celia suspected that the daughter's frivolity was partly assumed. It gave Aunt Louisa a chance to be diverted, without saying anything unbecoming herself.

Old Rover, the setter, frisked along rather clumsily, and as they came to the vegetable garden Mary Fan quoted the old quail-rhyme:

"Old Bob White, are yo' peas ripe?
Do yo' dogs bite? O yes, at night!"

She had planted those peas and almost everything else in the garden, herself. Roses, lilies, calycanthus, pansies, pinks, sweet-williams, prince's feather and love-lies-bleeding did not get much attention from their mistress this year, but they bloomed faithfully, all the same.

Madam Walton, taking Celia to her Mississippi plantation, had found the country up in arms. When they stopped in Tennessee to visit Madam Walton's sister Louisa they had been obliged to stay there. The fighting in the summer and fall of 1861 was mainly in Missouri, but since January, 1862, the Yankees were pushing southward under a new general named Grant.

"Who is this Grant, can you inform me?" grumbled old 'Squire Caplin, who was nearly seventy and weighed nearly two hundred and fifty pounds. He was the nearest neighbor of the free, white and male kind now remaining. "Pretty kittle of fish when I can't live in peace in a county that was named fo' my maternal grandparent and a town that was named for my mother's own brother! Grant! Where did he come from?"

"I don't know, nor care; all I wish you'd tell me

is where he's aimin' for to go," returned Mary Fan. "If he'll only turn around and make tracks for home, he can live in China for all of me."

"You leave him come," said the old man grimly. "You wait till he meets up with Albert Sidney Johnston and Braxton Bragg. Ef I was to git my hands on a cannon, even now, I vow I'd show these white-livered Yankees what Bragg's artillery could do!"

'Squire Caplin waddled toward the gate, where his old white mare Tackywattle stood patiently awaiting him. If Celia had not heard her father tell of the march to the City of Mexico she would never have guessed how the name was spelled. The 'Squire had named the white colt Iztaccihuatl after the Woman in White, the snowy mountain peak seen on that march.

"Brack! Brack! Dang it, whar is that urchin?" The nine-year-old Braxton came turning handsprings from behind the bridal-wreath bushes. "Cayn't you ever be on hand when I want you, you rascal?" his grandfather roared. "Fust you know the Yankees'll git you and bind you out to some old skinflint, way they do thar boys!"

Brack hopped over the back of the seat and as they drove away his shrill piping voice was heard in one of the new songs:

"Whoop! the Doodles have broken loose,
Roaring around like the very deuce!
Lice of Egypt, a hungry pack—
After 'em, boys, and drive 'em back!"

"Why, Celia!" said Mary Fan. "What makes you look that-a-way? I know it's not a very nice song."

"You forget I have a father in the Northern Army," said Celia in a small, choked voice. Then her dark head lifted proudly. "*And I'm glad!*"

Cousin Mary Fan did not say anything just then. They were taking a basket to old Aunt Mimsey. The May-apple was a-bloom under its green umbrella, the Judas-tree with its pinky-purple fringe, the dogwood like a white peacock's tail. At last she spoke, and Celia saw that she was crying.

"Cely, it's the truth, I don't care about anything now, only to have this awful war over, and the folks we love safe at home. But things won't come right for me, even then. I've got somebody in the Federal Army, too!"

Celia could think of nothing to say, but she slipped one small, strong brown hand into her cousin's white one.

"He's from Chattanooga; he and I use' to play together when we were just little tads. Even then we thought a heap of each other. He came yere two years ago and it was just the same. His name's Emerson Lewis, and he's a Whig, like his father was. Ma took on terrible when she knew; she said he—he wasn't my social equal—but he *is*! Folks got to admit he's a good lawyer. But he—he didn't feel it right to go with the South, and he said I needn't be engaged to him, but he would be engaged to me. And we parted."

Mary Fan sat down on a stump and cried hard.

In the month which followed the two girls became intimate. To the north the Confederate frontier west of the Alleghanies had been marked by a line of forts and fortified posts—Columbus, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Bowling Green, Mill Spring, Cumberland

Gap. Fort Henry had fallen February 6, Donelson ten days later. Columbus was taken, then Bowling Green. Buell's Union troops were in Nashville, the richest and northernmost city of this part of the South. The Confederate Army removed toward Corinth, the railroad center for Mississippi and Tennessee. 'Squire Caplin said the real frontier, after all, was the boundary of the cotton States. Kentucky had not taken sides; Tennessee was split between the mountain region, which was largely Union, and the plantation country, which went with the South. But as Grant came on, the villages and plantations along the Tennessee River were caught in the jaws of battle like nuts in a nutcracker.

The Gibson plantation was on land the original owner had cleared when every settler risked his scalp, and when every man able to carry a rifle fought under Andrew Jackson. The Confederate Army, forever hungry like all armies, carried off most of the live stock in passing. Hal and Jerry were swept in by it, and out again in a few hours; the last of Mary Fan's chickens were fried for them. Then one night the sound of cavalry came from the 'pike, and the girls knew it was the Yankee troops.

'Squire Caplin came over; he and Brack might not be any great protection, he said, but they would die before the invader should molest a Southern lady. But no Yankees appeared on the plantation. It was learned next day that Grant's forces were in camp near the Tennessee River, up which Union gun-boats were now advancing.

Here, on Sunday April 6, at daylight, Johnston's army fell upon the camp. It was a complete surprise. The men were breakfasting, bathing, washing clothes

or still asleep after their long march, when the Confederate Army broke from the woods. Fighting where they stood, the Northern troops disputed the ground inch by inch. They had some thirty-three thousand men; Johnston had forty thousand. For twelve long hours the fight went on.

Around the little log church of Shiloh, musketry, artillery and gunboat fire crashed and rolled and rattled. Driven at last to the river bank, the Northern general massed his artillery with all the troops he had, and held firm. To attack, the Confederates must cross a deep ravine, wading through mud and water at the bottom, and climb a slippery bank in the face of the guns. Johnston had fallen, and at dusk, transports crept silently inshore to land troops from Buell's army, sent to reinforce Grant. The Confederates drew off. They had taken thirty flags, three thousand prisoners, and all the stores in the Union camp.

To Celia and Mary Frances, waiting in the black rainy dark, old 'Squire Caplin was an interpreter. He had so often studied every possible position for infantry and artillery, defence and attack, in his dear home valley, that he could make a fairly shrewd guess at what was going on. In the morning came again the booming of the guns. The Yankees were now holding their own.

Then came news that Beauregard and Bragg were retreating toward Corinth.

"God help the poor devils in the ambulances!" groaned the veteran. "That road's well-nigh onpassable for heavy teams at best—and now——"

In fact three hundred wounded died on that terrible road before they could reach the field-hospital. Mud and water were hub-deep; the water came up into

wagons full of wounded Confederates. Above them sleet and hail pelted down for three mortal hours.

Early in the morning of the following day Mary Fan started out of sleep at a tapping on her window. Her room was on the ground floor, and Celia was with her. Neither had undressed for two nights. Celia, from the window, saw her cousin run into the arms of a tall, black-eyed young man in a blue uniform. It was almost breakfast time when she reappeared.

"It was Emerson," she said in Celia's ear with her arms tight around the younger girl. "He's a captain now. He was in all the worst of that awful battle 'round Shiloh church. They's a field so covered with dead men a person could walk from end to end of it and not touch ground. His cap's got two bullet holes through it, and he showed me where another bullet struck my little Testament I gave him for good-bye. He had it in a pocket over his heart!"

Mary Frances was rose-flushed and pale by turns.

"I asked him if he'd seen or heard anything of your father, Celia, and he said he hadn't. He thinks Grant'll do what he set out to or die a-tryin'. He says the men believe in him like the French did in Napoleon. Cely, after breakfast, if we slip out to where we can see the big road, we'll *see* him!"

She meant her lover, but she and Celia, hidden in the edge of the woods, had also a plain view of Grant himself, riding among his men in a shabby, stained uniform—unromantic, unexcited, calm. Celia felt as if he were the embodiment of the silent, irresistible force of the North, moving onward regardless of obstacles—the Army, of which she had always felt herself somehow a part, because her father belonged to it.



"SHE AND CELIA HAD A PLAIN VIEW OF GRANT RIDING
AMONG HIS MEN."

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THE GARDEN

Why do our hearts find pleasure in a garden?

Perhaps it is because, in this new land,
The white Scotch roses and the southernwood,
Larkspur and peonies and weird monk's-hood,
As in our Old-World garden stanchly stood,
And seemed to understand.

Why do our souls go wandering in the starlight

Among the glimmering flower-plots drenched in dew?
So bloomed the honeysuckle on the night
When Love unlocked the gate of our delight,
So breathed the lilacs when our joy took flight—
Life with this garden grew.

Why do we cherish trees our fathers planted,

The flowers they tended, centuries ago?
This pollard willow for their basketry,
These roses, red and white, from oversea,
Myrtle and mint and balm that fed the bee—
All that is ours they know.

Why do we seek and find within a garden

Something that neither men nor books can say?
Sharp scent of hyacinth and mignonette,
Cool touch of heliotrope and violet
Call to the soul, that never can forget—
That shall not pass away!

VII

THE ANACONDA

“**U**NCLE EUSTACE is explaining for the *hundredth* time I believe, about the Anaconda Plan. What a horrid name, but Fanny says war is *always horrid* and she hopes all secessionists will be *hung*. Dear Paul, I hope I am patriotic enough to be proud that my *only brother* is in the field but please do come home safe if you *possibly* can.

“We had a play at school, the principal was Uncle Sam and we girls acted the different States, Fanny being tall and dark was Mississippi with a black cat in her arms to represent *Slavery*. Now we are all busy working for the *Fair*, I am working a pair of carpet slippers and Fanny is making an *air castle*. With a *heart full of love* from all at home your aff. sister Lucy.”

In boarding-school fashion the last paragraphs of the letter were written on the margin of the last page and crosswise on the top of the first sheet of pale blue gilt-edged paper. Paul Randolph deciphered the sloping hair-lines of Lucy's fine Italian hand with some difficulty, and wondered what he could ever tell his sister or Fanny Marshall about army life. Their world seemed as far away as the other side of the moon.

The “anaconda plan” was the name given to the present strategy of the Union generals. They were

to surround the seceding states with a cordon of troops and a blockading fleet, and draw the lines closer and closer, as a serpent wraps his coils about his prey. Judging from the time consumed thus far the complete anaconda would be evolved in about a century.

When Paul enlisted, in the wave of terror, consternation, grief and patriotism that followed Bull Run, he would have given something to know how Fanny Marshall felt about it. She was tall and imperious and Spanish-looking and his sister's bosom friend. Now the contrast between her sentiments and her fancy work made Paul grin.

The army was not yet marching "on to Richmond." Its duty seemed to be to drill, to break camp, to march, to make camp, to cut firewood, to drill, to wash clothes, to stand guard, to go on picket, to trudge through sticky, slippery mud mile after mile, to build a corduroy road, to balance a tin cup of coffee over a brush fire and pray for it to boil before marching orders came, to think of some new way to serve hard-tack and salt pork, and to munch a slice of raw pork laid on a square of hard-tack, while on the march.

The corduroy road was made of tree-trunks laid close across the line of march and chinked up with mud and turf. It did very well until after the next rain; then it looked like giant jackstraws. The company clown, "Spike" Tallant, gravely told recruits that the officers had ordered rubber boats made to reach to their arm-pits, and that the use of mules in the army was due to the fact that if they sank over their heads in a mud-hole, they could be hauled out by the ears.

"I can tell a better one than that, Bucktail," spoke up a New Hampshire private, "and it ain't no lie. Awhile back General Naglee got an idee our guard-

house was too comfortable, and told the colonel to have one built without e'er a window or door. When 't was done the general looked at it and says he, 'And how do you get anybody into it?' 'That wa'n't my lookout,' says Colonel Marston. 'I built it jest as you said.'— 'T wa'n't never used at all.'

Around the next fire the men were talking of the *Trent* affair. "Tell you Lincoln showed sense there," said Mark Symonds. "England has claimed the right all along to search neutral ships in war-time. We've held out that not she nor any other nation had that right. When we returned Mason and Slidell to their friends in England, and apologized for nabbin' 'em, England either had to side with us against the South, or accept our apology and take our view that Captain Wilkes *had* no right to search a neutral English ship. See?"

Norman Gray and Paul Randolph strolled off together under a great white moon.

"Paul," said Norman presently, "I wish I could come back a hundred years hence and look at this country! All creation for a playground and the human race to make a nation of, with laws founded on the two great commandments!" He pushed back the forage-cap from his bright unruly hair, and Paul found himself listening to his friend as if the old-field pines were the elms of Cambridge, and they once more two careless college men in a dream-world. Every one laughed a little at Norman Gray, and every one loved him. He drank life like a rare wine.

At daybreak a few days later their regiment was on the march toward Richmond. The Army of the Potomac, one hundred thousand strong, came by transport to Fortress Monroe and spent most of the month

of April besieging the Confederate troops under Magruder at Yorktown. The parallels they were strengthening dated from Washington's day. A very old negro who hobbled into camp to peddle cakes, told Paul that "Money Point" got its name in the Revolution. The British attacked Washington's army just as it was about to be paid off, and the money for the pay-roll was put into a cannon and dropped into the Elizabeth River and could not be found after the fight. "Gin'ral Wash'n'ton, he pick dish-yer place fo' his camp 'cause water all 'roun' her, mek she safe," the old fellow explained. "I hyeah him say he goin' put de capital o' de Nuinted States right heah," he added with a far-away look. This was a tradition of the place. The men found relics of the Continental army buried here and there.

Magruder escaped from Yorktown, however, with his five thousand troops, Norfolk was abandoned and the departing Confederates blew up the *Virginia*. Now Richmond was in danger.

Johnston sent Stonewall Jackson up the Shenandoah Valley with fifteen thousand men to threaten Washington. To get out of his way Banks marched his Union troops thirty-five miles in a day, barely escaping across the Potomac. For nearly a month Fremont, Banks and McDowell with sixty thousand Union forces were busy with Jackson, and Johnston was free to attend to McClellan.

"You Yanks neenter get biggity," said a captured picket. "Ol' Joe Johnston'll take you down a peg er two."

"What do you know about it, ol' coon?" asked Spike Tallant. "Little Mac is the Cæsar of modern times."

"Cæsar or Pomp or Sambo," said the prisoner

calmly, "he'll git met up with 'fore long. My dad lost a colt once and a half witted feller brought hit back. Dad asked whar he found him and the feller says, 'Oh, I jes' thought, where would I go if I was a hoss, and I went there, and he had.' Johnston'll think what would he do ef he wuz a Yank—and do it fust."

The Chickahominy was a sluggish stream among the swamps—what Virginians call a "creek," a natural moat before Richmond. Spring rains flooded the bogs and made it a river—a vast inundation over which must be built bridges that would carry cannon.

"What'n thunder's this here?" asked Symonds, puzzled. The wearied Pennsylvania troops had come to a black swirling waste of waters half a mile wide, crossed by a swaying strip of timbers.

"Grape-vine bridge," said a Fifth New Hampshire man. "We helped build her—took us three days."

The lowlands were from one to four feet deep in flood water; the channel of the Chickahominy was thirty yards wide and quite deep; the swamp was a mass of trees, vines and brush. This improvised bridge rested on piers of heavy logs, and its floor was lashed together with ropes and vines. As the men marched over it in the dusk it swayed and splashed in and out of the sinister black water, but nothing gave way. The front of McClellan's army was now at Fair Oaks, only six miles from Richmond.

As the left wing of the Union Army was crossing the river Johnston attacked, hoping to separate the two forces. General Sumner, pushing his troops over the bridge, held off the Confederates for a time, and Johnston was badly wounded. This dismayed the Confederates so that next day they fell back. Mc-

Clellan happened to be ill in bed for two days. On the night of June 2, when he had just recovered, Robert E. Lee was in Johnston's place. Each side had lost over five thousand men killed, wounded and missing.

On the second day of the battle a Massachusetts regiment, going into action, was harassed by a nest of sharpshooters in the tree-tops, picking off the men as they advanced, and sent for reinforcements to help dislodge them. Paul Randolph heard that day for the first time the high, clear, ferocious hunting-call which came to be known as the rebel yell. It was answered by the deep baying shout of the Northern men,—“Hooray-y-y ray-ray!” The Confederates hurled back wave after wave of men in blue, panting and exhausted.

Spike Tallant came up to a group of Bay State men with a prisoner in tow, a lanky private half a head taller than himself. “Say, you fellers,” he asked, “seen anything of the Ninety-third Pennsylvania? I got lost in them woods over there, and found this reb, and I’m takin’ him in.”

“Stranger,” said the prisoner indignantly, “ye wouldn’t ‘a’ got me yere if I had known ye war lost!”

On the following day heavy rains made action impossible. In the afternoon a bearded man with his arm in a sling was heard asking for Paul Randolph. He had in his hand a note-book damp with rain and stained with mud. It was Norman Gray’s.

“He told me,” the stranger said, “that if he didn’t come out o’ this one he’d like to have me take his pocket diary to you. He said he didn’t think he would. I’ve seen men get that notion before, but he didn’t seem

scared nor sorry—more excited and interested like. Queer about that, too,—if he had been jest a second later he'd 'a' been standin' on his other foot and that bullet would hev missed him. One o' them sharpshooters in the trees got him as we was comin' along in column—shot him in the head. The next minute they got me. When he was carried on to the hospital transport Miss Dame, the Second New Hampshire's nurse, she was thar. He opened his eyes and looked up in her face and said 'Mother,' and died—right off." As he turned away Paul heard him mutter, "I wish it had been me instead o' him."

Paul found Miss Harriet Dame, a little, thin, middle-aged woman in a brown dress and checked apron, with a handkerchief tied over her head, superintending a field kitchen. The smoke from burning heaps of dead horses, drifted heavily on the rainy air. Men were tugging like ants to get a cannon out of a slough. Among the wooden headboards used for markers on graves where men were hastily buried was one that bore the name "N. Gray," with the number of his regiment and the date of his death, in plain black letters. Paul found a private in the Signal Service who was a photographer and had his camera with him. In the tent he had set up as a studio, Paul persuaded the nurse to stand for a small card photograph. This, with the note-book and a few trinkets, he sent to Norman Gray's widowed mother.

The Confederates made several attacks during thunder-storms, in the hope that their volleys would be masked by the thunder and result in a surprise. On June 12, Stuart's cavalry rode quite around the Union camps, burned or captured quantities of stores and returned to Richmond. On June 26, Lee with the

whole strength of his army dropped on the Union right at Mechanicsville. Fighting all the way the Federals retreated to Gaines's Mill. By almost superhuman exertions Porter's troops held the bridges over the Chickahominy till nightfall and then burned them. After a bitter week of marching and fighting, what was left of the once magnificent Army of the Potomac halted at Malvern Hills. The troops were drawn up on a plateau like an amphitheater, the batteries on the slope of the hills. Union gunboats protected the left, and after one last battle Lee drew off. He had lost in seven days of fighting nearly twenty thousand men, but had taken ten thousand prisoners, captured and destroyed many tons of stores, and saved Richmond. The Federal loss was more than fifteen thousand, and it was reported that Lee could command two hundred thousand men. On the staggering horror of the death lists came Lincoln's call for three hundred thousand men.

THE NARROW GATE

"The souls that rise above our field of slain—
This doleful place of unimagined woe,—
They pass unseen, a silent ghostly train,
Swift as the wind they go.

"Where it may lie, their New Jerusalem,
No man on earth can guess or dream to-day,
But on through space, for night and day to them
Are one, they take their way.

"That narrow gate which all alike must pass—
The road beyond is all untried, unknown.
The gate itself we see as in a glass—
Each man must walk alone.

"Christ who hast borne our human doubts and fears,
Thy wisdom, Thine alone, makes plain Thy will.
I lay before Thee, Lord, my unlived years,
Knock at the gate—stand still!"

This was my friend—he left this book to me.
He wrote this verse before he went away.
Lord, let my soul find—if such things may be—
The soul of Norman Gray!

VIII

NINE MILES FROM ANYWHERE

"And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star—
Hurrah, hurrah for the bonnie blue flag
That bears a single star!"

PRETTY Sally Walton was playing with a spirit and gayety which, her cousin Preston said, would make a brass monkey sing. Nobody doubted that Robert E. Lee would lead the Army of the South straight to victory. The younger boys were only afraid he would do it before they were old enough to get in. Still, Preston and Pinckney were not yet of age, and they were lieutenants.

The last words of the ringing chorus were followed by sudden silence. General Lee himself stood in the doorway.

Tall, erect and handsome, he gave courteous greeting to the young people gathered around the piano, and went with his staff officers into the library. The girls disappeared, the young officers talked in low tones, and Rupert, Geoff and Frank retreated to an old sofa in the hall, hoping to get another glimpse of their idol.

General Lee had the mysterious human quality that commands confidence. He was trusted by Jefferson Davis and his cabinet as absolutely as he was by the

army. Every one knew that he would have succeeded General Winfield Scott, whose favorite officer he was, if he had not given up all for the South. New maps of the threatened territory had just been completed, and he and his staff were now going over them. In the Old Dominion, where roads were often mere bridle-paths, the transportation of baggage wagons, ammunition trains and artillery had become an important problem. Some said that if the Confederate generals had anything but the old Nine-Sheet Map of Virginia in May, 1862, no Yankees would ever have got out of White Oak Swamp alive.

Presently the library door opened, and Preston Walton was summoned. In a minute or two he came out again.

"Rupert," he said, "weren't you with Father on South Mountain two years ago?"

"Yes," said Rupert wondering.

"General Lee wants to know something that we can't tell him. Come in here and see if you can help us out."

Rupert had spent some dull weeks in Shepherdstown—"nine miles from anywhere," he sulkily said to himself, when his father went over there to look up some land titles in 1860. He could never have dreamed that as a result of that trip the great Confederate leader would actually be asking him, a boy of fifteen, for information.

"Lieutenant Walton tells me," said General Lee, his kindly, piercing look on Rupert's flushed face, "that you have spent some time in this hill country around Sharpsburg. Is there a sunken road nigh about here?" He pointed to a spot on the map.

"Yes, sir," said Rupert.

"Whereabouts from the Dunker church does it run?"

"This way, sir,—I think."

"Is this stream fordable, and if so, where?"

Rupert searched his memory. "About here, sir—I reckon."

"But the stone bridge is here."

Rupert was seized by an awful doubt. He dared not say he remembered that ford.

"I—I reckon I can't tell, sir. I thought it was."

"My boy," the General's voice was gentle, but stern, "don't allow yourself to form the habit of guessing at facts. We have found it almost impossible to get accurate information from the country people, when a mistake might cost hundreds of lives. In war there is no time to correct blunders. You may go."

Rupert slunk out like a whipped puppy. His chance of service had slipped away. Preston came out after a while and told the other boys how he had once asked a mountaineer the distance to a certain point, and the man's reply was, "I reckon about two whoops and a holler." Measurements like that were not of much use in a campaign.

After the General had gone, Preston hunted up his young brother and had a long talk with him. Rupert came to see that although a soldier often had to obey orders he did not understand, it was impossible to know too much. His duty now was to go to the Military Institute and learn lessons that would help him to be a good officer. Preston was serving under Stonewall Jackson,—“Old Blue Light,” as his men called him affectionately,—who offered prayer before going into battle and had a doctor of divinity for his



"IN WAR THERE IS NO TIME TO CORRECT BLUNDERS."

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chief of staff. General Jackson believed that God would make even a blunder lead to victory.

Before Rupert went to the Institute there came a letter from his father, telling him that he was to escort his mother to Shepherdstown on the chance that Colonel Walton would be able to meet them there for a few hours at least. Lee was going to invade Maryland.

Fifty thousand Union troops under General John Pope were strewn over the country from Harper's Ferry to Fredericksburg. McClellan's bluecoats had not recovered from the terrible strain of the Peninsular campaign. In this year of war the Confederate uniforms had become rags and their supplies were at starvation point, but now was the time to act, while the Federals were in much the same condition. Pope, discovering that Lee's army was on the move, hastily crossed the Rappahannock. Before Banks could join him, Jackson prevented it in a fierce encounter at Cedar Mountain, shot past Pope's army and seized a supply depot at Manassas Junction, the Bull Run battleground. Every half-clad and half-fed Confederate, grabbed what he could carry, and the rest was burned. Preston Walton exhibited as his share of the plunder a pot of French mustard and a pair of spurs. He had swapped everything else with a foot-soldier, preferring the spurs to hard-tack, bacon, dried apples, flour or whiskey.

Mrs. Walton, with her elder son, anxiously awaited her husband at Shepherdstown,—“nine miles from anywhere.” After the battle of Chantilly, Pope withdrew his battered troops to Washington, and the Confederate generals saw their road clear into Maryland.

Colonel Walton, looking worn and old, rode into Shepherdstown late one night and went away soon after daybreak. General Philip Kearny of the Union Army, who had just been killed, was an old friend of his; they had known each other in Mexico and in France, when they were young.

"I had a glimpse of him," said the Colonel, "at Seven Pines, leading a charge with his sabre in his one hand and the reins in his teeth. At Chantilly he was leading the advance into our lines, and chose death rather than surrender. He was like a brother to me. A 'very perfect gentle knight,' " the officer added to himself, in a low voice.

Lee moved on, up the right bank of the Potomac. He crossed that river at Point of Rocks and captured the town of Frederick. Rupert was allowed to ride with his father to Frederick, for a sister of Mrs. Walton lived there, and the boy was to bring back word of her to his mother. It looked now as if there would be little or no serious fighting in Maryland. Those who claimed to know, assured Lee that there was strong secession feeling in that State. Encouraged by the sight of their own army the people might rise in a mass against the North. Lee planned to take Harper's Ferry, destroy the aqueduct of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal at the mouth of the Monocacy, let the army rest a few days at Hagerstown, while a force of recruits came up from Richmond, then destroy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and push on into Pennsylvania. By wrecking the long bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad over the Susquehanna near Harrisburg he hoped to cripple that road and block communication with the West. He did not believe that McClellan would take positive action for three

or four weeks, and in that time a blow could be struck at the heart of the North.

On September 10, Hagerstown was in Lee's hands. Five days later Harper's Ferry was surrendered to Jackson with hardly a show of resistance. Leaving A. P. Hill there, Jackson marched his army seventeen miles, to join Lee on September 16.

Meanwhile McClellan was moving westward against the Confederate advance, with all the available troops of the Union Army. Lincoln had told him that he must "do something to hurt Lee" or Washington would be lost, and to this McClellan agreed, reluctantly. He was a very cautious man.

Rupert Walton, riding through the streets of Frederick on the morning of September 13, after Hill's division had left the town, saw something lying on the sidewalk. He dismounted and picked it up. It was a piece of paper like an old letter, wrapped around three cigars. He decided to turn back and give the cigars to Uncle Shelby, his aunt's crippled husband, before going back to Shepherdstown. As he did so he saw something unusual in the piece of paper, and unfolded it. It seemed to be a general order, from Lee to Hill.

Rupert could hardly believe that such a thing could have been lost or mislaid. Uncle Shelby, about to clip one of the fragrant cigars, asked what the matter was. Rupert showed the paper.

Uncle Shelby read it, and read it again, thoughtfully. It not only explained the whole plan of Lee's invasion, but told how his forces were to be placed, and how many there were. If it were not a decoy, how could it have been left there?

"Son," said Uncle Shelby with a sigh, "looks to me

like you better had take that passel back where you found it. I hate mightily to give up these good seeg-yars,—but I got no call to stop the little butternut scouts from doin' their duty." And Rupert obeyed.

As the boy rode out of town he could hear the pounding of the guns at Harper's Ferry, where Jackson was. The three cigars were found, when McClellan's army came in a little later, by Privates Mitchell and Bloss of an Indiana regiment. They took the paper to their colonel. He read it and took it to McClellan. Uncle Shelby, watching from his window, was delighted to see that the blue-coated officers seemed to be very excited about that paper.

In this order, so strangely delivered into the hands of the Union general, Lee had told D. H. Hill to take his fifteen thousand men and join Longstreet with his thirteen thousand at Boonsboro'. South Mountain, thickly wooded, would give the Confederates perfect cover, and they could hold back the Union Army from that vantage-ground until Lee could be reinforced by Jackson and get his other forces together.

McClellan had no way of knowing whether this order had been delivered to Hill and then lost, or never reached him at all. Nobody, to this day, knows how it came to be where it was found. The chances were, however, that it had reached Hill. Certainly, delay would be fatal. McClellan decided to attack Lee's army before Jackson's division could come up from Harper's Ferry.

From the Mountain House on South Mountain, Hill and his staff could see the Union troops pouring over the ground, like a river spreading into a valley. In the absence of Jackson, Lee had hardly more than eighteen thousand men, and his army was encumbered

with baggage trains. Three of Longstreet's regiments were with Jackson, and Longstreet with the rest was at Hagerstown, thirteen miles away. Hill had only about five thousand men to hold South Mountain, but the attacking Federal leaders supposed he had thirty thousand, and they were cautious, accordingly.

Lee would rather have avoided a pitched battle, but if he must fight, he would choose his own ground. He placed his troops between Antietam Creek and Sharpsburg. The unfordable stream lay along his front, crossed by four stone bridges. The line of battle was three miles long. McClellan had his headquarters in a brick farm-house among great trees, half a mile to the rear of the upper middle bridge. Burnside was ordered to cross the lower bridge, and Hooker the upper one at the extreme Federal right. The reserve batteries were posted near the lower middle bridge, and in the rear, behind a ridge, was a reserve corps under FitzJohn Porter.

"Fighting Joe" Hooker on his white horse pushed across the Antietam, a part of his forces crossing the bridge and a part fording the stream further up, toward evening on Tuesday, September 16. The cavalry went forward to reconnoitre. They found a hornet's nest in the form of a Confederate battery and came back.

"Haven't we got as many batteries as they have?" said Hooker. "Forward!" The blue-coated ranks, in a line three-quarters of a mile long, moved forward. There was hot firing between this division and Hood's infantry in the "East Wood" until dark. At dawn, the roar of artillery and the scream of shells told the listeners miles away that a battle had begun.

Thousands of spectators were on a hill out of the

range of cannon, among them Rupert Walton. It was a wonderful and terrible sight. Musketry fire literally mowed down corn in a field surrounded by woods, on the Confederate side of the river. The gray and brown troops in the cleared space looked like ants, and shells were dropping among them with frightful effect. The thunder of the artillery never ceased. A watcher on the hill counted more than sixty shots to the minute. The musketry fire sounded like the patter of hard rain. The sun shone brightly on the stately woods crowning the distant hills, the blue mountain beyond the Potomac, and the gleaming river. When night halted the fighting the roads for miles around were choked with wagons filled with the wounded and dying.

It was expected that McClellan would renew his attack next morning. But the corps of Porter being the last reserve on the ground he waited the arrival of reinforcements, and both sides buried their dead and cared for their wounded that day. That night Lee withdrew his army under cover of darkness and crossed the Potomac into Virginia.

Rupert found his father's body among the two hundred Confederate dead between the fences, just beyond the corn-field. Preston Walton and his cousin Pinckney had gone down in the charge of A. P. Hill's brigades against Burnside, after they had marched from Harper's Ferry and forded the river. Rupert's uncle James had died serving his gun in a battery which lost every one of its gunners. At Antietam Rupert's boyhood passed forever.

A month later he sat alone in a corner of the hall, ready to wait on the wounded officers gathered about the fire. Half asleep—he had been up nearly all the

night before—he listened to their talk of the battle.

"I was in Cooke's infantry," said a North Carolina major with a shattered arm. "When Longstreet rode up we were clean out o' cartridges, and Miller's battery hadn't a gunner left. He told his staff officers to man the guns and he'd hold their horses, and when the Yanks came over the hill they got enough canister in their faces to make 'em dodge back. Chilton come along and asked what troops were holdin' the line. Longstreet he waved his hand at us and says, 'There they are, but that regiment hasn't a cartridge.' Chilton went kitin' off to report to Lee, and pretty soon one o' Hill's batteries begun to send enfiladin' shots along the Federal front and kept 'em off us till we could be reinforced."

"I saw McClellan's army coming along the National Road toward Turner's Gap," said an engineer. "I swear I never knew there were that many Yanks in the world. What I can't understand is why they didn't charge right in and gobble us up like a guinea-keet does grasshoppers. They ain't cowards."

"W'y," put in an artillery officer, nursing a lame leg, "that was General Lee's lost order—Order 191."

Rupert sat up suddenly and turned cold.

"Hill swears he never got it. If it fell into the hands o' the Yanks they must 'a' thought Longstreet and D. H. Hill with their whole divisions were ambushed in those woods. S'pose they were goin' to charge thirty thousand men holdin' a position like South Mountain?"

It was a phantom army that had saved Lee from destruction, and brought about the battle of Antietam. Order 191, wrapped about three cigars, had been lost, and read by General McClellan.

NOTES

The curious story of Lee's lost order is discussed at length in the articles on "Battles and Leaders in the Civil War," published in the *Century Magazine* in 1885-6. Among them are "The Invasion of Maryland" by General James Longstreet, and "The Battle of South Mountain" by General D. H. Hill, to whom the "Lost Order" was addressed.

Hill says:

"The Federal commander gained two facts from the order, one of which was needless and the other misleading. He learned that Jackson had gone to Harper's Ferry—a truth that he must have learned from his own scouts and spies and the roar of artillery in his own ears. The cannonading could be distinctly heard at Frederick, and told that *some one* was beleaguering Harper's Ferry. The misleading information was that Longstreet was at Boonsboro'. The map of the battle-field of South Mountain, prepared in 1872, ten years after the fight, by the United States Bureau of Engineers, represents ten regiments and one battalion under Longstreet at the foot of the mountain on the morning of the 14th of September, 1862. Longstreet was then an ordinary day's march from that point. In fact, after the removal of Colquitt's brigade, about seven A.M., there was not a Southern soldier at the foot of the mountain until three P.M., when Captain Park of the Twelfth Alabama Regiment was sent there with forty men. . . . It was incomprehensible to us of the losing side that the men who charged us so boldly and repulsed our attacks so successfully should let slip the fruits of victory and fall back as though defeated. The prisoners taken were from my division, and the victors seemed to think that Longstreet's men lay hidden somewhere in the depths of those mysterious forests. Thus it was that a thin line of men extending for miles along the crest of the mountain could afford protection for so many hours to Lee's trains and artillery and could delay the Federal advance until Longstreet's command came up, and joining with mine, saved the two wings of the army from being cut in two. But for the mistake about the position of our forces, McClellan could have captured Lee's trains and artillery and interposed between Jackson and Longstreet before noon on the 14th of September. The losing of the dispatch was the saving of Lee's army."

His conclusion is this:

"If the battle of South Mountain was fought to prevent the advance of McClellan, it was a failure on the part of the Confederates. If it was fought to save Lee's trains and artillery, and to reunite his scattered forces, it was a Confederate success."

Longstreet says of the battle of Antietam:

"Nearly one-fourth of the troops (Confederate) who went into the battle were killed or wounded that day. We were so badly crushed that at the close of the day ten thousand fresh troops could have come in and taken Lee's army and everything it had. But McClellan did not know it, and even feared when Burnside was pressed back that Sharpsburg was a Confederate victory, and that he would have to retire."

THE PLANTATION BELLS

Lonesome on de ol' plantation in de war-time,
All de Marster's folks is daid, dey say.
Lef' we-all yeah pickin' cotton by de river,
An' dey come an' took de bells away.

Oh-h, de big bell ring in de mornin',
Say, Git up, git to wo'k a-hoein' corn,
She ain' been no friend o' mine,
No, suh, nuffin' o' de kin',
But I miss 'er might'ly, sho's you' bo'n.

Lonesome on de ol' plantation in de daytime,
Lonesomer'n evah in de night.
Owl a-hootin', "Who you b'long to, who you b'long to?"
Swamp a-dancin' wid de Jacky-lantern light.

Now de bell don' ring in de mornin',
She done been melted up dis long ago,
En she changed into a gun—
Dat's de tactics dey begun—
En she nevah ring to call we'all no mo'!

IX

THE ISLAND IN THE SWAMP

CELIA sat in her own room, by the long French window, sewing. The hand-embroidered India muslin she wore had been her mother's. The ottoman at her feet was worked in needle-point, with a wreath of many-colored flowers and a long-tailed bird. Sometimes she seemed to herself to be living in her mother's girlhood. But the lavish luxury of old plantation days in Mississippi was no more, save in Mammy Judith's stories. She was telling one now.

"Lord's sakes, Miss Celia, when ol' Marsa buil' dis-yer house dey warn't no cyarpet in N'Yawk ner Charleston fitten fo' his gals to tread on! He had 'em wove in France f'om his own pattern, he so judicious. En dey closets full er silk en brocade en linen cambric, wid worked borders *dat* deep! Was so! En ev'y ball dey go ter dey boun' ter have a new dress—tarlatan en lace en silk, en dis-yer cloudy stuff all besprinkle' wid glass lak a cobweb in de dew—en wreafs en bunches er dese-yer circumficial flowers, what so nachul de bees come lookin' fo' 'em.

"Time ol' Marsa en young Marse Augustine en Marse Jeems home f'om de Mexican Wah, Kunnel Drumgould he give a gre't pahty. Malindy, dat wuz his cook, she come to beg fo' we-all's rule fo' Buena Vista cake en burnt cream."

"Burnt cream!"

"Yassum, honey chile, burnt cream, what Aunt Sue learn of Mis' Madison's own cook. Miss Caroline she des home f'om school, en all ovah de place same as a kitten. She come in de kitchen do', en look at de fresh aigs, en double cream, en French brandy, en reasons en curr'nts' en puzzuv, en citron en spices en sugar-loaves layin' 'roun' p'omiscuous, en she laugh en say ef de cooks up Nawf git one look at Aunt Sue gittin' one comp'ny dinnah, dey des lay down en die! What wid kinfolks en ossifers en some folks f'om de nex' county, de house wuz plumb full. Dat wuz Ol' Marsa,—nevah noways mean wid nobody, white er black, rich er po', own kin er strangers.

"But I wish you'd seen Miss Ca'line come inter de ball-room dat night on her daddy's arm! Ol' Marsa pick her out a dress ev'y time he go ter town, and dat time he sut'nly outdo hisse'f! Hit wuz pure sof' yaller silk like wunner dese-yer Glory Deejon roses, all scallop' flounces f'om wais' ter feet, en her hair des de color of de silk, on'y mo' goldy. En a black lace shoulder-scarf, de ends all work' wid gol' silk flowers en knotted fringe, clean ter de bottom o' de skirt, en a fan ter match! Dey wuz gent'mens dere f'om Richmon' en Orleans en Charleston en de islands of de sea, en dey fair crowd de chile beggin' fo' dances. Mr. O'Hara done writ er song to huh, 'My Mississippi Rose.'

"But dat rose warn't fo' none er dem ter pluck! Yo' pa wuz a little late—de river way up en he had ter swim his hawss ter git dar—en when she see him she kin' o' ketch her breaf en laugh en say, 'You heah?' En he smile a little en say, 'Where else?' en she ain' say nutt'n'. But when she went to stay wid de Gibsons in Tennessee he got somebody to visit dyah, en when

she come back he warn' long behind. She keep him on de anxious seat till she satisfied he right anxious—but I know!"

Mammy gave a tilt to her turbaned head and went out.

A plantation in the Mississippi cotton belt, before everybody began planting cotton, sometimes yielded thirty or forty thousand dollars a year. Even with slave labor, it was cheaper to have corn, wheat, bacon and other provisions brought by water to the plantation wharf than to raise them. As late as 1860 the State was thinly settled, its resources hardly touched. Many plantations were, like this one, in charge of an overseer most of the year. Since the death of her husband Madam Walton had been living with her married daughters. Bruce Walton was here off and on, but the estate was really managed by Aaron Burgin, the overseer, a lank man with cold gray eyes, hay-colored hair and a long chin. Bruce declared that if the man had any soul it was a money-making Yankee invention like the cotton-gin.

Madam Walton held that in war time not a penny should be spent for anything they could produce at home. A daring privateer ran the blockade now and then with a cargo of cotton, and brought back supplies sold at fabulous profits. Madam Walton would have none of them. She had her women weave the unsalable cotton into coarse "negro-cloth." This was dyed with copperas, butternut, oak or walnut bark, or colors boiled out of old rags and paper. Sorghum was used for sugar, raspberry leaves and sassafras roots for tea, rye and beans, roasted and ground, for coffee. Surplus corn, lard and cotton cloth were exchanged in town for things that could not be made at

home. The linen, blankets and coverlets in the house had almost all been taken to the hospitals. Even some old silk ball-dresses were sent to Richmond, to be pieced together for the cover of an observation balloon. Bruce took the horses for the cavalry and marched off a company of negro laborers to work on the Vicksburg fortifications. Trunks in the garret furnished underwear that could be made into shirts for soldiers, torn into bandages or scraped for lint. Celia had outgrown most of her own clothes in this last year, and some of the old-fashioned garments were altered for her.

It was confidently said that Vicksburg would never be taken. The Yankees held New Orleans and the upper Mississippi; but Vicksburg was the key to the middle river. Through this the grain and cattle country of Louisiana and Texas could be reached for provisioning the Confederacy.

The plantation was the loneliest place that Celia had ever seen. A rude levee kept the Yazoo River from making an island of the little rise of land occupied by the buildings. In the distance a dark mass of uncleared, undrained swamp could be seen—huge trees draped with swaying “dead man’s beard,” rising above black, sluggish waters, tangled impenetrable thickets and snake-haunted hummocks of coarse grass.

The house-servants had come here with the family, or were children of those who had, but the field hands were a strange conglomeration. Some were native Africans, a few had Indian blood, others had been sold “down river” from the older settled states. When a plantation was run down or an estate divided, or a slave was hard to manage, the growing demand for

labor on the cotton lands made inter-state slave trade profitable.

Mammy Judith spoke of the field-hands with scorn, as "po' white trash niggers, or less dem kind whar 'serve no good en do no good.'" They worked in gangs under their drivers, far from the house.

All affairs under Madam Walton's rule followed in a settled routine. Celia gave an hour every morning to her hair and complexion. She practiced two hours on the grand piano. She took dancing lessons once a week from an old Madame Pintard in town, and studied French from old books bound in gilded leather. She spent hours in sewing and embroidering, or reading aloud to her grandmother from Hume's History of England, Boswell's Life of Johnson, and other books from the tall book-cases.

During Madam Walton's afternoon nap Celia listened to Mammy Judith's songs and stories, walked in the old garden or read some books she had found in her room, which had been her mother's. There were "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "Children of the Abbey," "Mysteries of Udolpho," some old numbers of the "United States Magazine," "Poems," by Edward C. Pinckney, and a play called "Caius Gracchus" by Louisa McCord. A copy of "The Damsel of Darien" had written on the flyleaf, "To Miss Caroline Walton with the compliments of the Author, William Gilmore Simms." Celia remembered his calling on her grandmother in Charleston and declaring earnestly that South Carolina was "the flower of modern civilization," and Charleston "the finest city in the world."

Today Madam Walton had gone to town, and as

the late sunshine crept across her floor, Celia went out to pick some roses. In an out-of-the-way nook of the garden she found Malachi, the house-boy, so absorbed in a newspaper that he did not hear her coming. He seemed frightened dumb and stupid at sight of her.

"What are you reading, Malachi?" she asked. He silently gave her the paper, and she saw in a head-line the word "Emancipation." She wondered if he knew what it meant.

"Miss Celia," he said timidly, "would you please, missy, not tell that I had that paper?"

"Why not?" Celia was puzzled.

"Miss Celia, dey don' 'low we folks got no right ter read en write, down yere. Marse Bruce he say if his niggers taken wid knowin' too much dey ketch de debble en fawty lashes—en if ary black ab'lition spellin'-book peddler come on his place he hang 'im ter de cross-roads oak."

Celia felt bewildered. She could not believe that Bruce had said any such thing in earnest, but Malachi certainly believed so. At the sound of carriage wheels the boy vanished like a rabbit, leaving her with the paper in her hand. She glanced down the column and saw that the President had issued a proclamation on September 22 stating that on January 1, 1863, all slaves were to be free. There had been a great battle at Antietam.

Her grandmother was getting out of the carriage, letters and papers in her hand, her face white and rigid. She went up the broad steps and sat down in a straight-backed chair.

"They are—all dead," she said in a toneless voice. "They were killed—in battle. My sons and my



“MISS CELIA, WOULD YOU PLEASE NOT TELL THAT I HAD
THAT PAPER?”

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grandsons. Augustine, James, Preston, Pinckney. I must not forget—their names.”

Her head leaned back against the carved mahogany of the old chair, and her eyes closed. The doctor, when Jubal had taken one of the mules out of the carriage and fetched him, said it was paralysis.

Bruce was with Forrest's cavalry. Cousin Mary Frances was married to Emerson Lewis, and Aunt Louisa Gibson was dead. Aunt Cornelia had her house full of wounded soldiers. Colonel Drumgould, their nearest neighbor, was over eighty, and ten miles away. Celia had to decide everything.

The doctor said that Madam Walton might live for years, or she might die soon. Bruce might come home at any time. Mammy Judith and her daughter Hannah could nurse their mistress, and Burgin could manage the plantation. Celia saw nothing to do but stay where she was and wait.

Madam Walton regained her power of speech and seemed to know something of what went on around her. She liked to have Celia near, though she sometimes called her “Caroline” or “Leila.” Celia wondered if the overseer knew that the slaves were to be free, but she did not like to ask him any questions, or talk with him unless it was necessary. The cotton crop was a heavy one, and the slaves worked early and late. It was stiller than ever on the plantation; the great bell had gone to the foundry to be melted for cannon, and there was very little singing among the laborers in the field. Celia wondered if there was an undercurrent of excitement in the air or whether it was her imagination. Did the slaves know they were to be free?

One day Malachi said to her when he found her

alone, "Miss Celia, would you please, miss, come in de gyarden a minute?"

She followed him to the corner under the shrubbery where she had found him reading, and saw there a young man in the uniform of a Northern soldier, shoeless, hatless, ragged and stained with mud. At sight of her he sprang to his feet.

"My father is a Union officer," she said quickly.

"The boy said so. My name is Martin Kendrick. I was captured when I was on scout duty, but I got away. It was a rainy night, but I had a little pocket compass. I put a firefly inside, so I could see in a general way which direction was north. I've been hiding in the swamps ever since. One of your people found me out on the edge of the plantation and gave me a piece of corn-pone, and piloted me here."

Celia beckoned to Malachi.

"Keep watch here," she said. "I'll go to the house and bring back something to eat, and plan what to do," she added to the soldier. And she was off like the wind.

She gathered up a blanket, some linen, an overcoat and hat, and set Mammy Judith to preparing food. She tried to think of some safe hiding-place. Neither the garret nor the stables, nor any room in the house, would do. But Mammy Judith knew a place.

In the uncleared swamp, she said, was a sort of island of solid ground. When Grandfather Walton first came there he had had a hut built there in the trees, as a refuge from flood before the levee was built. Only she and Malachi and one other knew where it was. The third person was a tall mulatto field-hand named Steve, a noticeable looking fellow with a long scar down one side of his face and two

fingers gone. It was he who had found Kendrick. He took the young soldier that night in a log canoe through a labyrinth of twisting waterways to a thicket that seemed one solid mass of interwoven undergrowth. But the hut was there. In it were provisions, dry wood, matches, a blanket, lightwood knots and an old brazier. It looked as if the place were in use.

No one spoke of the soldier hidden in the swamp, yet nearly every day he received some proof that the girl at the great house was considering his comfort and safety. She sent him an old surveyor's map, an atlas, clothing, a knife, a pistol, ammunition and other articles. Meanwhile he discovered a drama going on, of which she knew nothing.

The slave, Steve, had been maturing plans of his own, and he and his friends desired Kendrick's aid. If he betrayed them he would betray himself, and probably be shot or hanged as a spy. Steve had been sold South as incorrigible. He had tried three times to run away from his old master's place in Missouri, and the third time the overseer beat his wife to make her tell where he was. When Steve heard of it he nearly killed the overseer. He was caught and tied, and as he lay under a shed he heard his captors discussing, over their brandy, whether or not to burn him alive. His hands being very supple, he contrived to slip out of his bonds and get away. He was caught again in Cincinnati, and a man he had never seen swore that the runaway was his property, and sold him to a trader.

"I've got a long score to settle with the white race," he said with grim significance. "It's overdue now."

"I reckon I should feel very much so, in your place," Kendrick admitted, whittling at a piece of tulip-wood.

"But look at here, I don't see any good in starting this insurrection. Every white man in the State will be on you like a bloodhound."

"This is the good of it," said Steve obstinately, "if they know we're rising, it'll cripple their armies in the field."

"You're wrong there, Steve; I know what I'm talking about. You'd set the North against you, just when Lincoln's seen his way clear to sweep away the whole infernal business. Now listen here——"

And Steve was persuaded into putting off action a little longer. Kendrick felt like a man sitting on the safety-valve of a racing Mississippi steamboat.

One day the soldier was reconnoitering the country from a tree in the edge of the swamp, when Aaron Burgin, the plantation overseer, and a crony from town dismounted near by and sat down under it, on a log.

"Ye see," said Burgin, "Bruce Walton and me went all over this. The niggers don't know about this Lincoln proclamation, and they ain't goin' to. Old Walton had some land in the Red River country—dernedest old cuss for buyin' land he was—and we planned if Lincoln did emancipate, to move all the hands over there.

"Bruce believes this-yer Confed'racy'll win, but if it does I ain't aimin' to stay under his heel all my days. Most o' the Waltons is dead now anyhow. 'War means fight, and fight means kill,' as ol' Nathan Bedford Forrest sez. The ol' lady won't last long, and we ken take the cotton money and what else is handy, and sell the niggers where we git a chance. Celia will be my ward, understand? She don't need to know how things is till we git fur enough away so she'll hev

to do as I tell her. She's a still, peaceable kind o' gal anyhow. She won't make no trouble."

"M-yes," said the other man, "but if Bruce Walton gits wind of this e-lopement you speak of so casual, he'd follow you through hell and out the other side. The gal's his own kin, if her dad is a Yankee."

"I'm chancin' that," said Burgin coolly. "Forrest's division gets into purty hot corners. Besides, I calc'late to marry the gal. She's one of the heirs."

"'Git thar fustest with the -mostest' ez Forrest says?"

"Pre-cisely."

The two plotters got up and rode away.

The thought of the perils, between which the young girl walked so unconsciously, chilled Kendrick's soul. But Burgin did not know that the slaves were aware of their coming emancipation; he knew nothing of Steve's plans or of the refugee in the swamp, and he might not know Celia as well as he thought he did.

Two days later, on Christmas Day, Madam Walton died. She was buried beside her husband. Bruce had written a few days before, telling Celia that in case of her grandmother's death she would better go to friends of the family in Vicksburg. To the few who were left to come to the funeral she said that as soon as her preparations were made and the house in order, she should take the house-servants and go. Kendrick told her that he meant to start for the Union lines before long, and would take a letter to post to her Northern friends, and try to find out where her father was. She had just finished packing her grandmother's papers and valuables into a small trunk that night, when Mammy Judith told her that Kendrick was in the library and wished to see her. As she came

in, in her white gown, looking almost like a woman against the darkness, he came toward her, and she saw that his face was very grave.

"Miss Celia," he said, "it's not safe for you to stay here a day longer. When are you going to Vicksburg?"

Celia's heart gave a thump. "Is there something I don't know?" she asked, hoping that her voice was steady.

Mammy came close.

"Ain't you nevuh heah of a *risin'*, chile?" she hissed. "Dey is dark things goin' on yere, by night en by day. 'T ain't no place fo' my baby."

"It's worse than that, even," Kendrick said. "Burgin can't be trusted."

"I knew *that*," said Celia calmly.

"You did! Good for you! Well, this is my plan—" and the young soldier went on to state the situation as he saw it. He did not know much about girls, and was relieved to find that this one did not faint or go into hysterics, though she certainly looked rather white. She gave him the keys of the office building in the yard, and told the five or six hands who had silently come up to the side door that they were to follow his direction. The boats and rafts which Burgin had ready for his expedition were unlocked from the moorings; the mules were driven off through the woods; the levee was cut, and the rising waters carried the boats almost up to the back steps of the house. It was all done so quietly that Burgin knew nothing of it until he stepped out of his door next morning into a pool of river water. Perhaps he had slept more soundly because of some very old Scotch whisky he had discovered in the Walton cellars.

At any rate he found himself alone in his house, with nothing like a boat within reach. On an improvised raft made of a door he poled himself over to the great house, but found no one there and no removable valuables. He could not make out what had happened, but wisely determined to depart at once.

Meanwhile Kendrick and his party were far away. Those who saw them readily accepted the explanation that Celia was on her way to Vicksburg with a company of her servants and her overseer, because a levee had broken and flooded the plantation. Kendrick's butter-nut-colored overcoat and hat disguised him. Burgin, in making his plans, had counted on the fact that in those days of chaos, any white man in charge of a lot of negroes could pass without inquiry. Nobody challenged Kendrick. In fact the region through which they passed was almost deserted.

At last they approached a plantation not far from Vicksburg where people lived who knew the Waltons, and there Celia would be safe. Mammy Judith would go with her. Assured that all was well with her, Kendrick and his party poled their rafts along in the shadow until they reached a point where they could strike overland toward the Union lines.

At dawn on January 1 they heard the distant bugles call, and from the edge of the woods saw the Stars and Stripes above a group of tents. There was silence for a moment, then some one shouted "Glory hallelujah!" Singing, the ragged company moved forward in the free sunshine. Their first day of liberty had begun.

THE PICKET'S STORY

God's ways is enveloped in darkness;
Them He chooses to save or to kill
Ain't such as we might hev selected—
I seen it at Chançellorsville.

Me and some others on picket,
Down west of the turnpike we went
That night, the night of the second—
All one to us where we was sent.

We all on us had a conviction
That in any sort of a fuss
The Lord would watch over ol' Jackson,
And Jackson would keer for us.

The Yankees was put to it guessin'
Where and how he'd be into 'em next.
I reckon "Our God will fight for us"
Was his favorite Scriptur' text.

We'd foller Old Jack into battle,
We'd jine when he told us to pray,
For we knew he would lead us to glory
If we jest let him have his way.

It was jest as I come off duty
I seen him go ridin' past,
And I never even suspected
That ride was to be his last!

Against the sky as he passed us
I seen him so straight and tall.
And so long as I live I'll remember
How I seen him stagger—and fall.

I never did know how it happened—
It was some infernal mistake.
It was our own pickets that shot him.
God couldn't 'a' been awake!

With three of our bullets in him
We carried him back through the night
With the rifle-balls whistling 'round us—
Lord, how could that thing be right?

And he died jest ten days after.
He was out of his head, they say,
On the Sabbath his soul went from us,
But it don't look to me that way.

For he spoke of some heavenly vision,
The kind that the dyin' sees,—
He said, "Let us cross—the river—
And—rest—in the—shade—of the—trees!"

X

THE LOW TIDE OF COURAGE.

THE Union Army was jammed in between the Rappahannock River in front, and the enemy behind at Chancellorsville. The still blazing woods on the Plank Road had halted Lee's pursuing army after the artillery set them on fire. After three days of desperate fighting, the Federals were wondering whether they would be able to get across the river before the enemy caught up with them. In the woods, where the wounded who could still walk had dropped exhausted, after their race for life, lights flickered and a babel of voices in many languages and dialects rose and fell in the May night. The broken English and German of the Eleventh Corps mingled with the slang of the Bowery, Irish brogue, Scotch burr and the Yankee drawl, and thin wailing voices crying for water. Ben Taylor, with set teeth, bandaging a wound in his leg after a makeshift fashion, heard a tow-headed, short-legged private, with a blood-stained bandage over one eye, talking to some one on his other side.

"Und ve Turners, dot haf fought mit Sigel, now a black eye get by diese General Dick-kopf mit smear-kase fur brains—" the sentence exploded into impolite-sounding German gutturals. An American voice cut in:

"But see here, Looey, I ain't got the hang of this yet. How did Jackson's cavalry happen to catch you napping like that?"

"Mein Gott, I dell you already! Rudolf Schmidt of my gompany pring vord to General Schurz dot our flank vas in der air, und Schurz dell Howard der Yankee General we must reinforcements have. He say Schurz you go to hell if der whole rebel army iss in front of me I send my gompliments to Lee und invite him to attack——"

"Oh, come now, General Howard wouldn't talk like that; why, he studied for the ministry. They call him the Havelock of the army."

"Havelock or *hafersack*," growled the little German. "Von Tilsa come say he gannot hold his position mitout reinforcement und your General dell him 'Stand your ground und drust in Gott!' Ve vas bescattered drough der forest ven all de hares und de deers come scootin' like mad, mit de reb cavalry on der heels! Ve got ter git out or be gobbled up, und ve *git!*" The German, disgusted with this incurable American habit of taking nothing seriously, got up and stumped away to look for his own comrades. The other man turned and grinned at Ben.

"Say, comrade, what chance d'you think we got to get out o' this?"

"Dunno," admitted Ben soberly. "They say Hooker's wounded."

"Gosh! I heard he was killed."

"No; he was standin' close to a piazza pillar, when a shot struck it and knocked him senseless. Was that one of the Eleventh Corps you were talking to?"

"Uh-huh—one of Sigel's old command. He thinks it was all Howard's fault that they were surprised. The Germans are all mad anyhow at his takin' Sigel's place. I got a glimpse of Howard tryin' to rally 'em

at the cross roads, a flag in what was left of the arm he lost, and his sword in his other hand, beggin' 'em not to disgrace him and their flag and the country. He was feelin' awful bad. But he might as well ha' said his prayers to a herd o' buffalo. Troops caught on the flank that way can't hold their ground."

"D'you hear that Jackson's shot?"

"Stonewall Jackson? Gorry!"

"So a rebel prisoner told me. Jackson was riding out to reconnoiter, and when he came back the pickets had been changed. They took him and his guard for our cavalry and fired on 'em. The reb was all broken up about it. I guess Jackson was awf'ly popular."

There was a little silence. The night was full of dolorous, confused noises. A tall man on a stretcher near by stirred and sighed. Ben saw the private to whom he had been talking bend over him alertly and give him water, and heard him say,

"All right, comrade," and then, to Ben himself, "Say, I dunno your name—Taylor? Mine's Tallant. This feller's in my regiment; Paul Randolph his name is. The Dutchman and I picked him up in the woods back there, just afore the fire ketched the tree he was under. I wish't you'd look after him while I see if I can get a doctor out here."

It seemed hours before the Pennsylvanian came back with a surgeon, and an eternity before Ben and the other wounded were ferried over the Rappahannock and placed in a crowded field-hospital. After days of torment in jolting ambulances and on crowded transports, those of them who were still alive reached the hospitals of Washington and Alexandria. Ben's cot was next to that of Randolph, who was raving in de-

lirium. A bullet through the shoulder, a shell wound in the chest, and fever complications gave the army surgeon good cause for his verdict:

"He won't live till morning."

Water, in those days, was considered fatal to a fever patient. The nurse, a trim, wholesome-looking woman, found tears blinding her as she listened to the piteous murmur, "Water—water,—please give me some water!" It was like a child's pleading.

"Miss Mary," whispered a voice behind her. She turned and met Ben's eyes. "Didn't the doctor say he won't live?"

"Yes, he did."

"Why can't he have a drink then, and die comfortable?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I believe I will!"

She brought the delirious man half a cupful of the precious water, and from time to time during the night gave him more. In the morning he was better. The doctor said he must have a wonderful constitution.

A month later Paul, very white and shaky, came out between Ben and a New Hampshire man, to sit on some wooden boxes in the sunshine, watching the ragged pickaninnies playing in the street. A drift of fragrance on the wind hinted of the quaint sleepy charm of colonial Alexandria—gardens somewhere, beyond the low brick houses. The blackest and liveliest of the street boys grinned at them cheerfully. Ben grinned back at him.

"What's your name?"

"Iddo, marsa."

"Iddo what?"

"Da's all. Jes' Iddo. Mammy ax ol' Marse fo' a good prophetical name outen de Bible fo' me, en he

laff en name me dat, so I mout see visions. But I ain't seed none yit. I reckon Iddo shawt fo' I-dunno."

Two men in a buggy were about to drive away from the door. One, a thin neat person in broadcloth, held up a piece of silver and said to the darkey,

"You won't stand on your head in that mud-puddle!"

Instantly the boy's woolly head was buried in the mud. The stranger pocketed the coin and drove off chuckling. A dignified old gentleman on the other side of the street muttered something about "Yankee hounds!"

"That's just about right," said Randolph, and he searched his pocket for small change. Out of their slender store the soldiers gave Iddo all the coppers they could spare, and made of him a firm friend.

From the hall within came the voice of an energetic woman:

"And those miserable toads went and ate up every single thing in that box but a few cans of milk—twenty-five pounds of sugar, twelve bottles of cordial——"

"That's Mrs. O.," chuckled Austin Allen, the New Hampshire private. "She's got some kind of an unpronounceable name, and the boys call her either that or Aunt Mary."

"She's all right," said Randolph gravely. Ben had told him how the nurse had saved his life.

"She is that. The head surgeon didn't want any women nurses. Wouldn't even let her have a room, when she came—she got what sleep she did get on the floor, or on a chair in the ward. Last year some barrels of apples come for her from her folks at home,

and the head ones ruled that all boxes and stores was to go to the dispensary to be given out. She up and told the old boy himself that 'fore his drunken dispensary clerks got those apples she'd throw 'em out in the street. They give in. If the apple Eve stole was anything like the one I got when they passed 'em 'round our ward I don't blame her a mite. I could have et a bushel.

"I don't blame the doc so much though. Seventeen hundred men come in here from the front, in March, within three days. Street full o' stretchers, ambulances, cripples, I dunno what all. In the middle of it a party o' women come through our ward and gabbled and gawped, and one said she had always wanted to be a nurse, and then she fainted dead away on the floor. Mrs. O. said a yellow cat would be more use. War *ain't* a very neat business.

"But what gets me is these lazy pups that manage to get all the jobs that have any money stickin' to 'em. That feller in the buggy was Chet Cheney. He come from our town. He's on here about some kind of contract. And when he gets home he'll carry on's if he run the whole war."

The little group fell silent. None of them put it into words, but after two years of fighting the war seemed as much of a muddle as ever.

"Copperhead paper in our town had an article about 'Lincoln's hirelings,' last time I was home on furlough," added Allen grimly. "Some o' the boys read it and we went up there and tore the insides out of that printing office. The editors they run upstairs and hid under the counter, in a millinery shop."

A tall, broad-shouldered man in a slouch hat came out of the door, stopped and shook hands with each

man, with a cheery word to each, and went on down the street. Somehow his voice and touch lightened the dreariness.

"Who was that?" asked Ben, curiously.

"Didn't you know him?" said Randolph. "That was Walt Whitman. He's a Government clerk in Washington, but they say he spends about all his spare time in the hospitals. He's been up in the new ward with that poor German boy, getting him to eat—I think he saved the boy's life. He says the new surgeon-in-chief will be here in a day or two, and that he used to know him and he's a fine man. Dr. Allan Kendrick's his name."

Whitman was taking the boat to Washington. As he stepped off he encountered a straight, soldierly looking man with white hair and beard, and the two smiled at each other.

"Dr. Kendrick!"

"Walt Whitman!"

They fell into step and walked on toward Pennsylvania Avenue. "I'm just off the train," the surgeon said casually. "I used to know Lincoln, years ago, and thought I'd call on him before taking charge of my hospital."

"I'm glad you're here," Whitman said seriously. "That hospital needs a man like you. I'm living in an eyrie of my own, up here. Come up and have a bite?"

At a corner grocery Whitman stopped, and came out with an armful of parcels. A little further on he led the way into a wooden tenement building and began to climb stairs. Three flights up he opened the door into a garret room furnished with a cot bed, two wooden chairs, a pine table littered with books, and a sheet-

iron stove. He tipped a pile of newspapers off one of the chairs, and put away his groceries in a pine box which was his cupboard. The doctor sat down in the chair and glanced at some manuscript on the table.

"I had your last book," he said. "Written anything lately?"

"My poems?" Whitman answered carelessly. He took a bundle of papers from a battered trunk. "These are all war pieces—I am calling them 'Drum Taps.' " He kindled a small fire, brought a bucket of water and filled a tiny tin kettle. While the water heated he cut slices from a loaf of bread with a pocket-knife, and set out the paper bag of sugar and the paper of butter. A covered tin cup was the teapot, and when the water boiled, the two made a meal of bread and butter and tea. The larger parcels contained oranges and other delicacies for the hospitals. Kendrick had an amused certainty that if Secretary Chase, whose handsome house they had passed, had come in, the poet would have entertained him as readily, in exactly the same way.

"Lincoln isn't changed," Whitman observed presently. "He is great enough even for these great days. The sweetest, wisest, strongest soul of our time. We can trust the future to know that." His eyes brooded on the view from the high window as he sat on his cot, looking out—a gray and shaggy figure.

"How old are you, Walt? I'm fifty-one."

"Forty-three," Whitman answered. "Crowded years," he added, half smiling. "I was a little fellow when Lafayette came to this country. He took me up in his arms and kissed me. What a mystery this war is—a great slaughter-house! But life is provided for, and death must also be provided for. It is only the

gate into the unknown. Well, I must go to my boys in the hospital." He put the débris of the meal into the stove and picked up his broad-brimmed felt hat. The two went down the stairs and out into the long shadows of the summer evening. When he talked with the doctors and nurses at the hospital Kendrick found that none of them knew that Whitman had written anything. He supported himself by a few hours' clerical work in one of the departments and some hack writing. Most of his earnings beyond his frugal living were spent on the soldiers in hospital. He gave not only food and service but a remarkable personal magnetism which seemed almost like life itself. A nurse told Kendrick that one dismal afternoon Whitman had come into her ward with a basket on his arm from which curious sounds were heard. He reached into the basket and took out a tiny, downy, day-old chicken and put it in the hand of the nearest man. He passed down the ward leaving a chick with each man. To homesick farm-boys the little live things were worth more than any medicine. After awhile he collected the chickens into the basket again and went off.

Kendrick had heard many disheartening tales of political intrigue, officials drunk with power, money-grabbing contractors and dishonest clerks. Though he was wise enough to discount this pessimism he felt, as all thoughtful men did at the time, that without great leaders the nation would drift into wreck. The President was a simple country lawyer, with no training in diplomacy, statesmanship or war, thrust into the center of the mightiest drama in the history of the country. In any other capital, the ruler would at such a time be hedged about with ceremony. Any one

could call on Lincoln. The surgeon had thought that the sight of an old friend who had no favors to ask might cheer the President. He found himself wondering if the personal power he had felt in Whitman would also be found in Abraham Lincoln. Perhaps great crises made their own great men.

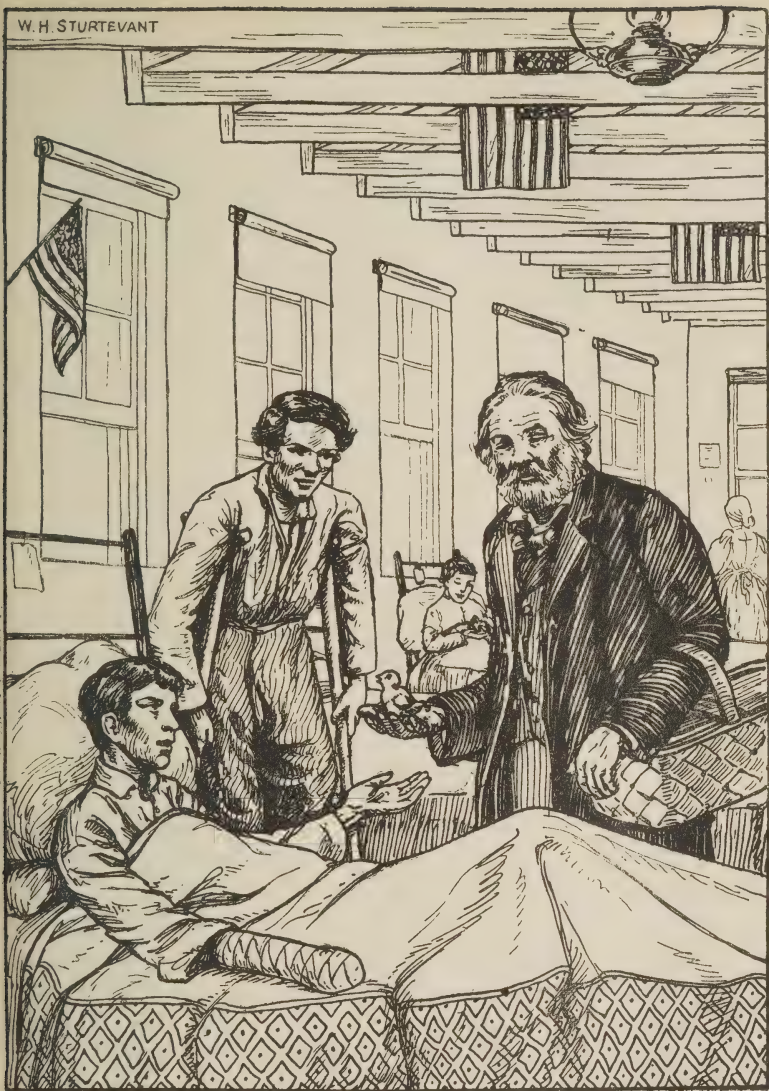
In the White House, when Kendrick entered it next day, a delegation of solemn-looking men waited to see the President. Lincoln appeared at the door with a plain middle-aged woman of whom he was taking leave. A pair of gray socks hung over his arm. "I'll write and thank your mother for these," he was saying. "Good-bye, ma'am." He shook hands with her. "Why, Allan Kendrick," he added, "I'm powerful glad to see you! These gentlemen have been waitin' some time, but after I've seen them you and I will have a confab. Friends," he said to the solemn group in black, "that woman who just went out brought me this pair of socks knit by her mother, who is one hundred years old. She's been knittin' for soldiers for two years. Now, what can I do for you?"

The visitors explained. They had heard that Grant was a drinking man, and wished Lincoln to remove him on that account.

"Do you know what kind of whisky he drinks?" asked Lincoln thoughtfully. "Because,"—after a meditative silence,—"I should like to send a bar'l of it to one or two other generals."

The visitors were dumbfounded. "Gentlemen," Lincoln added with quiet dignity, "I will give due thought to the matter you mention. Good day." And the delegation departed.

Six feet four inches in height, Lincoln dwarfed them as they passed. In the tall silk hat he now took up,



"WHITMAN TOOK OUT A TINY, DAY-OLD CHICKEN."

—Page 109

he seemed gigantic. "We'll go for a ride, Doc, before any one else corners me. Yes, Tad, you can come too,"—and with his guest on one side and Tad on the other, the President went out to his carriage.

They talked of the draft, Vallandigham's arrest, the hospitals, Banks' expedition, and many other matters. The clear, sure wisdom of Lincoln was simple as sun and rain. Other statesmen knew books; he knew men. He never forgot anything. He quoted verbatim half a page of Shakespeare.

"Dreams," he said, "are curious. I remember dreaming that I was in a crowd and some one remarked, 'What a common looking man he is.' In my dream I replied, 'God must love the common people or he wouldn't have made so many of them.'"

"There is one dream I invariably have before any great event. I seem to be on a large ship, of an unfamiliar type, that is taking me swiftly toward some unknown destination. I had that dream before Bull Run, and before Antietam." He turned his deep eyes upon his friend, with a look of wondering curiosity, almost childlike. "I suppose," he added, "we shall know some day what such things mean."

Kendrick saw now why none of the pictures of Lincoln looked like him. The mobile features of the man changed expression with his moods, almost with every thought. The most that any artist or photographer did was to catch a single phase of this myriad-sided temperament. Tad, content in the mere presence of his father, was snuggled up against him in silence. The power of Lincoln no longer seemed a mystery to Kendrick. He did not command; he led. He was a leader of men's spirits; he reached something deeper than their reason, or their prejudices. He went to the

bottom of things. The homely speech of the people was as good as any for the expression of his clear thought.

As they came back through the city there was a commotion in the streets that told of something happening. Lee had gone northward again.

THE INTERPRETERS

We stood as aliens in the market-place,
To the Old World a half-barbaric race,
Not knowing our own strength, not yet full-grown,
Uncomprehended, undismayed, alone.

We were estranged by seas that walled us in,
By ancient enmities of kith and kin,
By the wild music that the trumpets wake,
By memories of dungeon, rack and stake,
Famine, and wrongs that never found redress,
And age-long battles with the wilderness.

Then came our poets! Our dumb hearts they knew,
Out of our silences their songs they drew,
As mountain rivers to the tideways run,
As trees lift up their leafage to the sun,
As birds through trackless heavens wend their way,
As wind, that never will of man can stay,
So did their words reveal to us the Law.
They were our spokesmen; through their eyes we saw.
Thus to the land her lyric priesthood came,
Kindling anew the heaven-born altar-flame.

Theirs the transcendent, the immortal dream,
Wherein each man beheld his own soul gleam
As in bright waters on a windy day
A mirrored face, that vanishes away.
The lure of their great music sweet and far

Drew hearts to theirs as planets to a star.
Who build in thought, as masons build in stone,
Upon the breath of God their fame is blown
Throughout the world; they are in every land
Interpreters, whom all men understand.

The voyageur upon our Western plain
Found a sign language, clear as sun and rain,
Common to Lipan, Shawnee, Navajo,
Cheyenne, Apache, Blackfoot, Ute and Crow,
Spoken without words, of pure tradition wrought,
Interpreting through gesture every thought.

Even so our poets in immortal song
Spoke to the soul of man; despotic Wrong
Withered away before their Law whereby
Nations, like minstrelsy, must live and die—
Changeless as earth itself, and sky and sea,—
He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free!

XI

THE STONE WALL

SLOWLY, in the June twilight, Paul Randolph moved through a strip of woods alive with soldiers. Little groups of men were chatting, smoking, card-playing, cooking over brush fires, writing or reading letters, or sleeping like the dead. The army postal service was competent. A regiment arriving at a new camp almost always found its mail waiting. Hooker's army had been on the march for a week, from June daybreak till late sunset. Paul's strength had not yet returned. The hospital pallor was still in his thin face; he felt like a returning ghost.

"Hi there, Paul Randolph, this way!"

The shout came from one of a party at supper under an enormous oak. As Paul approached, other greetings burst forth.

"By gosh, it's him, sure enough!" "Doggone it, we heard you was dead!" "Powerful glad to see you, boy!"

He was once more among his comrades, no ghost, and heartily welcome. Their brown hands grasped his, pressed upon him tobacco, coffee, hot food. In the distance a band was playing "When this cruel war is over." Voices took up the pathetic melody. It was all as it used to be, and it was good.

Lee was advancing along the valley of the Shenandoah, beyond the mountain wall. Hooker, noting that the Confederate general hated to have his line of

communication with Richmond endangered, had detailed some troops to attack that city and hurried the rest northward to protect Washington and menace Lee's columns on the march. A part of this the soldiers guessed; they had heard guns from the direction of Fredericksburg while on their way. Paul told them that Confederate cavalry, two thousand strong, were already in Pennsylvania. Lincoln had called for one hundred and twenty thousand men for temporary service against Lee's invading army. Most of them must be armed with shot-guns, for nearly every available musket was in use already.

"Then, for the love o' Moses, what are we stoppin' here for?" demanded Spike Tallant, nursing a blistered heel. "Course if we'd gone on a few hundred miles our feet would be wore off to the ankle-bones—but no general's goin' to think of *that*!"

"No suitin' you, is there, old man?" commented Mark Symonds, his black eyes twinkling in his solid ruddy face. "For three weeks, Paul, they had us up every mornin' at four and into marchin' order; then about the middle of the afternoon we unpacked an' went into camp. Spike was madder'n a hornet."

"But gol dern their hides, the rebs ain't hurt none with all this marchin' and countermarchin'," protested Tallant seriously. "Here we marched from sunrise to three next morning—I was asleep the last twenty miles—and when we got into Manassas I just woke up enough to find out I darst lay down in the grass and rest. And 'fore I fetched three snores an orderly was haulin' me out by the ear for two hours guard duty. If we was to start fightin', they might maybe let us sleep between battles."

"It's like this," Paul explained. "Lee seems to be

making for Harrisburg and Philadelphia. If he can carry the war into the North, one victory would help float a foreign loan and maybe lead England to recognize the Confederacy. English goods and ammunition are coming into Southern ports in spite of the blockade. Russia's the only foreign government on our side.

"But if we go on too fast, the old fox may double back on Washington. We have to keep him out of our own capital."

Heads nodded, thoughtfully.

"All-same, I'd like one reg'lar battle, fer a change," persisted Spike. "As a feller in the Fifth Maine said, we retreat when Lee advances and he retreats when we advance, and one's a-scared and the other das-sent."

After a few days in the woods west of Washington the army went on. Paul's regiment was in the First Corps, and had crossed Maryland into Pennsylvania when the report came that Lee's army was closing in toward Gettysburg.

"Grape-vine telegraph, likely," said Spike Tallant. This term had come into use in the army to signify false rumors.

"No; I talked with one of our scouts in Buford's cavalry and he said it's so," put in Symonds. "Shoe-manufacturing town, Gettysburg is. Paul, you tote an atlas in your head; where is this Gettysburg, exactly?"

"On the road to Chambersburg, York, Baltimore and Washington,—Lee may have swung 'round toward Baltimore," said Randolph. It was a guess, but it was right. Until June 28 Lee had not known that there were Union troops north of the Potomac. He and Longstreet were then at Chambersburg, Ewell's

corps was at York and Carlisle, A. P. Hill's at Fayetteville. Not to be cut off in the rear Lee turned east, and two days later, Hill's men at Cashtown and the First Corps of the Federal Army at Marsh Creek were only six miles apart. The two armies were certain to meet unless one or the other retreated. Reynolds, the commander of the left Union wing, must either retreat at once or take the chance of a fight. He was a Pennsylvanian, and foresaw that unless Lee could be checked the State would be plundered. He pushed the First Corps on to occupy Gettysburg if possible before Lee should arrive.

A staff officer rode down the line of marching men with orders. "Close ranks, proceed at the double quick." The four miles to Gettysburg were covered at top speed.

"Seems as if you were likely to get your heart's desire, Spike," observed Mark Symonds as they stopped for their breath on the top of a ridge. "What was that?"

A puff of smoke showed white in the distance. A few seconds later they heard the boom of a cannon. The battle of Gettysburg had begun.

Buford's Union cavalry and dismounted skirmishers, posted on the hills in the early morning, had orders to keep back the enemy if possible till the First Corps came up. Three cannon shots were to be the signal that these lines were opening on the advancing Confederates. At nine o'clock Major Kress of Wadsworth's staff, riding into Gettysburg to see if he could get shoes for that division, found General Buford in front of the tavern.

"You had better get back to your command," said Buford.

"Why, what's the matter?"

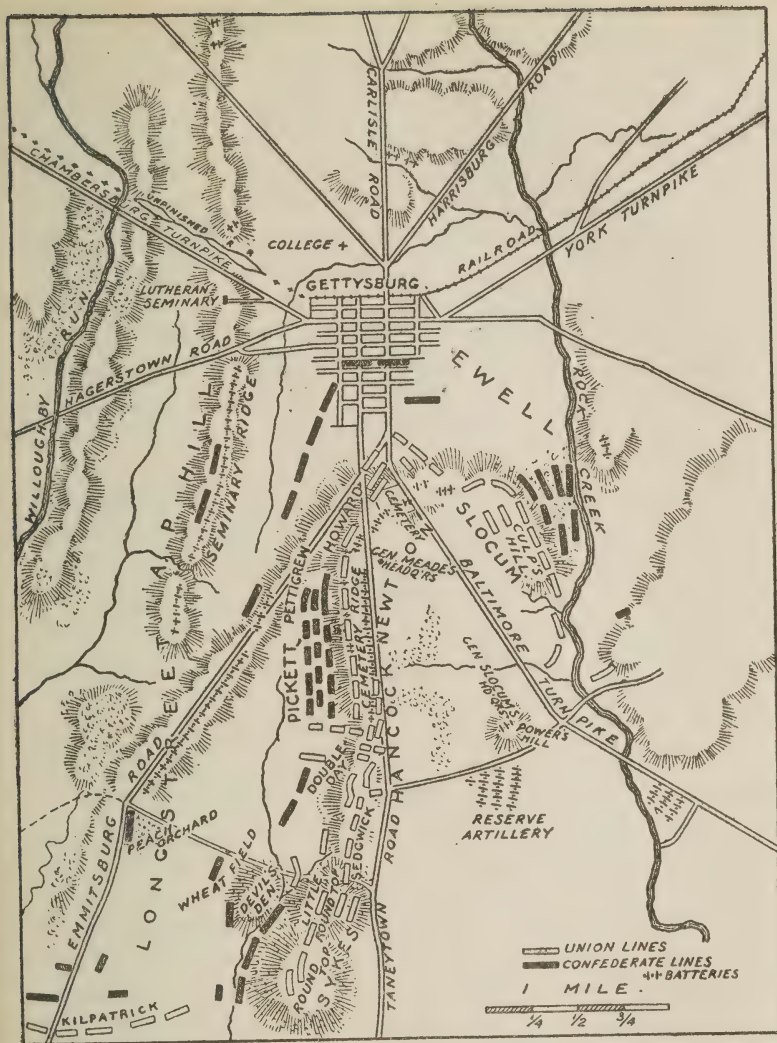
"That's the matter," said Buford as they heard the first shot.

Two roads enter Gettysburg from the west at a sharp angle, crossing ridges running east and west. On the ridge nearest the town, about three fourths of a mile from the central square, was the Lutheran Theological Seminary, a large building with a belfry. Buford climbed into the belfry to look for the First Corps, and saw it coming. Then General Reynolds' head appeared in the stair-well, and they conferred.

The arriving troops were drawn up in a meadow and posted on both roads; the enemy might come by either or both. Reynolds himself, with Cutler's brigade, held the Hagerstown road. General Abner Doubleday, who had been in Sumter with Anderson, was on the Chambersburg turnpike in command of Meredith's, known as the Iron Brigade. Between these roads lay woodland with open ground on each side. If it were properly defended the Confederates could not pass on either road without being attacked in the front by Union cavalry and in the flank by infantry. Doubleday posted there the Second and Seventh Wisconsin, Twenty-fourth Michigan and Nineteenth Indiana, veterans from the campaigns in Virginia, who wore black slouch hats instead of the visored cap. As they passed, the General said, "Hold it at all hazards, men," and a voice from the ranks replied,

"If we can't hold it where will you find them that can?"

Archer's Confederates looked for nothing stiffer than raw militia troops in the town. In this neck of woods they met with a disagreeable surprise. Archer



THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

himself was captured, with a large part of his command. A disgusted prisoner snapped out, "Them damn black-hatted fellers again! This ain't no militia; this is the Army of the Potomac!"

On the Hagerstown road two of Cutler's regiments were outflanked and driven back toward the town, and Reynolds was killed by a sharpshooter. The men in gray, hastily posting a battery on every height they could reach that commanded the 'pike, filled the air with bursting shells. Roy Stone's Pennsylvanians, on the left of this road, partly sheltered by a stone wall, replied to a passing hail, "We've come to stay!" But it was a very hot place to stay in.

A single shell, dropping among the "Bucktails" in an orchard, killed six men. A Michigan cavalryman, his horse shot under him, said simply, "This is the company for me," and stayed there, doing good service with his carbine. An old civilian in a high hat and long-tailed blue coat appeared and asked the colonel for leave to fight.

"Any cartridges?" asked that officer.

"Right here in my pants pocket," smiled the old fellow. His name, it appeared, was John Burns.

Doubleday's four infantry brigades, none of them full strength, doggedly strove against eight strong brigades of the enemy. Officers dropped like ninepins, colors were taken and retaken, guns were hauled by hand because every horse had been shot, the stretcher-bearers, trotting through the artillery fire of the enemy, filled the Lutheran Seminary with wounded. Rodes, Early and Ewell were coming up with their troops to help the Confederates.

Between one and two in the afternoon the Eleventh Corps arrived, but had to retreat to a hill on the other

side of the town, occupied by a cemetery. Meade, the newly appointed Federal commander-in-chief, was at Taneytown. General Howard was now the ranking Union officer on the field. He had got there about eleven o'clock, and from the Seminary belfry had seen the two outflanked regiments of Cutler's brigade, retreating. He hastily sent word to Meade that the First Corps was flying in confusion, and Meade sent Hancock to take command and rally the fugitives. But Hancock did not reach the field until after four o'clock. Meanwhile the First Corps was beginning to wonder whether it was expected to stay and be annihilated to give the rest of the army time to come up.

Paul Randolph, crouching in a fence corner, wiping sweat and grime out of his eyes, his canteen empty, his ears deafened by the pandemonium, saw three of his own company lying dead within six feet of him. Spike Tallant had flung himself on a huge Confederate and been borne away in a rush of hand-to-hand fighting. Mark Symonds had both legs shattered and was in the hospital—if he had lived to get there. The screams of wounded horses came from the other side of the fence where a battery had been posted and driven back. When three regiments are charged by three brigades there is fearful slaughter among the regiments.

Then what was left of Paul's regiment was ordered into a railroad cut where it had some shelter. It drove back a brigade of the enemy with two volleys and a bayonet charge, and in its turn was driven out by artillery and fresh troops. Finally, about four in the afternoon, the tattered remnant of the First Corps retreated to the Seminary Hill, formed behind a rail fence, and marched through the town, the artillery

pausing from time to time to discourage pursuers with grape-shot and canister. When they reached Cemetery Hill the exhausted men dropped on the ground for desperately needed rest. Paul's regiment had hardly an officer left. Of five hundred and fifty men who had gone into that battle not a hundred and fifty remained. It was said that two-thirds of the brigade had fallen.

There was a lull. The Twelfth Corps and part of the Third were at hand. Other troops were on the way. Hancock had arrived and with Doubleday was arranging the battered Union regiments in the new position. Cemetery Ridge was a horseshoe-shaped hill with the bulge toward the enemy. Here lay the Union center. To the right was Culp's Hill. To the left were low hills called Round Top and Little Round Top, and a rocky ravine known as the Devil's Den. Hancock disposed his army to make all the show possible. The arriving troops were posted as reserves or used to reinforce the regiments of the First Corps, now no larger than companies.

It was quite as well that the remnant of that Corps, which had fallen back in good order only to escape absolute destruction, could not hear the generals argue and dispute. Howard refused to give up the command to Hancock, tenaciously holding to his claim to the position of ranking officer, but finally accepted Hancock's "aid in reorganizing the troops." When Meade appeared, about one o'clock in the morning, harassed and anxious, there seemed nothing to do but stay where they were and fight it out. Their position was a strong one, and retreat would certainly be dangerous.

The Confederate Army was bent in a bow around

the Union front. In the morning, about nine, the Federal skirmish line in Sherfey's peach orchard, a mile in front of Little Round Top, was attacked by the enemy, and there was lively fighting. Lee's plan was not revealed until afternoon. Meanwhile, at one o'clock, the Fifth Corps of Federals came up, and an hour later the Sixth Corps, after a forced march of thirty-four miles, appeared and was placed as a reserve behind Little Round Top. In fighting strength the two armies were fairly well matched, each numbering about eighty thousand men. The Northern forces were at the disadvantage of being under the command of a general but just appointed; Meade had met with no great success and no great defeat. Lee was handicapped by a very long battle line concave in form. The Union Army on its convex ridge could send reinforcements by a short cut across its curve; Lee's reinforcements would have to follow the line and would have much further to go. Lee's intention was to make an attack on right, left and center at the same time, so as to prevent one from reinforcing another. If he could have remained on Seminary Ridge and forced Meade to make the attack, the situation would have been almost exactly reversed.

Along the far-reaching line of battle shells crashed, cannon pounded, bullets went snarling in search of their prey. Fierce hand-to-hand fighting forced one side or the other to give ground foot by foot, across a wheat field, in the peach orchard, round the foot of Round Top, or in among the huge boulders of the Devil's Den. Toward the close of day Wright's Georgians and Wilcox's Alabama troops broke through the Union center and charged up to the crest of Cemetery Ridge, capturing twenty-eight guns. They could

not hold the ground without support and were driven back. On that day the Confederates gained on the Union right, but lost on the left.

The generals held a council that night, a grave and doubtful conference. Meade thought they might hold out where they were for a day or two, but could not hope for a victory. "Have it your own way, gentlemen," he finally said, "but Gettysburg is no place to fight a battle in."

As soon as it was light enough to distinguish objects the artillery opened fire again. Before noon the Union Army had regained its lost ground.

At one o'clock a shot, apparently a signal, sounded in the Confederate lines. The ridge to the west blazed and thundered with the full strength of the Confederate artillery, pounding at the Union center. Against their one hundred and fifteen guns Hunter, the Union Chief of Artillery, could command only eighty; that was all that could find room on the crest of the hill. The infantry troops were ordered to shelter themselves where they could, behind rocks, trees, stone walls and hillocks. This uproar was only the overture to the real battle. The cannonading was meant to break up the line and prepare the way for a charge. Meade's headquarters were in the focus of it, and to keep the horses of his staff from being killed and the lives of the officers from being uselessly sacrificed, he moved over to the headquarters of General Slocum, on Powers Hill.

For two long hours the terrific earth-shaking tumult of the great guns went on. Now and then a caisson on the Union front was blown up, and the exultant "Yi-yi-yi-i-i-i!" of the enemy could be heard from their ranks, a mile away.

"Be all the saints," said an Irish recruit flattened beside a prostrate gravestone, "whin Gin'ral Howard made us lay all the tombstones on their faces he towld us they mustn't be *desecrated* by the *shells*. An' sure I'd be hidin' behind me own fadher's gravestone this day, and so wud he if he was here—Och, mur-rther!" A cannon-shot skimmed so low that the wind of it stirred the Irishman's fiery crop of hair and lifted his cap.

At three o'clock Hunter ordered the Union gunners to cease firing, to save ammunition and let the guns cool. The batteries most damaged were replaced by others. Three kinds of ammunition were ready for use in case there was a charge—solid shot for long distance work, shell, and for close quarters canister. From the Confederate lines it must have seemed that the guns on Cemetery Ridge were silenced.

Paul Randolph, behind a stone wall with the rest of Doubleday's command, saw from the woods a mile and a half away gray waves of infantry surge forward, toward the Union center. The charging Confederates numbered some seventeen thousand men, Pickett's Virginians, the flower of Lee's army, leading the attack. As Paul watched them advancing over the grain-fields it seemed like a scene at a theater, or a puppet-show or pantomime such as he had seen in foreign countries when a child. Then the artillery opened fire; shot and shell tore into the ranks of gray. From Little Round Top a battery was dropping shells on them with a murderous enfilading fire. One shell killed or wounded ten men. As they crossed the Emmetsburg Road the canister plowed through them with fearful havoc, but they closed ranks and came on.

About five hundred yards from the fence where

Hays' brigade was posted they halted, and changed their line of advance about forty-five degrees. Pickett's troops now moved on the Union front a little to the right of Doubleday's position. The Alabama and Florida regiments came straight on, leaving Pickett's right unprotected. Still the blue lines remained quiet. Then all at once a deadly hail of bullets from the top of the hill swept the advancing lines. The North Carolina troops on Pickett's left had been badly hammered the day before; they wavered and broke. But the veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia, the brigades of Armistead and of Garnett, charged right over the wall into the Union ranks, forcing the defenders back through their own batteries on to the crest of the hill. Armistead leaped the fence with a shout of "Give them cold steel, boys!" and was shot down beside the gun he had just taken.

On the Union side Generals Hancock, Webb and Gibbon were in the thick of the fight. Young Cushing of Battery B, mortally wounded, all his officers but one struck down and only one gun fit for service, shouted, "Webb, I'll give them one more shot! *Good-bye!*" fired the shot and fell dead. Men fought with bayonets, clubbed muskets, anything. Within an hour the tide was ebbing back from the stone wall, down the valley. Pickett had taken the ground, but he could not hold it. From all sides troops were closing in upon him. Two-thirds of his command were dead, wounded or captured. Every brigade commander, every field officer but one, was down.

Far away in the edge of the woods Lee and Longstreet stood watching. They saw the blue flag of the Southern Confederacy with a hundred attendant ban-

ners borne on the wave that flowed up and over the brow of Cemetery Hill. Then they saw it beaten back. In that moment of supreme anguish Lee said only, "It was all my fault." In this his great defeat he had no thought of shifting the blame to the shoulders of another man.

The next two days were spent by the Federal Army in burying the dead and caring for the wounded. Paul Randolph found Mark Symonds in an ambulance, crippled for life but insisting that he was "worth two dead men yet." Paul told him of Pickett's charge.

"I never got to see a charge that close," Mark said. "What did they look like?"

"They all seemed to look alike—might all have been brothers," said Paul, thoughtfully. "I got one good look at their faces coming up to that wall—and then hell broke loose."

"Say, you know Alpheus Brown?"

"That little runt in B Company?"

"The same. He came along here awhile ago and fussed about two red flannel shirts his mother sent him just 'fore we left Virginia; he was afraid they were lost. I tried to hold him, 'cause I wanted a letter written. There was a Norsk named Axel Petersen next to me in the field hospital, and 'fore he died he asked me to write to his wife and children out West. Here's the address. But Brown he was busy worrying about his shirts."

"I'll attend to it. Good-bye, Mark." And as the ambulance drove away the sun went down on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

THE GARRET

So you found that little old trunk, my dears,
 'Way back there under the stairs,
And you want to know why I kept the things
 That nobody nowadays wears?

It certainly seems like a long time ago,
 But your grandmother wore that dress,
When she was a little girl just like you—
 It's ragged, I must confess.

But old Aunt Sukey she ravelled some silk
 And mixed it with wool, you see,
And wove that stuff on her old hand-loom
 For a little plaid frock for me.

And the bonnet was made of palmetto-braid,
 And so was this little hat,
And Mother sewed it in this queer shape,
 And the braiding, *I did that!*

And this was the doll that was sent to me—
 I'm sure you'll never guess why.
She was filled with quinine, despatches and bills
 And she smuggled 'em safely by.

The Union Army was all around,
 There were only Mother and me
To run the plantation, and feed ourselves
 And the children and all, you see.

And when peace was declared, and Father came home,
And the war was over and done,
That little trunk held about all we had left
From the days when the war was begun!

XII

THE HOLES IN THE CLIFF

“**I**T’S a queer story,” the colonel admitted at last, “a mighty queer story!”

Three Confederate officers in mud-stained shabby uniforms sat around a mahogany table in a handsome house in Vicksburg. The little town of a few thousand people had become a city of refugees, the most important military post in the Southwest. The three men were a colonel of infantry, one of Pemberton’s staff officers and a young cavalry major named Marquand. The colonel looked doubtful, the staff officer cynical and Major Marquand very much worried.

“How came the girl to be here, Marquand?” asked the colonel. “Some kin to your wife, did I understand?”

“Third or fourth cousin, I think,” said the major frowning. He had plenty of troubles of his own before this strange Yankee girl came on the scene. He and charming Sally Walton had been married hardly two years, of which they had spent only a few months together; theirs was one of the first war weddings in the old church in Richmond. Now Mrs. Marquand and her baby were living in squalid quarters in aarrison town threatened by the enemy. The day before, Bruce Walton’s overseer, Burgin, caught at last in the drag-net of conscription, had discovered Celia Morgan’s presence under his roof and told his colonel that she was a girl spy in the pay of the Yankees.

Marquand repeated what Celia had told him—how she had written him from a plantation near Vicksburg, telling him of her grandmother's death, and saying that Bruce Walton had advised her seeking protection of the Marquands. Bruce himself had spoken of this. When the major went to bring her in she told him of having left the plantation with a few servants secretly, to escape this same Burgin. The plantation was now deserted.

"Sally and I," ended the young officer, "thought she might have been mistaken about it. The niggers could have been fixing to run away and told some such cock-and-bull story. You couldn't expect a young girl like that and a Yankee too, to have much judgment. But we never thought of anything more."

"And the girl's father is in the Federal Army," said the staff officer unbelievably. "How come she was down this way, a-tall?"

"Old Madam Walton, her grandmother, brought her to Richmond in the fall of 1860," said the other. "She planned to bring her up and educate her, I was told. Celia's mother was her favorite daughter, and while the family were naturally opposed to her marrying a Yankee there was never any actual quarrel between 'em."

"Do you think it possible," said the colonel slowly, stroking his gray goatee, "that this girl may not be her granddaughter? The old lady may have been imposed upon."

"It wouldn't have been easy to impose on her," Marquand protested, but half-heartedly.

"Stranger things have happened," said the staff officer dryly.

"And you say that Bruce Walton put all confidence

in this overseer," pursued the colonel, "practically left everything in his hands for years. The fellow would hardly dare make up such a story, would he? Suppose we have the girl in and hear what she says. Fifteen or sixteen, is she?"

"Thirteen, she said. Looks older," confessed the major. Celia was so quiet and seemed so self-possessed that he had never quite been able to make her out. She certainly seemed willing to make herself useful in caring for the baby and helping his wife; but in the light of Burgin's charges all this began to have an ugly look.

Celia could not imagine what was wanted of her by the grave-looking officers, but she did not seem at all shaken. To their questions she gave the same answers she had given Mrs. Marquand five months ago.

"Why did you not seek the protection of Colonel Drumgould?" inquired the colonel. "His plantation is not far away."

"Ten miles," said Celia, "and the road was under water."

"Under water!" said the staff officer sharply.

Martin Kendrick and Mammy Judith had both advised Celia to say nothing of her escape beyond disclosing the overseer's treachery. Now she wondered whether it would not have been best to tell the whole story.

"The levee had been cut," she said.

"By whom?" barked the staff officer.

Celia looked him straight in the face.

"There was a Northern soldier hiding in the swamp. He found out that the slaves at the quarters were planning to rise and kill the overseer and get away, and they tried to make him help them. He talked

with the leader of the slaves and told him it was foolish when they were going to be set free so soon, and got him to put it off. Then he heard the overseer talking with one of his friends, and found out that they were arranging to take the slaves and Grandmother's money and bonds and jewels and go to Texas. They would sell the slaves on the way if they could, and if not, take them 'way off where they wouldn't hear of the emancipation proclamation and make them work on a plantation there. So then the soldier came and told me about it. He and some of the men cut the levee so that we could go away on rafts and boats and the overseer couldn't follow us, and we got off in the night. The soldier took the rest into the Union lines, and I came here."

The three officers sat dumbfounded, and the colonel picked up his glasses, which had dropped off. This was a stranger story than Burgin's.

"We didn't go to Colonel Drumgould's," Celia continued, "because he was an old man, and it would be easy to kill him and rob him. The overseer was going to pretend that I was his ward, if anybody asked him, and claim that Bruce had ordered him to take me and all the people to Texas till the war was over."

"Have you relatives in the Federal Army?" asked the colonel slowly. He had daughters of his own, and while Celia's frankness might be the brazen indifference of a trained spy, there was something about the girl's innocent, straightforward manner that he began to like.

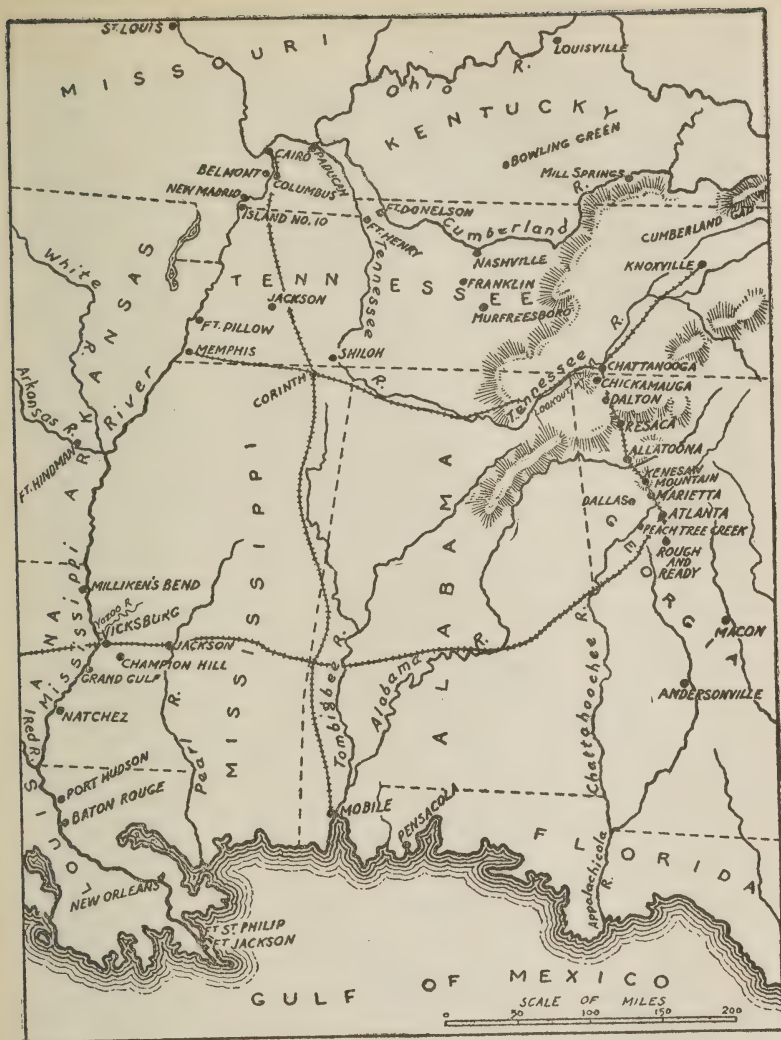
"My father," said Celia, "and my cousins." Her dark eyes lighted up as they always did when she spoke of her father.

"Burgin's story is entirely different," said the staff officer coldly. "He claims that you are a spy in the pay of the Yankees, and that he was just about to report you to the military authorities when you escaped him and came here. This is a serious matter, young woman."

Even when Celia was a tiny child Aunt Rachel always said that her word was as good as gold. She had not dreamed that Burgin's falsehoods could overbalance her true story. At that moment she almost wished that she were a spy indeed, to serve the cause of the Union among these enemies who did not believe what she said. She gave no proof of the truth of her story—but neither did Burgin. The colonel was aware that on both sides, girls and boys in their teens had been able to act a part successfully, but he was inclined to believe the girl rather than the man.

It was decided that nothing should be done for the present. Major Marquand agreed to make himself responsible for Celia. She was in Vicksburg and had learned whatever she could, if she was a spy. It was better to keep her there than to let her go to the Union generals with her knowledge.

After this, Celia's life in Vicksburg was even less happy than before. When Burgin deserted from the army his story was somewhat discredited, but even then, Celia felt that her Northern birth was never forgotten, nor was the fact that she had helped to conceal a Yankee fugitive. Mrs. Marquand had lost two brothers within six months, and her old home in Virginia was now the headquarters of a Yankee general. Celia did not blame her for not feeling hospitable. The girl's happiest hours were spent with little Arthur and Dora Haynes, next door, amusing them and telling



MAP OF THE TERRITORY COVERED BY THE WESTERN CAMPAIGNS.

them stories while she tended Mrs. Marquand's baby.

The federal fleet anchored at the bend of the river and began dropping shells into the town. The streets of Vicksburg were canyon-like, cut down through cliffs. Men were digging caves in the clay of these cliffs, at thirty to fifty dollars each according to size. Food was already scarce.

Celia was not obliged to live at the expense of the Marquands; in fact, without the stores she had brought from the plantation the family would have been much worse off than it was. In May they were reduced to a sack of rice flour, a small bag of wheat flour, some sugar and sirup, a few pounds of bacon, some beans and peas, a little bottle of vinegar and four nutmegs. A pound and a half of Mammy Judith's tallow-dips were hoarded like gold. They might be needed for some desperate emergency. After sundown, all sat in the dark.

On May 17 Pemberton's army came swarming back into the town in full retreat. Still, it was just a year since Farragut's ships were sighted coming up the Mississippi. That attempt had come to nothing; perhaps this would.

But at two o'clock on the afternoon of the nineteenth the sound of musketry and cannon could be heard from the northeast. In the next two days Grant was reported to be making roads and placing artillery and bringing supplies up from the Yazoo. On the night of the twenty-first the fleet opened fire from the river.

All night long half-a-dozen mortars were bombarding Vicksburg and its defenses, while the *Benton*, *Mound City* and *Carondelet* shelled the water batteries. A fair morning dawned, and soldiers and

citizens bravely assured one another that the town would hold out till help came.

At ten o'clock, on all sides, broke forth a furious roar of shot and shell and rifle fire. Those who had caves fled to them precipitately. No part of city was beyond the range of the guns of the besiegers. Old Captain Haynes, a retired naval officer nearly eighty years old, stood at the door of the cave next the Marquands', and listened to the tumult, a reminiscent light in his faded blue eyes.

"That's 'Whistling Dick,'" he said presently, waving his hand southward. He told the children that this was the name of a thirty-two-pounder rifled cannon on "Battery Castle," the site of a castle-like residence of a lawyer named Burwell, a Union man who had had to leave the State. A good many lost their property in that way.

Shells crashed into the streets. Vicksburg was ringed with hostile flame for twenty-four hours of the day, except for a brief time at eight in the morning, noon, and eight in the evening. In that time people came to the entrances of their grottoes, hastily prepared and ate food, and dived back like rabbits when the booming began again. They learned to tell the whistle of the minié ball from the weird howl of the shell, and even to know the sound of some of the different guns. Yet there was little loss of life in all this nerve-racking turmoil.

After the attack of May 22 there was a lull. Pemberton made an impassioned speech. "You have been told," he said, "that I will sell Vicksburg to the enemy. When the last pound of beef, bacon and flour, the last grain of corn, the last cow and hog, and horse and dog have been consumed, and the last man has

perished in the trenches,—then, and only then, will I sell Vicksburg!”

The children endured the dismal life in the caves better than the older people. Celia taught Arthur and Dora and their playmates old games her cousins had taught her—Hull Gull, Hunt-the-Thimble, Who’s-got-the-Button, Bookbinder, Tit-tat-toe, and told them all the stories she knew. Their hearts were nearly broken when Captain Haynes’s cow was killed by a shell. The elders mourned the loss of the daily milk supply and dined for once on steak, but the children could not be consoled for the tragic death of poor Spotty. They found some amusement later in watching a pair of chimney swallows building in a half-ruined chimney. They were like the frog trying to climb out of a well, for no sooner was their nest almost done than the jar of the bombardment shook it down.

The *Daily Citizen*, at twenty-five and then fifty cents a copy, contained no news, only predictions. The sole hope of the city lay in the possibility that General Johnston would raise the siege. On June 18, the *Citizen* came out on wall paper. There was no more white paper, but the publisher had found some rolls of wall paper in the shop of a tradesman whose occupation was gone, and printed his daily on the blank side of this.

The cave-dwellers did not stay in their dugouts all the time. Sometimes they spent hours in their houses. On June 25 Mrs. Marquand and Celia were making up a bundle of necessities, when a shell crashed through the roof, wrecked the floor of the bedroom next the one they were in, and smashed everything in the dining-room under it. No one was hurt.

On June 30 mule-meat was on the market, the only

meat to be had. Those who ate their first mule stew without knowing what it was liked it better than those who knew. Captain Haynes said he had once eaten rat in China and found it rather like chicken. If he had known what he was eating he could not have swallowed a mouthful. But neither cats nor rats were now in evidence. Starving soldiers begged the scrapings of cooking-pots to boil into broth. Half-rations of corn bread gave place to half-rations of bean bread.

"We understand," said the *Citizen*, "that Grant intends to dine in Vicksburg on July 4. . . . Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is first to catch the rabbit."

"When do you allow to enter Vicksburg?" asked a gaunt picket, of a blue-clad sentinel pacing his beat within speaking distance.

"Fourth o' July," said the other with a grim smile.

"Better bring your rations with you."

A foreign-born friend of the Marquands, who had a passport obtained months before, tried with her husband to get out of town. On July 2 they came back disappointed. The flag-of-truce officer told them that no one would be allowed to leave the city till it surrendered on July 4.

On July 3 it was rumored that about seven in the evening the heaviest bombardment yet would begin, and the city would be assaulted. At six, Mammy Judith was telling a story to Celia and the children at the entrance of the cave.

"En Bre'r Tar'pin he up en say ter Br'er Lion en Br'er 'Gator, 'You ain' nuver git me yit. You ain' mek me come outer my li'l rock house twell de stars fall down en de yearth split open en de trumpet soun' fu' Gabr'el's comin',—Lawd Jesus, wha' dat!"

A monstrous shell flew screaming right overhead. Mammy's uplifted face was ash-colored. The children began to cry. Celia put her arms around them.

"We'll all be terrapins in our hole. Don't cry. That shell's miles away by this time."

They huddled together in a far corner, but no more shells came. The night was peaceful. Next morning it was learned that after that first shell, a man had been sent to blow a truce signal. On July 4, Vicksburg surrendered. From the source to the sea, the Mississippi was again under one flag, the flag of the United States.

THE DREAM

When the drum called and the shrill fife sounded,
—Was it only a year ago?
Life by living, not years, is bounded—
We marched away, and you watched us go.

Have you given a thought to me, I wonder,
Here where battles are lost or won
By the men half stunned by the cannon's thunder,
Here where the war is but just begun?

I dreamed of you in the camp on the mountain—
Before I was captured in that last fight,
Just as you looked by the springing fountain,
When we marched away in the brave sunlight.

If it was you who came to me singing,
Slim white hands overflowing with flowers,
Who shall recall the gift you were bringing,
Who shall take from me the golden hours?

I will take heart, I will hold the vision
Clear as a beacon-lantern's gleam.
Through famine and fever, despair and derision,
Here in my prison I have my dream!

XIII

THE CHECKER-BOARD

ON the floor in front of a fireplace, in a military prison in the heart of the Confederacy, two men were playing checkers. The squares were marked out on the floor with charcoal; the pieces were bits of bone laboriously carved into shape in the long and empty hours. There was nearly always a game going on there. The guards declared that Yankees were "plumb witless about checkers."

The players and the little crowd watching them were unshaven and unkempt, haggard and gaunt and sunken-eyed; boys in their twenties were bearded, wrinkled and stern as the older men. This prison building had been a tobacco warehouse. The three rooms on the ground floor communicated with one another and were crowded with prisoners who slept and sat on the bare floor. With an instinct for organization they formed themselves into messes of four and took turns cooking the scanty rations. They had corn-meal with the cobs ground in, yellow cow-peas, tiny chunks of fat salt pork and a little vinegar and molasses. Many faces had a wolfish look from the constant gnawing of hunger. A horrid story was told of a prison officer once being followed by a huge dog; the dog strayed into a crowd of prisoners, and was killed, butchered and eaten raw, within an hour.

In this dreary place Ben Taylor and his brother

Harvey and their uncle Philip Morgan, Celia's father, met unexpectedly in 1863. Captain Morgan had been in Texas when Twiggs surrendered his army to the new-born Confederacy. Refusing to join the Southern army he and some others tried to make their way North. The captain was ill of a fever in Louisiana, was afterward captured along with men from one of Banks' regiments, and sent here some months ago. Harvey had enlisted so lately that Ben did not even know he was in the South. The fourth in their mess was a young Illinois telegrapher, Robert Scott.

It was a July day, and the air in the close rooms was hot and fetid. Guards patrolled outside, and to approach a window was to be shot at and probably killed. If any one had been sitting close to the checker-players and listened intently he might have heard faint, far-off scraping sounds like a gigantic rat gnawing in the cellar. With no tools but common knives, pieces of tin, bits of board or scrap-iron, it would seem impossible to dig a tunnel through solid earth. Yet this was what men were doing under the prison. Bricks had been pried away, walls penetrated; the dirt from the excavation was hauled out in a box fastened to a string. The mouth of the tunnel was in the brickworks of the fireplace before which the game of checkers was going on. There were always other players to take their turn when a game was finished. In the little confusion among the spectators, the burrowers came out and others took their places.

All prisoners were searched for money and valuables on arrival, for there were guards whose devotion to the Confederacy was doubtful, who had been put on duty here because they could not be trusted at the front, and who might not be proof against bribes.

Yet some ingenious ones contrived to hide their little store of "greenbacks" in spite of this. Among them were Robert Scott and Ben Taylor.

For a day or two there had been a rumor that Lee had fought the whole Union army in Pennsylvania, taken forty thousand prisoners and gained a great victory. The prisoners hoped it was not true, but they dreaded to hear that it was. They tried to celebrate the Fourth of July, but peremptory orders came from the authorities to "stop this furse!"

An old negro who sometimes came to the prison to sell newspapers to the officers put in his grizzled head that day. He complained a good deal of rheumatism and seemed to care very little about the news in his papers. Robert Scott said he had never before seen a slave who was not interested in the war. He rather liked to tease old "General," as the men called him, about it. The old fellow puzzled him. But the only answer he could get out of him was,

"Good Lawd, mister, I dunner w'at y'all talkin' erbout. I done lose count er my money th'ee times, you pester me so."

But to-day, when he had the door safely shut the "General" began to dance as if he did not know what rheumatism was. When the men beheld his double-shuffles, "juba-patting" and pigeon-wings they wondered if he had gone crazy. But to all questions he only chuckled and wagged his head and danced faster. At last he gurgled,

"De Yankees has taken Vicksburg! De Yankees has taken Vicksburg!" Then he danced some more.

Then from some hole in his full-skirted coat he drew a paper, and gave it to Captain Morgan. The

Yankees had taken Vicksburg, and the battle of Gettysburg was a Federal victory.

When he was gone, the chaplain of an Ohio regiment began to sing the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and everybody joined in. It seemed as if the surging tide of song would shatter the very walls, like Joshua's trumpets before Jericho. That blessed paper gave news of Rosecrans' movements in the west, against Bragg in Chattanooga. If the Confederates were driven out of Eastern Tennessee perhaps the prisoners could escape more easily.

There were men among them whose families were in the track of war. Such a man was a tall, sombre-faced Tennessee mountaineer named Azrael Kelsey. He had a sweetheart living with her old grandmother in a mountain cabin, her father and brothers away with the Army of the Tennessee.

"Kelseys hev dwelt one side of Lost Creek Gap and the Guythers the other the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," he said to Ben and Harvey. "My father's name afore me was Azrael, and he was killed by old Spence Guyther afore ever this war began. And Edom Guyther sought to betray me to the conscript officers because of Rosamundy Harper. I hev hed no word of Rosamundy fur nigh a year, and the war air comin' powerful close to the mounting these days—powerful close."

Guyther, he said, was a blacksmith with seven sons, and to each one of them as they reached manhood he gave a bowie-knife saying, "Cut your way, boys, cut your way." Azrael himself had had a fight with Edom Guyther before they were sixteen, in which he was "cut clean through ter the holler." Rosamundy

was a better shot than Edom himself, but the Harper cabin was many miles from the "settlement."

Ben could tell Captain Morgan very little about Celia; the last they heard of her she was in Vicksburg. Now that the city had fallen, what would she do?

At last the tunnel was finished. The men drew lots; one in three was to have the privilege of going in the first party. The last to leave the tunnel carefully replaced the bricks below, and as the guards made their rounds some of the men in the first room moved into the second, and those in the second into the third, that the number of prisoners might appear the same. Ben had drawn a lucky number; so had Robert Scott. But when the escaping party separated into small squads outside the prison, a newspaper correspondent named Coffin said to Scott,

"Wasn't Ben Taylor to come with us?"

"S-sh!" whispered Scott, glancing at Kelsey. As they moved away he explained, "Ben drew the right number, but at the last minute he gave his chance to Kelsey there. Said he wouldn't leave his brother and uncle, and hadn't any girl waitin' for him, and Kelsey'd be more use to us, knowing the country. He had a right to do it if he chose—but I did hate like thunder to leave him there."

When the second lot was drawn, Captain Morgan was one of the party to go. It was hard to leave Ben and Harvey, but there was no help for it. After that, noticing the reduced numbers of the prisoners, the guards searched the premises and found the tunnel. Ben and Harvey were soon after removed with some others to the prison camp of Andersonville in Georgia.

The first fugitives were meanwhile well into the mountains, traveling by night and hiding by day in the lofts and barns of mountain farmers, Union men who "hid out" in the woods to escape being forced into the Southern army. Dan Ellis, who had piloted many escaping prisoners to safety, took them over the ranges, and in mid-September they fell in with a Federal scouting party. The two armies were nearing each other on the banks of the Chickamauga.

"Some trouble with the field telegraph," said one of the scouts. "They're using that now in place of signaling."

"That so? I'm an operator," said Scott alertly. Soon he was at the table where the mysterious little instrument was clicking away in military language. The telegraph was still a new thing; the army telegraph had hardly been heard of. In the South, where the country was rugged and sparsely inhabited, and railroads everywhere wrecked or demoralized by war, it was an immense advantage to have cooperating generals connected by wire instead of messenger. An expert telegrapher needed no grips or passwords. The telegraph men were glad to see Robert Scott.

"What's the matter with your line?" he asked over his coffee.

"We thought it was cut, but we still get messages over it. 'Course when we spotted something wrong we were cautious."

"Better be. The fellow who's sending is an operator I used to know in Memphis before the war—a red-hot Secessionist. He's out there in the woods; tapped your line and had a good time. I'll stop his little game."

"Can you recognize a man by his style of sending, do you mean to say?" asked the correspondent Coffin, who was standing near by.

"Just as easy as handwriting. I'd know Saville's if he was in China."

The audacious Confederate operator presently received this message on his private wire:

"Saville, if you don't want to be hung you'd better skedaddle. We're after you."

After a moment's silence the reply came back,

"How in the world did you know me, Bob Scott? I've been here three days and learned all your military secrets, but it is getting a little hot for me. Good-bye."

"He didn't learn so much as he thought," grinned the army telegrapher. "At least half of it wasn't so. We sent some bogus messages and some in code."

On September 19 the battle of Chickamauga began. That day neither army gained a decisive advantage. On the next, Rosecrans' movement seemed to have failed. The right and center, weakened by sending reinforcements to the left, suddenly were attacked by Longstreet. But the left, under General Thomas, stood firm, though throughout the afternoon the whole strength of the Confederate army was thrown against it. That day Thomas won the name by which he is known in history, "The Rock of Chickamauga."

On the draught-board of the war the kings of battle were meeting. At nightfall Thomas withdrew into Chattanooga, and messages flew south to Grant. He telegraphed Thomas to hold fast until reinforced, and Thomas answered, "I will stay till I starve."

At the telegraph-key sat Robert Scott hour after hour, sending the great history of the day to the wait-

ing millions of the North. Coffin and Richardson, the newspaper correspondents, ragged, weary, half-dead with fatigue and illness, met others of their craft. From time to time a correspondent came from one point or another of the battle-front to send his "story" to his paper. This Illinois youngster felt thrilling through his brain and fingers the story of his people, even as electricity, the most mysterious and powerful of forces, ran along the wires and moved the key. He would remember, in all the years to come, the part he had played when North and South strove mightily for the mastery of East Tennessee.

THE MOUNTAINEERS

The fiddle sang in the white moonlight,
And the dancers footed it rarely,
Backward and forward so nimble and light,
From dusk to the morning early,
And the tune that the fiddler played that night
Was "Over the water to Charlie"!

The flute sang clear in the firelight's glow,
And it wakened a memory keen
Of the land where the shamrock and thorn-bush grow
Though poor is the soil and lean,
And the tune that was brought from the long ago
Was "The Wearing of the Green"!

The old wife sang to the drowsy hum
Of a whirling spinning-wheel,
And wound her yarn, the thread and thrum
On her grandmother's ancient reel,
And the tune that over the seas had come
Was just "Do ye ken John Peel?"

The fiddle and flute and the old wife's song
Where the mountain winds blow clear
They tell of traditions alive and strong
In the heart of the mountaineer.
He will not suffer despite or wrong—
And he holds his freedom dear.

The Scotch they fought for their Prince and King
Before they came over the sea.
The Irish they fought for the golden harp,

And the folk of the North Countrie—
'T was the game-laws and tax-laws they would not endure—
And they all came away to be free!

Prince, if the law that your councillors make
Ye would that the people keep,
Take heed that the old songs do not wake—
For the law of the blood runs deep!

XIV

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

“**R**OSAMUNDY!” pealed a high voice from within the cabin, “Who be he a-comin’ up the mounting?”

“I cayn’t glimpse ary person yet, Granny,” the girl answered, as she peered down the trail. Her blue sunbonnet had fallen back on the shoulders of her homespun gown, and her gold-brown hair, whipped loose from its braids, shone like the silk of the corn. Her eyes were bluer than the wind-swept sky.

In Grandma’am Harper’s youth her hearing had been amazingly acute. Either it had remained so or she had developed a sixth sense that never slept. She was always first to hear any one approaching the log-cabin, perched on the mountainside like a bird’s nest on a cliff. In the doorway stood Celia Morgan, and Cousin Mary Fan with a month-old baby in her arms. After Vicksburg fell, the two had come to Tennessee in care of Sergeant Lewis, Mary Fan’s husband. Since then they had seen nothing of war and heard little. There was vague news of a battle on the Chickamauga.

When the stranger came in sight he was only a tow-headed boy on a beautiful black mare.

“That’s Dan Ellis’s ‘May Queen,’ ” said Mary Fan with a clutch at Celia’s sleeve, “the prettiest, best-

tempered thing in three states, they say." The boy was dismounting.

"Is this Harper's?"

"I be Rosamundy Harper," said the girl gravely.

"Dan's comin' along with a big party to-night or to-morrow night. He said I was to leave 'May Queen' here for him."

"Surely. Come in and rest yer pack."

"Can't stay. Could I have a drink o' water?"

Celia darted out with a wooden bucket and a gourd cup, and the boy drank as if he were a camel. Rosamundy brought food for his knapsack and led the horse to the stable. He was going afoot a few miles, he said. There another horse would be waiting for him.

After the lad was gone Rosamundy told the girls that Dan Ellis was a famous Union guide, who had brought many parties of escaped prisoners over the mountain. It was a long time since he had come this way. This might mean that the Confederate army was too near his usual route, or that the Union army had changed base so that this was the shortest way. There was plenty to do before he came, in either case.

"Rosamundy! That war a child! Thar be men and horses on the mounting, and they air comin' *this way!*"

A wrinkled, bent little creature, brown as a withered leaf, sat crouched in a flag-bottomed arm-chair within. Her eyes were bright as a cat's.

"Yes, Granny. We air makin' ready fur 'em."

A four-posted bed stood in one corner of the room. a flax-wheel by the hearth, the straight-backed chairs were of mountain make, the blue-and-white coverlid was woven in the pattern called Pharaoh's Chariot

Wheels. In the roofed-over space between the two parts of the cabin were a wool-wheel, a loom, a reel, a dye-tub. The sole modern thing to be seen was a rifle hung over the fireplace. The powder-horn by it had been carried at Braddock's defeat on the Monongahela, and had crossed the mountains with Daniel Boone. Rosamundy was looking at her flock of hens, and choosing her fowls for sacrifice.

"Thar's nothing to hearten sick men like chicken broth," she said, "and thar's like to be sick men among 'em.

"Cely," she added, "we'd best parch a heap of corn."

"David fetched parched corn to his brethren when they war sore pressed by the Philistine," the old woman recalled from the only book she had ever known.

"Waal," said Rosamundy, a gleam of fun lightening her sober young face, "if that provender strengthened David to slay a giant it's fitten to tote over Lost Creek Gap—ha'nts er no ha'nts."

"It air not the sign o' wisdom to be makin' free with ha'nts an' sech," observed Granny solemnly. "The world beyond the grave hez ways of its own, and they air not our ways."

The two girls worked swiftly and deftly, Mary Fan helping when the baby was asleep. Chickens simmered in the iron pot; corn-pones came hot and brown off the iron griddle; sweet potatoes were buried in the ashes, bacon was sliced for cooking. The coffee—a little coffee and a great deal of rye—was ground. It began to rain a little. Granny was early abed, but toward midnight her shrill voice arose.

"They be close at hand, Rosamundy, both men and horses!"

Sure enough the sound of horses' hoofs was heard on the ledges a few minutes later. Rosamundy flung pitch-pine on the fire and stood in the open door holding a candle high above her head. A crowding company of moving shadows was halted in the edge of the woods. One man came toward the door, a tall, bearded man, with eyes that feared nothing.

"Howdy, Rosamundy. How's all with you?"

"We be toler'ble peart, Dan. Supper's prepared fer ye."

"Fifteen Union soldiers, escaped from Libby and Salisbury, joined us the other side of the river. I had Azrael Kelsey in a party before this. He sent you a letter. Chicken broth? By the Lord, girl, you're worth any six brigadiers in the army!"

Rosamundy thrust the letter into her bosom and began serving out the hot savory food. Men outside were building a fire and feeding the horses; others broiled bacon, made coffee, passed around corn-pone, broth, chicken and sweet potatoes. The parched corn was packed away with other provisions to be used on the march. Dan said that Bragg was gathering his forces and that the party had had to make a circuit to get around them.

"We must divide here," he said. "The men afoot can go where the horses can't, and run less chance of discovery. But there are over a dozen not able to walk. Somebody'll have to guide 'em over Lost Creek Gap to the Injun cave. Nobody can take the other party across the mountains but me, but these fellers'll be safe there, and Old Man Hooper'll look

out for 'em till I come back. None of 'em knows the country though."

Rosamundy considered. "The Guythers be gone from home, all but the old folks. But Edom Guyther gives no warnin', more than a chicken-hawk. I'd go myself but fur Granny. She's grown more childish of late, and not content to have me out of her sight. If she war to miss me and get wrought up, words might fall from her mouth that would be our undoin'. And Mary Fan don't know the way."

Celia was close by, her dark eyes wide and eager.

"Couldn't I go, Rosamundy?" she whispered. "I know the way. I'd *like* to."

There seemed no other solution of the problem. It was not a difficult road; Celia was a good rider, and had often been over it with Rosamundy during the summer. In the small hours of that night, she was riding through the dense woods toward the mountain pass, the others in single file behind, as far scattered as possible, not to attract attention. Orders were that should they meet any one disposed to interfere with them, those behind should turn into the woods and remain quiet. Celia had seen only the faces of the two or three nearest the head of the line.

The time seems very long when one is moving slowly through darkness and silence. Nothing broke the quiet of the winter night but the patter of rain on dead leaves and the scrambling feet of the horses. Old Man Hooper had told Celia once that this trail was supposed to be haunted.

"When I was a little trick," he said, looking down the valley where the moonlight lay white as snow, "I used to hear the old folks talk erbout witches and ha'nts till I'd be sittin' with my back right up ag'in'



"THE PATTTER OF RAIN AND THE SCRAMBLING FEET OF
THE HORSES."

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ther knees, I was so scairt. They said ef you come up the mounting thar on one side a sheep would come out o' the bushes and git up and ride behind you. An' ef you rid up on this side, a man all dressed in red would come out and stand in the path with a knife in his hand, and make like he goin' to cut you. One night when I was 'bout eighteen I had to cross the Gap a'ter dark. I kep' hearin' the bushes rustle, and ev'ry time I ketched sight of anything white I made sure it was the sheep. I felt my ha'r begin ter rise, till I was putting up my hand to hold my hat on! But I didn't see no sheep, and the road began to go down. Then I begun to look for the man in red, but he didn't come. When I got home I'd settled it in my mind that there wa'n't no sech things as ha'nts."

Celia had laughed with him at the time, but now, under the windy sky, great trees showing their wet black trunks in the changing light, the grotesque legend persisted in coming into her mind. It was a relief when, as the rain stopped and the faint light of dawn showed, the two men nearest her came near enough for her to hear their hushed talk.

"Strange country this is," said one. "I was scouting through here, and saw one of the weirdest things in my experience. It was in a valley, with a river on the other side of a range of hills. The mist fills a river valley, and in the morning it rolls up in magnificent clouds of all the colors of the rainbow—if you're looking at the sunrise from a height. Well, this mist rose up over the range and we saw it rolling down the other side of the mountain toward us! No wonder they believe— Is that light, down yonder?"

It was a candle in Old Man Hooper's store. Celia knew where the cave was—on the edge of his farm.

She left the party to dismount and follow the bridle-path toward it, and went on to give the old store-keeper Dan's message. Two barefoot Hooper boys went to look after the horses. Aunt Almira Hooper insisted on Celia's staying to breakfast and then taking a nap under the "Harrison Rose" quilt on the best room bed. When she woke up the old man was just coming in, with a strange look on his rugged weather-beaten face.

"Almiry," he said, "I hev seen a strange sight. I war on the porch lookin' down the valley, when I beheld a great company of men in white gyarments a-marchin' over the mountings. They went up yander, stoopin' for'ard as men do in climbin', and vanished inter the clouds. Almiry, somethin' is about to come to pass beyond the mountains, and I must go an' see what it air! It war a sign, Almiry—a sign fur me to go!"

Celia remembered a story her father had told her of a mirage in the Western desert, but she did not know enough about such a thing to try to explain it. The old man began to make ready for his journey. He would not be dissuaded.

"Cely," said the old wife at last, drawing the girl out on the porch, "will ye do this? Go with him and take keer on him, and when the spell's over, 'suade him to come back. He'll know then that he's got you to look out for and he won't take no resk. I can't go, and he wouldn't mind the boys; besides, they air needed here. Will ye do so, Cely?"

"Of course, Aunt Almira," said Celia simply. In the early afternoon she was in the saddle again, riding the Hoopers' bay colt over a trail which was

nothing but the dry bed of a brook, and led to the valley of the Tennessee.

They stayed that night in a cabin built without nails, where an old woman kept up her fire in the stick chimney by simply laying two logs on the floor, small ends in the fireplace, pushing them in as they burned. Celia was glad she had some of Rosamundy's hoe-cake and bacon left, for she did not like the appearance of the iron pot which seemed to be the only cooking utensil in the cabin. Early next morning they were on their way, riding down into what seemed a sea of mist with peaks rising out of it like islands. Soon they heard a faint, far sound familiar to Celia—the voices of great guns. On a height above the valley they stopped. They could see men in army blue, climbing out of the mist and up the slopes beyond.

Before them unrolled the panorama of the battle of Lookout Mountain, the battle that was fought above the clouds. Hooker's troops climbed up the face of huge cliffs, over fallen trees and boulders, charged and took the heights. General Thomas captured Orchard Knob. Sherman was attacking Missionary Ridge. As night came on, all along the slopes of Missionary Ridge, where the first missionaries to the Indian tribes used to live, a glittering chain of camp-fires twinkled. Elder Matthews, a Baptist preacher, on a claybank colt, encountering the old store-keeper and Celia, insisted on their spending the night at his house, though it was already full of wounded men. In helping take care of them the old man seemed to come out of his "spell," as his wife called it.

Down on the railway toward Chattanooga Federal troops were tearing up the rails with a contrivance

invented for that purpose, piling the wooden ties up to be burned, laying the rails across the fires till they were red hot in the middle and could be twisted. Some were bent around trees in the form called "Jeff Davis's necktie," and some were wound around the trunk like corkscrews, or bent into the letters U and S and left set up against a fence.

Next day, November 24, Hooker advanced on the south of Missionary Ridge, while Sherman still hammered at the north. Grant, on Orchard Knob, seeing that the Confederates were weakening their center to reinforce the flanks, hurled Thomas's corps against it. They were ordered to take the rifle-pits at the foot of the hill, halt and re-form. Instead, they carried the line of works at the base and swept on up the hill. They saw, clearer than their generals, that it would not do to stop. When Grant took in the situation he ordered a charge along the whole front. The long lines of blue, curving, crowding, reshaping as they went, halting and struggling on, straining toward the flags carried ahead by little squads of defenders, came surging up to the heights in the very face of the Confederate batteries. They captured the guns and turned them on the retreating enemy. That night the Union camp-fires blazed like a diadem upon the mountains.

Bragg was routed, the Union army held Chattanooga, and East Tennessee with all its Union people was wrenched from the Confederacy.

On the following day a group of infantrymen stood and sat near a field hospital when Dan Ellis came up with the last of his ragged refugees. The wayfarers took off their battered hats and looked at the flag of the Union as if they could not look long enough.

From the other direction, an old mountaineer came riding across the battle-field with a young girl. One of the men by the field hospital saw them, started, and called the attention of another. Then he strode toward them exclaiming,

"Pap, what in God's creation be ye doin' yere?"

"Ye neenter take the Almighty's name in vain, Rufus, ye war l'arned no sech language by yer mammy nor me, nary one," said Old Man Hooper tartly. "Here I be ridin' all over camp seekin' ye and Nathan and Azrael Kelsey ontwell I nigh give up. And here be Emerson Lewis's wife's cousin, Cely Morgan, who hev led some o' Dan Ellis's company over Lost Creek Gap in the night, which I warrant few grown men would 'a' done." The old man was very proud of Celia.

But Celia was gazing at one of the party with Ellis, a worn, haggard, bearded man who limped toward her, and caught her as she slipped off her horse into his arms.

Celia had found her father at last. She had helped to bring him safe over the mountains, to the Union lines.

THE SIGNAL SERVICE

(During the war for the Union, where the field telegraph was not in use, signaling was done from high scaffoldings, which were naturally targets for the enemy's artillery. Observation balloons were also used.)

Above the mud of the trampled field,
Above the columns that halt and creep,
The signaler stands as a pilot stands
Guiding a ship on the stormy deep.

The wind that blows from the battle's front
Brings to his ears the drumming roar
Of the batteries thundering against the foe—
Till it shifts again, and he hears no more.

A shining globe on the wayward breeze,
A balloon drifts by, far over his head.
A puff of smoke from the masking trees,
And the signalman in his tower lies dead.

Have they blinded the eyes on that lofty tower?
The men below saw their comrade fall.
Though Death lie in ambush, the service goes on—
There is always another to answer the call.

XV

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS

"Oh, ain't I glad ter get out de wilderness,
Get out de wilderness, get out de wilderness,
Ain't I glad ter get out de wilderness,
Leanin' on de Lamb!"

TERRY DONOVAN had learned that song of a contraband by the name of Iddo—cook, caterer, valet and general circus to the regiment in winter quarters. It was a lilting, fleering, half-barbaric tune, and Terry could play the banjo seductively.

Spring had come in Virginia. The skies were as blue, the rains as torrential, the roads as muddy as ever. The regiment was back on its old stamping-ground near the Rapidan.

"Referrin' to that 'ere Wilderness acrost the river, young feller, you're liable to be *mighty* glad to git out of it, in case you ever git in," drawled a six-foot Tennessean, smoking with his back against a tree.

"Why so?"

"They say Lee's thar or tharabouts, with his whole army. Ef so be we're ordered to hunt 'im out, a heap of boys is bound ter leave their bones in that place. All scrub oak, cedar, pine and juniper; no roads for troops to move proper, and you can't see more'n rifle-range in front of your nose nowheres. There was iron mines all through thar once; and the foundrymen cut the timber off fer firewood. Now it's all grown

up into waste wild land. I was talkin' to an old feller that his granddaddy had a forge near Spottsylvania Co'te House when this was frontier country. He says ol' Governor Spotswood—him that Spottsylvania County's named for—stopped there on the way to the mountings to git his horse shod. There was fifty gentlemen with him, and they drank to King George on top of a mountain they named for him. The ol' Governor was equal to a king himself, to hear the ol' man tell it. He had fifty gold pins made, one for each of his party, and they was known as the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe. This old feller's a Silbernagel, and he come of one of the German families that Spotswood brought over. Some was iron-workers, and some planted vineyards for wine. Germanna Ford yonder was named for 'em."

Paul Randolph, listening, felt as if he were looking back into the days when Washington was a lad surveying Western Virginia for Lord Fairfax. Azrael Kelsey, the speaker, was a sharpshooter from Tennessee; his father had gone with Boone over the Wilderness Road. The vast web of the war had threads of innumerable lives in every picture of its weaving—barbaric, tragic, somber, brilliant, complex, and all American.

Terry's banjo was attracting a crowd, and Paul was not in the humor for crowds. He strolled away through the shifting shadows, where camp-fires flared and wavered and the tents loomed ghostly white. Behind him arose full-throated song:

"*Mary* had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

And *ev'rywhere* that *Mary* went the lamb was sure to go,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!"

Voices near and far caught up the chorus in a great leaping wave of melody, that seemed to shake the stars:

“The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!

Down with the traitor, up with the star!

And we'll rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!”

Some of the men singing there in the night—not yet of age—had fought hand-to-hand at the bluffs of Fredericksburg, in the Devil's Den, or on Missionary Ridge. They had taken their flag over ground where the flying bullets tore their colors to shreds, and the line broke, re-formed and recovered itself over and over again, before the main body of the army struggled up to hold the position gained. Would any of them ever again see the tattered colors go by, without remembering?

Nowadays nobody shouted “On to Richmond!”

In the spring of 1864 Grant was made lieutenant-general of the whole Union Army. The Western troops called him the Old Man and averred that the “U. S.” in his name meant “United States.” He left the Army of the Potomac under the immediate command of Meade, organizing its five corps into three, commanded by Hancock, Warren and Sedgwick. On April 23 Burnside arrived with his Ninth Corps, which had been in Maryland recruiting. The Eastern army's fighting strength was now one hundred and eighteen thousand.

Sherman commanded the Division of the Mississippi, including the Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee and the Arkansas. His division of a hundred thousand men lay west of the Blue Ridge.

The Army of the Potomac was north of the Rapidan where the river sweeps around a curve between the two fords Ely and Germanna. South of this river was Lee with the Army of Northern Virginia. Johnston's forces were near Dalton, Georgia. Grant had headquarters at Culpeper Court House and Lee at Orange Court House.

In three years of war the Northern army had threatened Richmond, and the Southern army had menaced New York, Philadelphia and Washington, but nothing had come of it. Grant said that the Union forces were like a team of balky horses, never pulling together, so that the Confederates could use the same troops first against the Western division, then against the Eastern. He meant to make one great fighting machine, that could move on the enemy without giving him a chance to recruit, reprovise or rest his troops. Paul saw him writing in a note-book by the light of a torch, still, silent, inscrutable as Fate. At midnight of May 3 the army was on the march, and in the morning of May 4 it crossed the Rapidan.

Paul's regiment, in the right wing of the Army, moved from Culpeper toward Germanna Ford; the left, followed by four thousand baggage wagons, proceeded from Stevensburg to Ely Ford. As the troops went by Paul saw the Western general again, seated by the roadside writing in pencil on a scrap of paper. It was a telegram to Sherman directing him to move against Johnston while Grant himself attacked Lee.

Nothing interfered with the army crossing the river. If under cover of the woods it could reach Gordonsville, it would be in the rear of Lee's army

and could push on toward Richmond. But Lee himself had been on a mountain-top two days before, closely observing the movements of the Federals. He had hardly more than sixty thousand men, and their inferior numbers would be much less evident in the scrubby tangle of the Wilderness than in open country. Some Confederate generals thought Grant overrated. They argued that he had never met a leader as daring, sagacious and powerful as Lee, and that when he did, his real inferiority would be exposed.

Grant knew his movements were risky, but he also knew that in order to attack him Lee would have to move several miles from his base, for Warren's corps, on the Union right, was nearest to him, and that was ten miles from his lines. Lee also took a chance. He sent Ewell with his troops along the Orange turnpike, and A. P. Hill with his forces on the Orange Plank Road. These two roads on the western border of the Wilderness crossed the roads from the fords, over which the Union army was moving. The men in blue, entering the woods in a skirmish line, received notice of these maneuvers in the form of bullets, from sharpshooters hidden at easy range. Warren's corps met Ewell's as it crossed the turnpike on the morning of May 5. Hill's advance encountered the Federal outposts on the Plank Road, and about four o'clock Hancock's corps, well on its way to Spottsylvania Court House, was ordered back to fight Hill.

The incidents of that strange grapple of two armies in the Wilderness have been fitted together like a crazy patchwork, one man's scrap of memory joined to another's. No man saw a tenth, a twentieth or a hundredth of those engaged in it, at the time. It was desperate guesswork for the officers, who could never

see the whole of their own lines. For the troops, forcing their way through the tough dwarfed pines and oaks and sweet-gum trees, unable to see a hundred paces in any direction, it was life-and-death fighting with few or no orders. The crackle of musketry, the rataplan of the drums and the squealing of the fifes were heard now here, now there. Only the sound of shots told whether troops advanced or retreated. That night, soldiers of both armies, hunting for water in the dark, entered the opposing lines without knowing it until they literally ran into an enemy. It was a blindfold, chance-directed struggle.

Next day Randolph stumbled on the rangy mountaineer Kelsey, rolling over and over in the grip of a Confederate as tall as himself. Paul's arrival settled the question of which had taken the other prisoner, and the Texan accepted his defeat and his captors' tobacco calmly. He belonged to Gregg's brigade, and said that when it was about to charge, Lee happened on the scene, looking for Longstreet, and spurred his horse forward to lead the charge. A major in the Texas regiment caught the horse by the bridle and the men declared they would not stir unless Lee went back "where he belonged."

"He looked at us sorter cur'ous, as if he wanted to laugh or cry, and didn't ezactly know which; then he turned ol' Traveller's head and went off to find Longstreet. I tell you right now, if Marse Robert was to of led that charge and got killed, the bottom would 'a' dropped out o' this world fer most of us."

After Kelsey and Randolph delivered up their prisoner they started on a search for their own corps. Longstreet was said to be wounded, and Grant was trying to force back Lee's army as it pushed toward

his flank, and get between it and Richmond. Lee was trying to strike the head of Grant's army where it crossed the Plank Road and throw it in disorder back into the Wilderness. Neither succeeded.

Kelsey had discovered a personal enemy in this battle—one Edom Guyther, a neighbor of his in Tennessee who was a Confederate sharpshooter. They fired at each other till it was too dark to see. Kelsey let fall words to the effect that Guyther was, or thought he was, a suitor of one Rosamundy Harper.

"He air mistaken," said the mountaineer, calmly. "If he air fated to kill me Rosamundy will go through life unwed." He sighted carefully and fired at something Paul could not see. The hat of the hidden Guyther gave a little jump and settled down again on his head.

A swirl of smoke drifted on the hot air. Men came stumbling through the woods half blind and coughing, their faces black as sweeps. So begrimed were they that Paul did not recognize Terry Donovan at first. This was part of a company that had run into a breastwork set afire by the burning woods kindled in the artillery fighting. Smoke and ashes had blown full in their faces. The flames spread in the woods. On May 6 men were pushing through smoke and burning choking heat to rescue the wounded, some carrying stretchers, others with helpless men borne pick-a-back, or with wounded comrades leaning on them. Many of the rescued were in the Confederate uniform, but friend or foe, it was not in human nature to leave a broken man to the hungry flames. It has never been known exactly how many died in the Wilderness.

On May 7 both armies were in strong positions.

The Confederates thought Grant was about to re-cross the Rapidan. But when this was suggested in the Union camp a Pennsylvanian said,

"Think so? I knew Grant in Galesburg, Illinoy. He don't like to come back the same way he went, even when he only takes a walk."

The long blue columns moved out toward Spottsylvania Court House on the night of the seventh, and all day Sunday, May 8, the armies raced for position. The Confederates won by a curious accident. The Federal wagon train was ordered to proceed east of the troops, not to cumber their advance. Lee took this for a retreat toward Fredericksburg. He ordered Longstreet's division, now commanded by Anderson, to march to Spottsylvania on that Sunday. The woods being aflame the troops could not bivouac, and Anderson therefore made a night march and reached Spottsylvania ahead.

On May 9 the Union generals were posting and intrenching their troops. The salient or prominent section of the Confederate line was a pointed curve in the breastworks, far out toward the Union front. It was held because it was a strong position for artillery, and any Federal batteries posted there would damage the Confederate line. The wall of heavy logs banked with earth was about four feet high. Above was a "head log" laid along the top of the wall, with just space enough between to let a musket pass through. Outside was an abattis of pointed pine and pin-oak trunks; outside this again a deep ditch. Inside the breastworks was a series of square pits with shelves for ammunition around the inner ledges. Sharpshooters hidden in the trees were industriously picking off the officers; and sharpshooters in the Union army

were at once posted for the same service. General Sedgwick, superintending the placing of cannon, saw a man dodging a shot and laughed, "Why, they can't hit an elephant at this distance!" The words were hardly out, before he himself was killed. There was grief in the Sixth Corps; his men loved him well.

A force attacking the Confederate salient must move over a stretch of open ground in the face of murderous fire, except at one point, where woods might shelter the column for some distance.

The fighting on the tenth decided nothing. Next day heavy rain halted operations. On May 12, though it was still raining, the two armies came to grips once more. At daybreak, under cover of the mist, a column of Hancock's corps charged on the salient, surrounded General Edward Johnson's division and took nearly three thousand prisoners, including that general himself and General Steuart, who were at breakfast, and some twenty guns. At the same time Burnside struck on the left, and Warren and Wright (Sedgwick's successor) on the other side. Lee brought all the artillery and every regiment he could spare to reinforce his broken center. Before ten o'clock his reinforcements pressed in on Hancock's corps from the rear.

Then the Sixth Corps under Wright, with Upton's brigade in the lead, was ordered in to support Hancock. It was still raining. The marsh grass where the men lay was split by the minié balls that whined through the sodden air. Then came the word to charge, and they charged—up and over the lattice of tree-trunks and boughs, the fire of Lee's advancing lines mowing them down, into the angle—lay down and began firing.

On came the enemy. Rain and smoke and mist half hid the ranks of gray, from whose guns volley after volley crashed against the "Bloody Angle." The Fifth Maine and the One Hundred and Twenty-First New York of Upton's brigade came straight forward; the Ninety-Sixth Pennsylvania advanced on the right. Under cover of smoke and fog the Confederates crept nearer, until with a wild yell they charged straight over the wall into the angle. All of Upton's staff officers were killed, wounded or dismounted; men were cut down by the score. Lieutenant Richard Metcalf with part of the Fifth United States Artillery's Battery C, ran his guns up by hand close to the angle, and poured double charges of canister into the enemy at short range. Out of the twenty-four gunners who went into action there, only two came out safe—Metcalf himself and Sergeant William Lines. During the action the places of some of the fallen cannoneers were taken by officers of infantry. This was said to be the only case, in the history of the war, of a battery charging breastworks.

The fighting at the angle became a welter of blood, filth, splintered timbers, dead men and slippery mud. The head logs were split like birch brooms. Trees were cut down by flying bullets. An oak tree twenty-two inches thick, gnawed in two by the converging musketry fire of the Federals, fell within the angle, and the stump is still preserved at Washington.

At midnight, after twenty hours of fighting, Lee's army drew off. Inside the Bloody Angle, or as some call it, the Slaughter Pen, lay hundreds on hundreds piled three and four deep, the guns of dead and wounded men still pointing through the crevices. Next day, while it was still raining, and while sharp-

shooters still made this duty dangerous, Federal volunteers went on the field to bury the dead. Sometimes the only possible plan was to turn the wall over on the filled trenches. Grant reported his losses heavy, but those of the enemy heavier. He added,

"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Toward nightfall on Friday, May 13th, three exhausted, haggard young privates sat around a small brush fire. Kelsey looked like a wooden Indian. Terry Donovan was for once as silent as Paul Randolph. While they waited for their coffee to boil, a bullet from somewhere behind them sent a cut twig fluttering down on Paul's hat. Kelsey put down the tin cup he had just raised to his lips, picked up his gun and crawled snake-like through the grass. The others hugged the ground.

One—two—three—four shots; then Kelsey rose and came back to them. "Got 'im," he said briefly, and drank his coffee. "It war Edom Guyther," he added.

"This ain't war," said a young recruit with chattering teeth, vainly trying to warm himself by their fire, "it's wholesale murder."

"Sonny," said a bronzed veteran of the Fifth Maine, lighting his pipe with a steady hand, "in checkers, when you've got more men than the other feller, the faster you swap the sooner you beat 'im. Grant, he's got the most men, and that's his game."

At about the same time the sad-faced man in the White House was saying to those who protested against the slaughter of Grant's campaign,

"He fights."

THE SEA-RAIDERS

Gray gulls flying through the wide wet sky,
Tell me what you see afar.
Can you see my ship a-sailing where the pearl-boats lie
And the coral islands are?
What wind shall bring it hither, O, the ship I love and long
for so,
What kindly, favoring star?

The gulls are mute as they circle and sweep,
O, they cannot tell the sights they see,
But a thousand miles to southward in the unknown deep
Lies the sailor that was coming home to me.
The kindly trade-winds they will blow, but he will never,
never know—
For a raider sunk the brig in open sea.

XVI

THE ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

“**H**HEY there, Stub!”
“Hello, Andy!”

“On furlough? Good enough. So’m I. Come along to the Fair.”

“What Fair?”

“Sanitary Commission. All the big-bugs are in it.”

Sven Lindstrom and Andy Croffut, like a frigate in tow of a tug, turned into the brilliantly lighted doorway of the great Sanitary Fair in New York. At the front, where they had been, were ironclads, cannon, shrapnel, fire and steel. Here were painted silk fans and screens, crewel-work tidies and cushions, hot-house bouquets, crocheted afghans, decorated vases—a bazaar of trifles fantastic and luxurious, thronged with a chattering crowd. Sven lingered where a slim auburn-haired girl was serving coffee, and drank a cup of it, trying to think where he had seen her. A tall and stately dark girl in ruby satin stood near by, with a dashing young exquisite.

“Dear me, Mr. Saville, what can you mean?”

“You will see what I mean if they try to enforce the draft in New York,” said the dandy, twisting his mustache carelessly. “In Batavia we took the horses out of Vallandigham’s carriage and drew him through the streets. When the time comes you will see that the Confederacy has friends in your very midst, ready

to destroy your railroads, your telegraphs and your stores."

The two moved on, and as Sven set down his cup he saw the little blonde's eyes flash. "I hate that man!" she muttered to herself. Then seeing the young sailor she smiled. "I am glad to do anything for any one who has fought for the Union," she said impulsively, "I have a brother in the army."

Now Sven knew who she was. "Thank you, Miss Randolph," he said, his blue eyes meeting hers gravely.

"Why, how did you know my name?"

"I used to deliver papers at your house."

"And you climbed a tree once in Stuyvesant Park, after my kitten!" The girl gave a little silvery laugh. "And you are in the Navy now?"

"He was at Port Hudson, miss, under Farragut," said the irrepressible Andy, coming up just as Sven moved away, and addressing Lucy and her companion, an elderly lady, with impartial enthusiasm. "On the *Mississippi* he was. I hearn all about it. She was run ashore and disabled right opposite the center of the Rebel works. Her port bow wuz h'isted up on a reef and the rebel gunners couldn't help hittin' her. The signal fires lit up every particle of her deck and riggin'; you could count the dead and wounded layin' on her deck and see ev'ry move that was made. And there stood ol' Captain Melancthon Smith and Lieutenant George Dewey on the bridge, as calm as if they was on an excursion. There wa'n't no chance to save her and the Cap'n gave the signal to set her afire. The boats pulled off her port side as deliberate as Sunday mornin' inspection and made for the *Essex*. The flames made her sides warp, and that twisted her

head off the reef, and the current took her. She straightened up and turned her head down stream like a live creatur' and went down the river all ablaze till she come to the foot o' Prophet's Island, and there she blew up. I— Oh, all right, all right, I'll come!"

Sven, fire-red, succeeded in detaching Andy from the counter and leading him away.

"Don't you know any better than to gab like that?" he growled. "Those were ladies."

"What of it?" said Andy sulkily. "This is a free country. We're as good as they are."

"You're hopeless," said the Swede frowning. Lucy Randolph was saying to her companion, "I don't care, Aunt Mary, I'd *rather* talk to common soldiers than to that Ralph Saville. I don't see how Fanny can endure him. He's *always* sneering at President Lincoln and our army."

In July the draft riots broke out. Mobs went storming through the streets of New York, hunting down negroes where they could find them, and burning the asylum for negro orphans on Forty-Sixth Street in the outskirts of the town, driving more than two hundred children out on the streets. Sven and Andy, lending their aid to the police, found an old colored woman and two frightened children hiding in an area-way with a young lady. When she turned her white face toward them they saw that it was Miss Randolph. She breathlessly explained that Hannah was her old nurse, and the pickaninnies were Hannah's grandchildren. They had been trying to get to her home, which was only a block or two away. The two youths held off a howling group of rioters till the young lady and her charges were safe. They did their full share of fighting during a three days' reign of terror, in

which some twenty citizens were killed by the mobs. Then Sven went back to the navy, and found himself assigned to duty under Farragut in the *Hartford*, with Lieutenant Dewey and other officers under whom he had served before. The squadron was ordered to Mobile within a year.

These were dark days for the Union. Mobile and Wilmington were still open to Confederate blockade runners. Each of these ports had a double entrance. The swift, light-draft Southern privateers could slip in with cargoes of needed supplies, and out again with bales of cotton for English factories, in spite of the blockading fleet. Farragut was ordered to seal the port of Mobile. He had a fleet of four ironclads and fourteen wooden ships. From New Orleans a land force five thousand strong, under General Gordon Granger, was sent to coöperate with him. It was planted on Dauphin Island in the entrance of the bay.

East of Dauphin Island was a passage four miles wide, and twenty-five feet deep in the channel. West of it was a narrow channel called Grant's Pass, between two small islands, and hardly six feet deep at low water. On one of these islands was a little light-house, on the other a small earth-work known as Fort Powell. The main entrance was commanded by Fort Gaines, on the easterly point of Dauphin Island. To the southeast, on Mobile Point, was Fort Morgan, a stronger work with a light-house near it, the ship-channel passing close under its guns, obstructed with piles and sown with torpedoes.

Inside the bay was a small Confederate squadron under Admiral Buchanan. His flagship was the powerful ram *Tennessee*, and he had also three gun-boats,

the *Selma*, *Morgan* and *Gaines*. The harbor entrance was thirty miles south of the city of Mobile.

Farragut arrived about the first of August. His flagship, the *Hartford*, was a wooden ship; so were the *Brooklyn*, the *Metacomet*, the *Octorara*, the *Richmond*, the *Lackawanna*, the *Monongahela*, the *Osagee*, the *Oneida*, the *Port Royal*, the *Seminole*, the *Kennebec*, the *Itasca* and the *Galena*. The ironclads were the *Tecumseh*, *Manhattan*, *Winnebago* and *Chickasaw*.

The attack had been planned for August 4, but the *Tecumseh* not arriving, it was put off a day. By six o'clock on August 5 the fleet was steaming toward Fort Morgan. The *Hartford* was lashed to the *Metacomet*, and the other wooden ships were lashed together in couples, the weaker to port, so that if either should be seriously injured her mate might save her. The Admiral himself, in the maintop of the flagship, was lashed to the mast, that he might not be dislodged by any shock of battle. He gave orders through a speaking-tube extending to the deck. The ships, dressed out with more than threescore flags, moved on, and just before seven o'clock the *Tecumseh* opened fire on the fort a mile away. The *Brooklyn* had four chase-guns, and with her companion the *Octorara* was first to cross the bar, the flagship and her companion close behind. As the *Brooklyn* came within range of the fort she opened fire with grape-shot, and drove the Confederate gunners from the more exposed batteries. It began to look like an easy victory.

Then the *Tecumseh*, some three hundred yards in advance, rose out of the water and almost at once, vanished. A torpedo had exploded immediately un-

der her turret, making a great rift. She sank in a few seconds, and out of the hundred and thirty men aboard her, only seventeen were saved.

The *Brooklyn*, quivering like a live creature, recoiled; the captain of the flagship hesitated. Then came Farragut's curt order:

"Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!"

The *Hartford* moved on, the squadron pouring grape-shot on the fort, whose guns hardly made a reply. As the fleet came into the harbor the Confederate squadron opened fire and the ram *Tennessee* made for the *Hartford*. This ram was one of the most powerful yet built, more than two hundred feet long, forty-eight feet beam, her timber sides eight feet thick, double-plated with two-inch iron. She had a tower, turret and strong beak, and her six guns threw projectiles of about a hundred pounds. This monster charged the *Hartford*, missed her and sheered off up the bay. Then the three gun-boats attacked the flagship, the *Selma*, with four heavy pivot-guns raking her at a disadvantage. Farragut ordered the *Metacomet* to cast off and close with her. After an hour's fighting the *Selma* with ninety-seven men was taken a prize, and the other two gun-boats retired to the shelter of Fort Morgan. The *Morgan* that night slipped away to Mobile; the *Gaines* was run ashore and burned.

Then at a quarter before nine the *Tennessee* came down the bay under a full head of steam and made for the flagship. The Admiral signaled all his ships to close in upon the ram, but their heaviest shot made little more impression, even at close range, than pebbles on a crocodile's hide. The *Monongahela*

struck the ironclad squarely in the side without effect, and ramming again lost her own beak and cutwater. The *Lackawanna* tried it, and crushed her own stem.

Then the flagship gave the ram a glancing blow, and a broadside of ten-inch shells at ten feet distance. The ironclad *Chickasaw* ran under the stern of the *Tennessee*, while the *Manhattan* on the other side sent a solid fifteen-inch bolt through the steering-gear, iron plating and thick timber behind. The flagship was about to strike again when the crippled *Lackawanna* collided with her and damaged her. Both drew off and started at full speed against the ironclad, the *Chickasaw* pounding at her stern and the *Ossipee* coming up at full speed.

The *Tennessee* was worse off than her antagonists knew. At this point her flag was hauled down and the white flag appeared. The *Ossipee*, too near to alter her course, went by with a harmless glancing blow. At ten o'clock the sea-fight was over.

The Admiral turned his attention to the forts. The *Metacomet* took the wounded, friend and foe alike, to Pensacola. General Granger began the siege of Fort Gaines, the *Chickasaw* shelling it. At ten o'clock on the morning of August 7 the fort, with its garrison of six hundred, surrendered.

Then transferring Granger's troops to the rear of Fort Morgan, Farragut landed four nine-inch guns, and lines of investment were constructed across the sand-spit on which the fort stood. At daylight on August 9 fleet and batteries opened fire. The bombardment continued for twenty-four hours, with little injury to the fort but much damage to the light-house. On August 10 the commander of the fort, General

Page, surrendered; Fort Powell had already been abandoned. Farragut had captured in all one hundred and four guns and fourteen hundred and sixty-four men. The port of Mobile was sealed to blockade runners.

THE ARMY NURSE

The Red Cross nurses of to-day in trim white linen go—
But they didn't dress like that at all, the ones we used to know.
They were just like other women when they left their homes to
come

And live among the army camps, to sound of fife and drum.

They hadn't any training, and they hadn't any style,
But they surely were efficient when they'd served with us
awhile.

They weren't a bit afraid of wounds, contagion, hardship,
death,

They toiled amid conditions that would take away your breath.

They slept on open battle-fields in cold or heat or storm,
They assisted surgeons who sometimes were out of chloroform.
They could cook or build a fire, at a pinch they'd chop the
wood.

They could nurse or run a laundry, just whichever did most
good.

When some medicines were needed, and an order couldn't be
had,

Mother Bickerdyke she didn't waste a minute getting mad,
She found out where they were warehoused, in some railway
junction town,

Took a soldier with an axe along and chopped the door right
down!

Mothers, wives and sisters of the army at the front,
They took orders, just as we did, and they often bore the
brunt—

For a soldier gets a furlough, and some rest between campaigns,
He may have to do the fighting, but the officers hold the
reins.

But the army nurse in our time—all her grim hard service
through,

She not only did her duty, but she figured what to do!

XVII

A LOST ARMY

“**H**OLD on, Karl! Hear it?”
“’*S ist ein Specht*—woodpecker you call it—maybe.”

“Woodpeckers don’t peck in Morse. You wait about five minutes and then walk ahead, slow. Keep your eyes peeled. I’ll try to flank the fellow.”

Robert Scott and his stolid, blond German assistant were stringing field-telegraph wires through the piney woods of Georgia. Somebody behind a fallen log in a clearing was signaling in the Morse code in a sharp tap-tap-tap. The two mules with their coils of wire were hobbled in a thicket some distance behind. Scott crept around to one side of the clearing, dodging from tree to tree like an Indian. The unseen operator rapped out sharply, “Who are you?”

“The Yankees are coming,” Scott answered in the same code.

“Wheeler’s cavalry’ll get ’em,” came the comment in a quick patter like a chuckle of glee.

“Have they been past here yet?”

“Eight thousand of them, going for the Yankee supplies at Allatoona, not three hours ago.”

That was just what Scott wished to know, for now he could string his wires to the point he had aimed for, and Sherman would be glad of the information.

But this unknown telegrapher must not be left loose on the landscape.

Karl was walking on in plain sight. Scott made a sudden dash toward the fallen log just as a huge revolver was leveled at the German and a clear voice called "Hands up, you Yankee!" Knocking up the weapon Scott pounced on the enemy, and in the same instant discovered that it was a girl.

She was a boyish little creature not more than sixteen, in gray soldier-jacket and cap, her curly black hair cut short and her eyes blazing defiance.

"What are you doing here?" asked the amazed Scott.

"Can't you see?"

"Don't you know the risks you're running?"

"Our *Southern* men are always courteous to ladies."

"This is war, not a picnic. I wouldn't want to take you a prisoner to General Sherman."

"Yankee brag!"

"What's your name?"

"Puddin' tame; ask me again and I'll tell you the same."

Scott laughed. "You're Sophie Saville. I didn't recognize you at first. Don't you remember Bob Scott? When I taught you the key you were always teasing for fairy tales."

She twisted around to stare at him, wide-eyed, and he went on gravely, "You'll get into trouble, sure as fate, if you go looking for it like this, child."

"I'm not a child! I'm staying with my aunt in that white house, and these are our own woods. It's awfully dull, and I wanted to find out if there was any sound of firing, over yonder. I was practicing the code when you answered me, and I thought it was



“WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?” ASKED THE AMAZED
SCOTT.”

my brother. When I saw your man coming I thought what fun it would be to catch a Yankee scout all by myself. That was why."

She twisted her small shoe in the pine-needles like a cross child.

"I told you the truth, Sophie, when I said our troops were coming. You'd better take me over to that house and make the best of it."

"We-ell, I s'pose I can't help myself, this time." She walked sulkily ahead of the two young men to the house. Karl was leading up the mules. To a dignified old lady with side-curls, standing in the doorway, Sophie observed carelessly, "Aunt Julia, this is Mr. Scott. He's taken us prisoner."

Federal cavalry were bivouacking in the pine grove six hours later, and the house was taken as officers' quarters. Sophie was sensible enough to understand that both house and occupants were the safer, and she would not on any account have admitted to Scott that her heart had stood still with fear when she saw the enemy riding up the drive. The young telegrapher was busy with messages to and from Sherman's headquarters, but Sophie found Karl immovable when she tried to pass his guard and get near enough to listen.

Sherman with his army of seventy thousand was now two hundred miles from its base of supplies at Nashville, threatening the city of Atlanta. On hearing of Wheeler's raid he was well pleased, for with the Confederate cavalry thus weakened at its base he could send Kilpatrick on a cavalry raid of his own. In Atlanta were munition foundries, supply depots and foundries, and the city was the great railway center for this region. South and east lay the rich farming lands of Georgia, where food for the Southern army

was produced. To destroy the railways by which these supplies must move was one of Sherman's main objects. All the way from Chattanooga, Johnston stubbornly contested the Union advance, falling back mile by mile through the hilly country of Tennessee and Northern Georgia. Johnston reasoned that positions given up might be retaken, but no strategy could bring dead men to life. Yet he had had to sacrifice one-fourth of his army between Dalton and Atlanta.

Jefferson Davis, impatient at this caution, put Hood in Johnston's place, and Hood hurled his army against Sherman's with heavy losses on both sides. Yet Sherman pushed on, wrecking the railroads leading out of Atlanta, until only one line of retreat was left open.

Robert Scott led his two mules, with their coils of wire for the field batteries, wherever his orders took him, and saw but little of the fighting. His service had no military status and carried no rank, bounty or pension. On the morning of September 1, about two o'clock, he looked up from the key to see the spare, tall figure of General Sherman at his elbow.

"Do you hear that booming?" asked Sherman.

Both could hear it, but did not know what it meant. Later they learned that Hood had blown up foundries, magazines, workshops and railway trains and left Atlanta. That morning General Slocum with his army occupied the town.

Three days later Sherman ordered all civilians, not in the employ of the United States Government, to leave Atlanta within five days. A truce was asked in order to manage their removal as quickly and easily as possible. The order raised a storm of protest, but Sherman was inexorable. Atlanta's position made it important as a military post. The presence of thou-

sands of non-combatants in the captured town might be dangerous to themselves and to his army. He was hundreds of miles from his base, his line of communication was threatened by the enemy, and he had no intention of being responsible for feeding a large civilian population when he might not have rations for his own men. He provided wagons and ambulances, and the refugees departed, with whatever they could take in these.

At Rough and Ready, a cluster of huts ten miles from the city, Scott saw hundreds of families forlornly sitting on their baggage, waiting to be conveyed to some other place. By a small, old-fashioned hair trunk stood Sophie Saville.

"*This time,*" she said defiantly, "we're going where your army will never come."

Scott had his doubts of that, but he did not say so. Sophie, her aunt and some other relatives were going to the old Saville plantation, somewhere in Middle Georgia.

Hood prepared to invade Tennessee in the hope of calling off Sherman's army from Georgia. But Sherman sent Thomas, his second in command, to Nashville to organize the troops arriving there, and gave him full authority over all the troops under his command but four corps of infantry and one division of cavalry. Leaving Thomas to handle Hood according to his own best judgment, Sherman, with sixty thousand men and ten thousand horses, made ready to move out of Atlanta.

Public buildings, railway stations, machine shops and storehouses were all blown up or burned. When the columns took up the line of march two hundred acres of smouldering ruins were left behind. The

sick and wounded, camp followers, every pound of baggage that could be spared, had gone north to Chattanooga. Sherman had his headquarters in a fly tent, and his personal baggage consisted of a roll of blankets and some hard-tack. Each mess had one frying-pan and a few other necessities. The men slept in the open air without tents. The wagons carried twenty days' rations of bread, forty days' allowance of beef, coffee and sugar, and three of forage. Even this provision was not to be used so long as the army could feed off the country.

At Cartersville Sherman telegraphed to Thomas, "All is well,"—and cut the wire. The army disappeared. "Thirty days' rations and a new base," ran the word along the ranks. The men did not know where they were going, nor care. They believed in Sherman.

Sherman divided his force into two columns. Howard commanded the Army of the Tennessee, moving toward Macon, and Slocum the Army of Georgia, which went toward Milledgeville, the capital of the State.

The telegraphers went with the army, tapping wires when they could and sending cipher messages at Sherman's orders. For most of the uses of war Sherman much preferred the field telegraph to the signal service, but he was out of reach of telegrams now, so far as the North was concerned. No one could give him orders.

There was a rumor that the object of this campaign was to storm Andersonville and rescue the thousands of Union prisoners there, and the army was only too eager to do so. In fact there was a plan to take the prison camp of Millen, to the eastward, but before

Kilpatrick's cavalry could reach it the prison authorities had sent their captives elsewhere. Robert Scott knew that the real goal of Sherman's march was quite different, but he said no word.

One day Scott found a detail of foragers resting with their loads, waiting for the column to come up with them. In the center of the group sat a gaunt, hollow-eyed youth in the rags of a blue uniform, gnawing at food, like a starved dog.

"'Scaped from Andersonville," explained a huge, red-bearded fellow with a velvet cape over his brawny shoulders and a woman's leghorn bonnet on his head. The foragers were not enlisted men, but unorganized and irresponsible fellows, known as "bummers." They sometimes did not come near any army camp for weeks together. They were always mounted on some kind of animal, usually a mule; they would fight cheerfully with enemy skirmishers, and now and then Wheeler's cavalry caught one and hanged him to the nearest tree. A straggler now approaching was riding with the reins of his mule in his teeth, a basket of eggs on one arm and a bucket of honey on the other, hams tied to the saddle before and behind, a pair of chickens on his back and a hog's carcass, tied to the mule's tail, trailing behind somewhat the worse for wear.

The contrast between the bummers, fat and saucy, and the living skeleton in his rags, was tragic. To Scott's query the red giant answered,

"Found him in a deserted cabin back a piece. Dunno how he lasted to *git* this far. Says he's a Massachusetts man named Ben Taylor."

Could this be the sturdy, fearless boy who had refused to escape from Libby and leave his brother

behind? Scott stared incredulously. But it was he. Harvey had died in Andersonville. The escaped prisoner could not tell how long he had been dodging and hiding; there were marks of dogs' teeth and running sores on his wasted limbs. When Scott had taken him to camp the men listened with horror and mounting fury to his story of the prison stockade.

"They cleared away all the trees inside the pen," he said, "or we could ha' built us huts. There was plenty of wood in the swamp, and the guards used to bring in some, till they shut down on that, and then we didn't have any way to cook our rations. There was a brook of clear water fifteen feet wide and three deep within rifle-shot of the stockade, but all we had to drink was that p'ison swamp water. Harve and me and two other fellers dug us a little hole for shelter, usin' our hands and a piece o' tin. Some went blind from the glare o' the sun. Our rations were issued raw one day and cooked the next. Some made a kind of sour beer, soakin' corn meal and lettin' it ferment. That helped the scurvy a little. The hospital was the worst——"

A gangling Illinois man, sick and savage at the hospital story, swore that he would burn that pest-hole if he ever had a chance. There was a growl of assent. But Ben Taylor shook his head, wearily.

"No use tryin' that. After Stoneman's raid they went to work and fortified it in such a way that if batteries were to fire on it, nine shots out o' ten would fall among the prisoners. If it came to a siege they'd jest take the prisoners' rations for the garrison and let 'em starve. It'll go on that way till the end of the war."

"Then, by the Eternal, we'll end this war as quick

as the Lord'll let us!" came a deep voice from the shadows. Another bitter murmur ran round the circle. These men were veteran campaigners, hard as nails, reckless and fearless. They were cutting a swath sixty miles wide through an unknown and hostile country because Sherman said "Come." Hearing of thirty thousand of their countrymen shelterless and starving, ringed by the merciless dead-line, they were not moved to compassion for the enemy or anything that was his.

Next morning, burning bridges made the river blood-red in the early sunshine. A private, glancing over his shoulder, remarked, "The General's been settin' the river on fire."

"Why not?" retorted another. "Ye can't find his match."

It was said that Sherman knew every soldier in his army. He was the most accessible and unassuming of men. Six feet tall, erect, bright-eyed, lean, he never seemed tired, and could sleep calmly by the roadside, on a bare floor or within cannon-range. His veteran war-horse Sam, a phenomenally fast walker, was as unconcerned under fire as the General himself. During the Atlanta campaign Sherman and Hooker were at table when a shell swept the crockery off it, scared the cook nearly out of his wits, but did not interrupt the conversation. No brigade commander had a smaller staff than Sherman's. The luxuries the foragers provided went into the camp-kettles and frying-pans of the rank and file, but not on the table of their commander. The men followed, obeyed and adored him, but they had no awe of him.

"Hi, Uncle Billy," shouted a bronzed, devil-may-care private as the General rode by, "Grant's waitin'

for us at Richmond, we got to leg it!" Sherman smiled grimly; he knew the need of haste better than any one else. An army of sixty thousand men cannot live indefinitely on the country. The troops could only be reprovisioned when they reached the sea, where he hoped Grant's supply ships would be waiting. In fact Grant was sending ship-loads of provisions, clothing, shoes, ammunition and everything else he could think of that might be wanted, to Savannah and Mobile, to be ready for Sherman wherever he should reappear. Meanwhile the lost army was making fifteen miles a day almost without opposition. In all that region, hardly a white man was left who could shoulder a musket.

The negroes flocked to watch the long blue columns, by day under the brilliant sun, by night when the rifles of the marching ranks glittered in the flare of pine-knot torches. Able-bodied freedmen were allowed to go with the army if they wished, but the troops could not be encumbered with women, children or old folk. One evening an old negro stepped out of a group of curious plantation hands, peered sharply into Scott's face and asked,

"Ain't this Marse Bob?"

"Why, who—is that you, Uncle Hanover? What you doing away down here?"

"De Saville place ain't but about five miles f'om yere, marsa. I's pow'ful pestered in my mine 'bout my young mistis—Miss Sophie. She's mos' a grown 'ooman now, en this ain't no place fu' huh."

"Is she there?"

"She done rid back las' night ter git some things Miss Julia wanted. She dar all by huhse'f, en I don' like it, I tell you, Marse Bob, *I don't.*"

Scott recognized the confidence of the slave in the white man's power to solve any problem. He did not like the situation either.

"All right, Uncle, if you'll show me the way I'll ride over there and see if I can't persuade her to go to some safer place. Wait here for me."

He was back within a half hour, and he and the old negro rode into the velvet dark of the still night.

When after traversing miles of pine barrens and deserted fields they came in sight of the house, it was blazing with lights and resounding with hilarious voices. Leaving old Hanover with the horses the young man approached cautiously, and saw through a window a crowd of riotous "bummers" at supper in the dining-room. Where was Sophie?

He stole softly round the house, whistling now and then, a quaint old tune. All the upper windows were dark. He tried the stables, then the barns. At last, from a little loft came an answering, quavering whistle. In the light of a match he saw a white face at a window. A moment later a small figure crept out of the door.

"Oh, Bob, is that you?"

"Nobody else, child. You'd better come right along with Hanover and me. Where are your folks?"

"In town. We are going to Savannah to-morrow. I came back for grandmamma's silver and some cl-ot'es, and those horrid men in there found me, and chased me. They're all dr-unk."

She was shaking from head to foot. Scott took the bundle she carried out of her hand, gave it to Hanover, and lifted her up behind him. It was nearly midnight before he left her at her cousin's house some

ten miles away, and rode back to camp. The last words she said to him were:

"Bob, I was just ready to *die* when I heard you whistling 'The Ploughboy in Luck.' "

But not until she was in Savannah, and saw the Federal troops marching into the city, did she understand that her peril and her rescue were only incidental to the audacious, ruthless, amazing piece of military strategy to be known through history as Sherman's march to the sea. The Lost Army had done what it set out to do; the Confederacy was split in halves.

THE REACTION

The war is done—
This we say hopefully,
From the long terror free,
Unthinking that the late
Fury of grief and hate
Has left its torturing scars,
That the red planet Mars
Yet circles in the sky.
We may know by and by
The war is just begun.

This is the strife—
Not the fierce battle stress,
But the long loneliness;
Not the swift slaying breath
Of cannon, but the death
Of the crushed souls that crave
The quiet of the grave,
The crippled and bereft,
The wrecks that war has left.
This war is just begun.

War is not done
When we say carelessly
That war no more shall be.
While for the sake of gold
Old lies are freely told,
By men perverted, cowed
In terror of the crowd,
So long we still must fight
For faith, and truth, and right—
The war is just begun.

XVIII

TWO STRONG MEN

THROUGH the spring night, the gun-carriages went rumbling down to the bridge across the James River. It was the night of April 2, 1865, and all Richmond was awake. Rupert Walton, weary and begrimed, looked back from the last cannon of all to the dreadful crimson sky, and wondered what would be the end.

The troops of the Confederacy were abandoning their capital. By order of the War Department, four large tobacco warehouses had been set afire. Barrels of liquor were broken and poured into the gutters. Lawless crowds were dipping it up and drinking, and pillaging wherever they could. In the freight depot of the Danville Railroad near the bridge, a lone Irish-woman with a wheelbarrow was taking away bales of blankets. The building was crammed with army supplies that had run the blockade. A blazing canal-boat floated down the river. Some one said that they were blowing up Admiral Semmes' gun-boats at Drury's Bluff. About three in the morning a magazine of explosives near the almshouse exploded with a frightful crash. The whole river front seemed to be aflame.

Rupert was eighteen now, and looked twenty-five. Geoff and Frank were with Lee and he had not seen them for months. That morning he was at old St. Paul's Church, when Colonel Taylorwood came in

with a telegram for President Davis, who arose and went out. There was a minute of absolute silence. Everybody knew that the news could not be good. Dr. Minnegerode, before dismissing the congregation, read a notice that the local forces were to assemble at three that afternoon.

Yet Lee had not surrendered, and the men of his army still had not lost hope. But Lee was at his last resources. Wilmington—the only port open to blockade runners—was sealed by the fall of Fort Fisher. In 1864 the country had been combed over for copper stills to cut into percussion caps, and there was no more copper. Coffee, tea, sugar, bread and meat were beginning to seem like prehistoric myths. The railroads the Yankees were destroying were all that Lee's army had to depend on, for supplies.

Rupert's battery made twenty-four miles that day, and bivouacked in pine woods near Tomahawk Church. At sundown next day the troops neared Amelia Court House. The rations that should have been there had by mistake gone to Richmond and been burned. Sheridan was said to be somewhere near Jetersville, but no one really knew.

Near Burkesville, Rupert, half asleep on a night march, heard firing ahead, but no enemy appeared. The disgusted gunners learned that a runaway black horse, tearing down the road with a fence rail fastened to his bridle, had startled the men into firing on one another.

"I don't reckon that was a hoss at all," growled a muddy cannoneer. "Ain't no hoss in this-yere army got the strenk to run away. Might o' been a ghost of a hoss; ain't much difference."

In fact when a cannon was mired, the officer haul-

ing it out had to resort to man power. Yet what was left of Lee's army got across the Appomattox and hoped to reach Lynchburg and the mountain retreats of the Blue Ridge.

"Once get in there," said Alexander, a young officer of artillery, "and they never can take us in the world—we'd go to cover like partridges."

"We've been saving ammunition for a year," said Rupert stoutly, "we didn't save it to surrender."

"If each man had orders to rally on the Governor of his State," said Alexander thoughtfully, "the different states might make some sort of terms that would save us from trials for treason, or confiscation. We ought to keep our record clean."

"They say," said an older officer who had been listening silently, "that Grant has demanded surrender."

"The men who have been fighting under Marse Robert four years," said Alexander, "have a right to ask one favor of him."

"What's that?" asked the older man.

"To spare us the mortification of having Grant inform us that he has no terms to offer us. That's what Buckner got at Fort Donelson and Pemberton at Vicksburg, when they asked for terms. If old 'Unconditional Surrender' wants us let him come and get us."

On April 7 Grant sent a note to Lee suggesting that surrender would save useless slaughter. Lee replied within an hour that though he did not think resistance hopeless he also wished to avoid further bloodshed, and asked for terms. On the following day came a note from Grant expressing a desire for peace, and making but one condition. This was that the officers

and men surrendering should not again take up arms against the United States Government until exchanged. He asked Lee to suggest a time and place of meeting, to arrange terms.

Lee replied that while he could not then agree to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia he would be glad to meet Grant at ten in the morning on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies, to discuss terms tending to restore peace. Grant's answer was that while he had no authority to treat on the subject of peace he was as anxious for it as Lee could be, and so, he believed, was the North. That afternoon the Confederates neared Appomattox Court House. Two miles beyond it, the road joined one on which Sheridan was advancing. Lee was heard to say, "I am going to strike that man a blow in the morning."

He was up early in the morning, and sent a messenger to Gordon, who with Fitzhugh Lee commanded the advance, to see what the situation was. That commander replied:

"Tell General Lee I have fought my troops to a frazzle. I fear I can do nothing unless heavily supported by Longstreet."

Now, for the first time Lee lost hope. "There is nothing left me," he said, "but to go and see General Grant. I would rather die a thousand deaths."

The officers about him protested passionately. "What will history say," asked one, "of the surrender of the army in the field?"

"They will say hard things of us," answered Lee sadly. "They will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers. But that is not the question, Colonel. The question is, is it right to surrender

this army? If it is right—then I will take all the responsibility.”

Rupert Walton, sitting on a log not long after sunrise on April 9, breakfastless and anxious, saw young Alexander approach the General. He saw Lee sit down on a fallen oak and take out a map. The conversation was a long one. Rupert did not hear what it was about until some time later. Alexander assured Lee that the temper of the men was not for surrender, and they would try to cut their way out if Lee would order it. He laid his own plan before the General, who listened patiently. Then he said,

“If I should take your advice, how many men do you suppose would get away?”

Alexander expressed the belief that two-thirds of them would. Lee gently and gravely explained that as a Christian man no officer ought to consider the matter as affecting himself, but only as it would affect the country. The dispersed troops would have no rations and be under no control. Pursuing them the enemy's cavalry would overrun the South and demoralize the country for years. “You young fellows,” he added, “might go to bushwhacking, but the only dignified course for me would be to go to General Grant and surrender myself and take the consequences of my acts.” After a pause he added, “I can tell you one thing for your comfort. Grant will not demand an unconditional surrender. He will give us as good terms as this army has any right to expect. I am going to meet him at ten o'clock and surrender the army, on the condition of not fighting again till exchanged.”

Alexander was silent. Lee had met his suggestion on a loftier plane than he expected.

At half past eight Lee came out in full uniform, with sword and sash, embroidered belt, high boots and gold spurs, and riding to the rear, wrote to Grant asking an interview. He was just finishing it when a one-armed officer, riding like the wind, came with a message from Longstreet, and Lee exclaimed, "What is it? What is it?" Then pityingly he said, "Oh, why did you do it? You have killed your beautiful horse!"

The rider was Colonel Haskell of Longstreet's artillery, sent to inform Lee that a road had been found by which the army could escape. It seemed incredible and in fact was a mistake; and Lee sent his note to Grant. Meanwhile Sheridan's cavalry moved aside, after delaying the Confederate advance to allow the infantry to come up. A solid phalanx with bayonets glittering in the sun confronted the exhausted Army of Northern Virginia. A flag of truce appeared. It became known that Grant and Lee were to confer over terms of surrender.

Lee and Longstreet sat together on a pile of fence rails in an apple orchard. They talked but little. When Colonel Babcock appeared with Grant's message Longstreet said,

"General, unless he offers us honorable terms come back, and let's fight it out."

Grant's note said that he was pushing forward to meet Lee and that the place of meeting would be where that general chose. The brick house of Wilmer McLean at Appomattox Court House was selected. Lee had with him Colonel Marshall, his military secretary, and a courier to look after the horses. Grant brought his chief aide, Ely Parker. The interview lasted between two and three hours,

without disagreement as to terms. Grant submitted a note proposing that duplicate rolls of officers and men should be made, one held by an officer chosen by himself, the other by a man selected by Lee. Officers should give paroles and sign paroles for their men. Arms, artillery and public property should be surrendered, but not the side arms, private property or baggage of officers. Lee asked what was to be done about the horses ridden by the men and generally owned by them, and Grant agreed at once to allow all claims of horses as private property without question, so that the men might be able to work their farms. He also ordered his commissary to deliver to Lee twenty-five thousand rations. When the news was known some of the Federal camps fired salutes and the bands played national airs, but Grant ordered this to stop. The war was over.

As Lee rode through the lines on gray "Traveller," his men broke ranks and flocked around him, many with tears running down their faces. He could not move for the crowd. He halted and made almost his first speech to his army. He told them that he had made the best terms he could, and that their duty was to go home, plant crops, help to repair the damage the war had done, and be good citizens, as they had been good soldiers.

Rupert, heartsick and forlorn, wandered off as the crowd melted away, and encountered his cousin Geoff. The two caught a glimpse of Grant in a shabby, muddy uniform, riding away from the McLean house. They heard an idle comment from a blue-clad private on the contrast between Grant's plain suit with no sign of rank but the shoulder-straps, and the handsome uniforms of the Confederate officers. The boys grinned

in spite of their depression. They knew that many of their officers had no clothes except their best uniforms, saved and put on when all other baggage was abandoned. An old negro, holding a horse, was grumbling to himself,—“Marse McLean done move down yere f’om Manasses ’cuz dey fit all over he place, en now dey come ter Appomattox Cote House en ’bleege to take he house fu’ s’render! Dis-yer war sut’n’ly is cu’yous. You reckon hit’s ovah now, suh?”

“Yes, uncle,” said Rupert with a long sigh, “I reckon it is.”

DECORATION DAY

The stones are white above the graves
In the City of the Dead.
Beside them float the gallant flags,
And sacred words are said.

The violets and the lilacs bloom,
The bluebird sings to-day
As if the lad who loved them so
Were not so far away.

If I had seen him just once more,
Or had one penciled line,
I think I could be reconciled—
But not a word was mine.

“Missing” was all that they could tell—
My son will never lie
Beside his father, nor can hear
The regiment go by.

My flowers are scattered like the rest—
Ah, happy mothers, they
Who need not tend an empty grave
This Decoration Day!

XIX

THE LAST SHOT

THE Haynes children, very quiet and forlorn, huddled together in the upper hall window-seat in Cousin Betty's house in Richmond. Arthur was trying hard to be manly because Dora was a girl, and Dora was trying not to cry because she was a girl, and a rather small one at that. The big, echoing, solemn house was lonelier than the Vicksburg caves. They were there because Father was wounded and Mother had gone to take care of him.

"I wish Celia was here," said Dora wistfully. But Celia was with her father in Washington. "I wonder where her doll is. Cousin Betty says Celia didn't leave her here, but I *know* she did. Celia always told the trufe."

"A Yankee doll ought to be con-fis-cated," said Arthur, stumbling a little over the long word.

"Dolls ain't Yankees. This one was French. And Celia's nice; you know she is."

"She's a girl," said Arthur loftily. "I'd like to kill some Yankees before the war's over."

"You talk as if it was going to last till we grow up," commented Dora dolefully.

"Maybe it will. The South will *never* yield," declared Arthur.

But Dora was ready to cry herself to sleep when Aunt Cherry said it was bedtime. When she entered

her room, however, she saw something that made her forget the tears. On the bed, sitting bolt upright against the pillows, was a lovely blonde wax doll in a striped rose-colored silk dress and lace bonnet, holding a parasol of pink silk with silver fringe. Beside her were a tiny trunk and bag, and a box of toy dishes.

"Laws-ee!" said Aunt Cherry, the whites of her eyes showing, "ef dar ain' Miss Celia's doll-baby! We look en look fo' dat baby. I lay my soul she done hid en come out ter be comp'ny fo' you when she hearn you talkin'."

It really did seem as if Adrienne must be a fairy. Dora undressed the doll and went to sleep hugging her close.

A few nights later the children woke up with a jump. There was a noise of wagons and crowds in the street and the sky was full of a red glare. Cousin Betty came in and helped them dress, and told them part of Richmond was on fire, and they must be ready to go. As they came into the hall, Arthur lugging a carpet-bag, Dora holding Adrienne tight, they stared in surprise. The big wardrobe was pushed aside, a panel in the wall was open, and in the dark opening behind it stood a young man in a shabby blue uniform. Two others were in the hall.

"Mr. Kendrick," said Cousin Betty, "will you take care of the children? I cannot leave Mother, but if you can take them as far as Washington their cousin Celia will keep them till their parents come. Here's the address."

Corporal Kendrick looked at the card she gave him with an odd expression. He seemed to know all about Cousin Celia, which was very queer, when you came to think of it. His being there was just like a

story. There was a secret room behind the panel. He and two other Union soldiers who had been captured and got away were hiding there. He had discovered the doll, and when he heard Dora wishing for her and Cousin Betty saying she wished the child could have her, he slipped out and left her in Dora's room.

They were on the street near the State House when the United States flag went up. The Federal troops came marching in and went to work to put out the flames and keep the conflagration from spreading. A week later the children were in Washington, at the boarding-house where Celia and her father were staying until Captain Morgan was well enough to travel. They saw President Lincoln once—a tall, bearded man. He did not look like a tyrant, and his smile was very kind. Corporal Kendrick said that his father, Dr. Kendrick, knew Lincoln well.

Washington was full of important men. General Grant arrived on April 13, a plain, quiet soldier in a plain uniform. Arthur did not think him half as heroic looking as a strikingly handsome man who was coming out of the National Hotel just then, and whom Martin Kendrick pointed out as John Wilkes Booth, the actor. There was a family of Booths, all actors. Dr. Kendrick, who had just arrived, knew some of them. In "Macbeth," Wilkes Booth made a leap from the top of a rock to the stage, twelve feet below. That was not in the play, but he was an athlete and brought it in to show what he could do. Dr. Kendrick said it was "clap-trap," whatever that was, and that Edwin Booth was a better actor than his brother.

Strolling up Tenth Street they saw the actor again, sitting on the doorsill of John T. Ford's theater, read-

ing his letters. They heard Harry Ford say jokingly, "John, the President has the State box to-night, and is coming with General Grant. Maybe Lee will be there too."

"Never!" said Booth indignantly. "He will not let himself be paraded like a Roman captive."

"Of course not. I was only joking."

Booth pocketed his letters and went away. Dr. Kendrick stopped and thought a moment.

"Martin, why not get seats for the play to-night? It is Laura Keane in 'Our American Cousin,' and Miss Celia would enjoy it, if she can leave her father. Perhaps he could come with us."

"I think he might," said Martin, his face lighting up. He hoped his father would like Celia.

They bought their tickets, and even at that early hour had to wait for them. Arthur could see the theater employees preparing for the President's party. A silk flag was borrowed from the Treasury Department to be draped over the front of the box, with two other flags. There was a partition in the middle dividing the box into two, and this had to be knocked out, for so large a party. A sofa and high-backed chair were taken from the stage and carried up, and a rocking-chair covered with haircloth was set in the corner nearest the audience, for the President. Arthur heard one of the stage-hands say, "What do you think? When we was takin' out that partition just now Ned Spangler says, says he, 'Damn the President and General Grant!' 'What you damning him for?' I says, 'he never hurt you.' And he says, 'Well, he oughter be cursed when he got so many men killed.'"

Arthur could remember feeling in that way himself,

but somehow the feeling had gone. Dora was too little to be up so late, but Arthur heard with delight that he was to see the play. Captain Morgan did not feel like going, but told Celia she must not stay at home with him.

It was a hilarious audience that crowded into the brick theater that night of April 14, 1865. Most of them had read in the *Evening Star* of the distinguished party in the state box, but it seemed that General Grant and his wife had been called away and left the city at six o'clock. At half-past eight the President and Mrs. Lincoln, Major Henry Rathbone and his betrothed, Miss Harris, appeared in the box, and the orchestra played "Hail to the Chief!" The audience rose and cheered. The President bowed to them with a smile that showed how great was his relief that the long four years of struggle were ended. Usually, when the President occupied this box, the doors were locked, but that night, somehow or other, they were not. No one knew that the carpenter Spangler had bored a hole in one of the doors, through which the President's party could be seen.

Between the second and third acts Dr. Kendrick, who had been recognized by various friends in different parts of the house, went out in the lobby to see one of them and was detained. Harry Ford, just outside the theater, presently observed, "Here comes the handsomest man in Washington." As he went into the box office to count the money John Wilkes Booth came up to the window and said, "Hello, Harry. Big house to-night!"

"Yes, packed to the doors. You know the President is here—President Lincoln, of course," Ford added.

Booth took his cigar from his mouth and asked, "May I go in?"

"Why, of course; you always have the entrée to the theater, John," the manager answered carelessly. Booth laid his cigar on the window-ledge and declaimed in mock-heroic style,

"Whoe'er shall this cigar displace
Must meet John Wilkes Booth face to face!"

He sauntered into the theater, and a few minutes later a shot rang out. The play that night had a shot in it, but it was not supposed to come so soon. Ford opened the slit in the back of the office, which gave a view of the stage, and saw every one standing up and in confusion. He thought there had been an explosion and the theater was on fire. Taking the tin box of money he stepped out of the door, and was arrested on suspicion.

Those in the theater heard the pistol shot, and saw Major Rathbone grappling with a man in the President's box. The man slashed Rathbone's arm with a knife, and laying his right hand on the railing of the box leaped out upon the stage nine feet below. His spur, catching in the Treasury flag, tripped him so that he fell not on his feet but on his knee, breaking a bone in the left leg. Mrs. Lincoln screamed. Rathbone shouted, "Stop that man!" Harry Hawk, who was playing *Asa Trenchard*, had just dubbed some one a "darned old sockdolaging man-trap!" and the audience was still laughing. Some supposed the shot to be a part of the play. The assassin shouted "Sic semper tyrannis!" and vanished through the left-hand stage entrance. A lawyer named Stewart, occupying a

front seat of the orchestra, leaped on the stage and ran out into the alley, just in time to see the fugitive mount a horse and ride out F Street.

The theater was in dire confusion. Men fought their way through the excited crowd; the cooler heads quieted the panic. Martin Kendrick and two other soldiers got Celia and little Arthur between them, and as they emerged on the street saw a house over the way ablaze with lights. The President had been taken there. Dr. Kendrick joined them and said that an attempt had also been made on the life of Secretary Seward. There was said to be a conspiracy to assassinate the chief men of the Government.

On their way home they passed a printing office all lighted up, and saw the printer, a small dark man, setting up the type for a handbill offering a reward for the capture of Booth. Within twelve hours they heard that Lincoln was dead.

The last shot was fired.

THE DEAF

If we could hear the voice of Lincoln saying,
 "Nothing is settled till it's settled right—"
Would it have power to hold our thought from straying
 And lead us towards the light?

If he should stand among us, grave and tender,
 And say, "God must have loved the common men,"
Should we take note of laborer, plowman, vender,
 Servant and craftsman then?

If Lincoln moved among us as they knew him
 In that dread spring of eighteen sixty-five,
Should we give him the homage that was due him
 When he was yet alive?

None are so deaf as those who will not listen—
 Old is the saying, commonplace and true.
And what are we, that we should boldly christen
 Our day, not theirs, as new?

XX

THE TRAIL OF THE SEA-SERPENT

ON a turfey slope as green as any in Ireland, not far from Dingle Bay, sat Una Callahan tending a baby. It was late in the long spring afternoon, and the children, tired of play, were gathering around Thady the cripple and teasing for a story. Thady had a fund of stories out of the books and magazines he borrowed where he could, the sailors' yarns he heard in the seaport, and perhaps his own head. At any rate he was never without a tale to tell, though for all that he would not always tell one for the asking. A thing that can be had with no trouble might as well be thrown away, said Thady.

However, this day he was in a good humor. He told about the serpent that Saint Patrick found hiding in the iron chest with nine bolts on it, and how the serpent said he would come out to-morrow, and the chest was thrown into the sea. And there lies the old serpent to this day, asking "Is it to-morrow yet? Is it to-morrow yet?" because at the bottom of the ocean day and night, and winter and summer, are the same entirely. The children looked out across the waves rather solemnly. The tale had been so real that they almost expected to hear the question.

"Maybe the boults has rusted off and he's got away," suggested Denny Fahey. "Me uncle knows a man that wint to Ameriky and says there is say-



“‘AND THERE LIES THE SERPENT TO THIS DAY.’”

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sarpents off that coast. Would it be the ould snake and his childer, Thady?"

"It might be," agreed Thady solemnly. "There's many a quare thing in the say."

They knew that well enough, these sea-children. Over to the north, by Dunmow head, hadn't a mermaid come ashore, and while she sat combing her long sea-green hair with the gold lights in it, hadn't a Tralee man happened along and stolen the little diving-cap without which the sea-people cannot live under water—and then married her like a good Christian man as he was? When Una was little she was sure she saw the merrows, the sea-folk, frolicking in the waves, and the Leprechaun's red cap and waistcoat whisking round the furze-bushes.

But Thady, sitting cross-legged with his crutch for a sceptre, was embarked on another tale, one that she had not heard. It might be one of Dan Reilly's stories. Dan had been to America, and seen many things, that seemed like wonders in the sleepy little Kerry town by the sea. Most of the houses had stone balconies, and Spanish ships used to come and trade here in far-away times for Irish wool and tanned hides, butter, salt beef and salmon. Una had not much idea of history. For all she knew, the Spanish galleon whose bones stood up from the sands might have brought the mermaid ashore. But Thady's tale was neither of galleons nor mermaidens.

"She was the biggest ship that iver floated on blue water," he said wagging a wise forefinger. "She was sivin hunder feet long and a hunder feet wide, and her hull wud overtop the parish church. She was dhressed in armor made iv ten thousand thousand iron plates, and her engines were stronger than eliven thou-

sand horses. The whole iv County Kerry cud have sailed in her, begad, and danced jigs on her decks."

Thady's last statement was stretching the truth, but when you are describing the *Great Eastern*, the largest ship afloat in the year of our Lord 1865, to children who have never seen a big ship at all, something has to be done to make them understand.

"There was a gr-reat man in Ameriky named Cyrus Field," he said, "that had more money than he cud use and near wint mad wid wondering how he w'u'd kape it from robbers. At last he says, 'I have it! I'll cast me treasure into the say and the say-sarpint shall be guardian of that same,' says he. 'I'll fetter him to the flure of the ocean wid bolts forged av the lightnin' and a net of copper threads thousands iv miles long, and the head av him will be in Newfoundland,' he says, 'and the other ind av him in Valentia Bay, for he's a double-headed monster,' says he. 'And whin I pinch the one ind av him,' says he, 'the other ind will bark, and he'll be the eighth wonder iv the wur-r-ld!'

"Thin he bought a ship and set about fetterin' the sea-snake to the flure av the North Atlantic. But the ould Satan didn't want to be chained down, bedad, and ivry toime they had him they missed him. Thin a bit of a gossoon from County Clare" (Thady's father was a Clare man) "kem along and he out wid his pipes and played a charm tune that the Good People taught him when they caught him sleepin' on the rath all alone. So at last he blandandhered the ould snake aboard the *Great Eastern*, the big ship I was afther tellin' ye of, and into a cask they had ready, and the wan ind av him's fast to a rock in Newfoundland, and fut by fut they're payin' out the length av

him like a coil o' rope till he'll be comin' into Valentia Bay. And sure whin his master, Mither Field, has got his treasure at the bottom of the say there'll be no wan layin' a finger on it and the serpent not ringin' the alar-m!"

The children, half believing, half wondering, went away home, and Thady limped along beside Una and little Pat.

"Was that story true, Thady?" asked the girl.

"Yis, child, yis. Only it's the Atlantic Telegraph they'll be callin' it, and the snake aboard the *Great Eastern* is a thousan' mile long."

Dan Reilly was a sailor on the ship that carried Cyrus Field to Newfoundland ten years ago, when it was planned that a telegraph should run to St. John's, connecting with the fastest line of ocean steamers. To join Newfoundland to the mainland, a cable had to be laid across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Cyrus Field was a retired merchant in New York with an interest in this enterprise. Sitting in his library in his city home, turning the globe thoughtfully about, he said to himself, "If a cable can be laid across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, why not across the Atlantic?"

The idea took people's breath away. Engineers laughed at it. Electricians declared that an electric current would not last half the distance. Robert Stephenson, inventor of the locomotive, was unbelieving. Faraday, the great electrician, thought there might be something in the plan. Mr. Field persuaded Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor and other rich Americans to invest in his scheme, and himself subscribed more than one fourth of the capital needed. In 1857 he made his first attempt.

When the cable had been paid out about a hundred

miles from the Irish coast, it broke. The next year another trial was made. The *Niagara* of the United States Navy and the *Agamemnon* of the British Navy, each carrying a part of the cable, met in mid-ocean and spliced the two ends, but they parted almost at once. The thing was tried again, and at last the cable was really laid. The first message sent over it was "England and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and goodwill toward men." But hardly three weeks after this the cable again ceased to work, and then the war in America ended the enterprise for the time. Dan Reilly, however, always believed it would be taken up again. He had faith in Cyrus Field.

Sure enough, in 1864, the capital for a new attempt was found. Another cable was made. The *Great Eastern* was fitted up. Dan Reilly had been telling Thady about the preparations because he was so full of them he must tell somebody. And the point at which the cable would touch the Irish coast was Valentia Bay, within sight of their own home!

One day a young American, brown-haired and blue-eyed and self-possessed, appeared in the little town, and he could answer all of Thady's questions which Dan could not, for he was a telegrapher. His name was Robert Scott, and though he was so young he had been with the Northern army in the great war. He gave Thady a bit of rope a little over an inch thick, which had actually been cut off the end of the cable. Seven copper wires clustered in the center. Around them was an inner covering of brown gutta-percha. Outside this was a covering of Manila hemp interwoven with ten galvanized iron wires and saturated with tar. The shore-end of the cable was thicker than

the rest. After it was laid, by a small steamer, from Valentia to a point twenty-eight miles out at sea, the sea-end was buoyed and left to await the arrival of the *Great Eastern* with the main cable aboard her.

The hold of the huge ship was fitted with three great iron tanks. In the main or middle tank were coiled eight hundred and sixty-four miles of cable; in the fore tank six hundred and seventy miles; in the after tank eight hundred and thirty-nine miles—in all, two thousand, three hundred and seventy-four miles of cable.

Thady knew from something he had read that there were parts of the ocean five or six miles deep, and one of the matters that puzzled him was, how they knew where to lay the cable and how long to make it. The young telegrapher said that ships had been sent out to take soundings. A level part of the bottom had been found between Ireland and Newfoundland, which the surveyors called the "telegraphic plateau," because it seemed to have been waiting since creation for the ocean telegraph.

Dan knew just how the "paying out" of the cable would be managed. He had been one of the men to do it on a previous voyage. Twenty men were stationed in the tank, in canvas suits and boots without nails, to ease the coil out of the tank, and give notice of the marks painted on the cable, one mile apart. It ran over a grooved wheel and along an iron trough to the "paying out machine" on deck, where it passed over six grooved wheels, each with a smaller wheel above to hold it in place. Then it wound four times around a drum, four feet across, then over another grooved wheel, then over the "dynamometer wheel" which showed the exact degree of strain upon it, and

then it passed over still another grooved wheel into the sea.

On that summer day in July when the *Great Eastern* arrived, Thady actually saw her. He and Una were out in a fishing-boat with Dan Reilly and Robert Scott. Soon the main cable was joined to the shore end already laid, and the great ship started across the Atlantic for Newfoundland.

During the time that the American spent in the little fishing village he had become interested in Thady and Una, and to them he seemed like a being from another world. He had never imagined people as poor as were these fishing-folk. Dan Reilly told him that Thady's father was dead, and the boy got his living by such odd jobs as he could do and by his stories and songs. He had picked up, no one knew how, some knowledge of telegraphy. Una's mother, herself a poor woman, gave him shelter and a bit of oat-cake and potato and milk. Had he no relatives? Well, there was an uncle in America, but nobody knew where; his name was Pat McCormick. It would be like looking for one herring in the ocean to look for him.

Robert Scott went back to America. A little while after came a newspaper for Thady. A proud boy he was, as he read aloud to the villagers the account of the further history of the cable-laying expedition.

On the third day after the shore end of the cable was spliced to the main length, the ship reached a place where the bottom suddenly shelved off from a depth of two hundred and ten fathoms, to over two thousand. Here an earlier cable had broken and been lost. But this one traveled safely over the wheels. On July 17, in a heavy rain, the gong struck

by the electrician told everybody on board that the insulation was somehow interfered with. This was shown by the galvanometer. On investigation it was found that there was a knot in the cable as it lay in the trough. It must either be cut or untied. The old sailors tried the latter. It took some hours, but they succeeded. On July 27, 1866, the end of the *Great Eastern's* cable was attached to the shore end already laid off Newfoundland.

Then the leaders of the expedition determined on another undertaking—to fish up the third cable laid a year before and broken in mid-ocean. The great ship was fitted with apparatus designed for grappling, and proceeded to the point where the break had occurred. Twice they tried, found and seized the cable, brought it almost to the surface and lost it. The third time they got it. It was joined to the cable on board, and the ship went back to Newfoundland, paying out the line as she went. A second cable line now ran from Valentia to America.

Before starting for Newfoundland the ship sent a message over the broken cable to Valentia to see whether the line was all right between the ship and the Irish shore. If anything had happened to it during its year under water the labor of fishing it up would have been lost. The sleepy telegraph operator in the Valentia signal-house did not understand the first signal. Then came a second. The operator awoke to the fact that he was getting a telegraphic message from a ship in the middle of the Atlantic.

When Thady heard that the men on the *Great Eastern* had recovered a broken cable lost where the sea was two miles deep, and sent a message to Valentia over that cable, he felt as if Aladdin's genie had

walked into the familiar streets. But something still more extraordinary, in some ways, was to happen. Robert Scott had traced Thady's uncle, Patrick McCormick, to Chicago, and found that he was working on the railway. Then he sent out a general query to the operators he knew to find out if anybody named Pat McCormick was working on the Union Pacific. A station agent at Omaha knew Pat and told him that he was wanted. Scott, in Chicago, sent an explanation over the wires, and big Pat McCormick, warm and generous, with his pay in his pocket after long lonely months of work, sent the price of a passage to Thady, his sister's son, and the Widow Callahan and her children, his old neighbors in Ireland. They all came out to Chicago in the great new country, over the trail of the sea-serpent. Thady became an expert telegrapher, and an American doctor cured his lameness, so that he hardly limped at all.

THE DEEP-SEA ROAD

There runs a road to Heart's Content,
It lies beneath the sea,
The deep-sea road from Newfoundland
To bind my love to me.

A hidden road, a fairy road,
It lies along the sands,
And all the sea-folk know my love,
And welcome his commands.

No storm can take his words from me,
They go so deep, so deep
They stir the great white dragon there
Out of his years of sleep.

O deep-sea road to Heart's Content,
White magic laid you there
To lift from troubled human hearts
The heaviest of their care,

For far may be the Newfoundland,
But what is that to me,
Since all across three thousand miles
My love can rule the sea?

XXI

THE TOTEM POLE

IT was Easter in Washington. Magnolias and forsythias and the great racemes of cup-like catalpa blossoms had burst into bloom over night. Old gardens of old houses, perched high on Capitol Hill, were reservoirs of fragrance. Washington is a city in which it is easy to feel at home, but one never expects to stay. Arthur and Dora Haynes were staying there, with some of the Walton relatives, until their father could establish some settled home in the wrecked and disorganized South. Dora spent most of her time in an old house where an old lady lived, surrounded by dim, beautiful mahogany furniture and paintings. One was of a lady in the dress of a hundred years ago, with a lace scarf of wonderful workmanship wound about her head and neck, and marvelous black eyes. Arthur had made friends with a boy in a near-by house whose name was Alexis Mikhailov. He was a Russian, and his father used to be a fur-trader in Russian America. They had a suite of rooms in one of the stately houses that had seen better days. Arthur was never tired of looking at the things in those rooms, when Dr. Mikhailov was out and Alexis took his friend into the big study.

There were closely woven, gayly colored blankets, and baskets made of bark, and horn spoons, and queer carved figures, and horrible wooden masks, all made

by the Indians. Dr. Mikhailov and his son owned magnificent fur coats for winter wear, and there were bear-skins, and otter skins, and deer-skins scattered about. Alexis had wonderful stories to tell of his life in that far-away country, somewhere near Sitka. But strangest of all the strange things was a huge colored wooden pillar, or statue, or monument, in one corner of the room. Alexis said it was a totem pole.

"In the house where we lived," said Alexis, "the chimney had steps inside, and when I was a little fellow and Father was out, one day, I heard something scrambling down in it. I was frightened and screamed. My nurse was an Indian woman, and she caught me up and went in the other room and shut the door. She knew it was wolves coming down the chimney. They had walked up on the snowdrifts to the roof. When Father came home we called to him through the window, and he shot the wolves. I have the skin of one on my bed here."

It was as much as Arthur could do to believe that. But his credulity was strained even worse when Alexis told him that Russian America, or Alaska as it was often called, would cover one-fifth of the United States if it was laid down there. In fact he did not believe it, quite, until Alexis cut the great peninsula out of an old map and put it down on the Mississippi Valley. It covered up almost all the Southern States.

Alexis proved that if you were to start from the very end of the Aleutian Islands and travel to Washington, you would only be about half way to the end of your journey when you reached San Francisco.

Another thing which seemed incredible was that although so far north Alaska was not so cold that people could not live there. Strawberries grew wild,

and humming-birds were seen, and the mosquitoes were plentier than they were in the Potomac Valley.

Up here on Capitol Hill it seemed like a foreign city. All the modern houses and new people were at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, and so were the Yankees. Arthur sometimes almost forgot about them. He saw Senators and Representatives going in and out of the Capitol, but the people on this street had nothing to do with them.

Dr. Mikhailov was a scientist, and sometimes hired a carriage and went on expeditions into the country around Washington. When he did, the boys usually went with him. Once they went up the Potomac to a place called High Island where the doctor said many rare plants grew. The island was not high at all, only a little above the river. A heavy rain came up suddenly while they were there, and they were all plastered with yellow mud when they got home. Another day they went out to Rock Creek. Arthur told his friend that the old church there was built in 1719 by the planters, of bricks imported from England, and that some of his own ancestors were buried there. But Alexis seemed more interested in finding out that an old brick house in Georgetown was the home of Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." Both he and his father seemed to have a great reverence for George Washington. Dora went with them once or twice, when her mother was at home, but she was more interested in picking pansy-violets than in looking at buildings. These violets are found hardly anywhere except near Washington. They are larger than ordinary violets, and the two upper petals are deep mauve and the other three lilac-color, rather like the old-fashioned Ladies' Delight.

It was on one of these occasions that Dora somehow wandered away and got lost. How it happened she could never tell, but when she had filled her little basket with the violets the boys were nowhere to be seen, nor was her mother, and she had not the least idea where she was. She was rather a timid little girl, and she was trying not to cry when a kindly voice asked her what the matter was. A tall old gentleman took her hand and kept her with him until he found the rest of her party. Neither she nor Arthur knew until Alexis told them, that the old gentleman was Senator Sumner of Massachusetts.

Alexis seemed to know all about Senator Sumner, and once he pointed out Secretary Seward to them, on the street. But it was not until nearly a year later that Arthur understood why Dr. Mikhailov was in Washington and how Secretary Seward and Senator Sumner came to be familiar names to Alexis. The United States was going to buy Alaska.

Secretary Seward was doing all he could to bring this about, but people generally thought it would be most foolish. One red-faced, hot-blooded man who came to see Dr. Mikhailov one day said that the country was getting to be like the Indian totem pole over there in the corner, a conglomeration of peoples and territories that did not belong together and could never make a nation. The pale, keen-eyed, dark-bearded Russian smiled and did not answer at once. At last he said,

"When you have lived more than half your life in a country where the individual is nothing and the government is everything, my friend, you may see that the joining of many tribes and totems is better than the destruction of any." The red-faced man had

been arguing that the States that had seceded ought not to be allowed to come back into the Union at all, but should be governed by the army, as conquered provinces.

Still, it did seem rather as if Alaska were too far off to be of any value to the country, even though the price would amount to only two cents an acre—\$7,200,000 in all. If it was covered with snow and ice, and inhabited by wild Indians, how could settlers ever hope to find homes there? Arthur, remembering some of the stories his cousin Celia had told about life on the plains, was inclined to think the United States had all the Indian country it could take care of, already.

Nevertheless, there was a fascination in that far-Northern land as Alexis described it. Arthur learned that the Emperor of Russia had offered to sell Alaska to the United States in 1854, during the Crimean War, for fear England might seize it. Then again during President Buchanan's administration there was talk of a purchase. It had belonged to Russia for sixty-seven years, and hardly anything had been done there except fur-trading. Dr. Mikhailov said that the country was rich in minerals. The name Alaska, he said, came from the Aleut word "Alakshak," which means "the great country" or the mainland. From the language of the Indians and their appearance, and some of their customs and traditions, he was inclined to think they came originally from Asia. Arthur had never heard anything like the odd clicking, guttural speech that Alexis and his father had learned of the Indians. Not less queer was Russian, with its strange alphabet that looked as if some of the letters were upside down, or lying on their sides. The

doctor said that when he went into the Yukon River country with pack-horses the Indians did not know what those animals were and called them by a phrase that meant "big dogs." He had nearly died in an avalanche among the mountains.

So the winter wore on, and one day in late March Dr. Mikhailov received a note that seemed to excite him intensely. Baron Stoeckl, the Russian minister, had spent a good part of the night with Secretary Seward talking over the matter and had finally signed the Alaskan treaty at four in the morning, March 30, 1867. This was a great step. Yet it did not settle the question, or anything like it, as Alexis explained. Congress had not ratified the treaty, and might refuse to do so.

An anxious week followed. Then Dr. Mikhailov came in one day and told both boys to come with him to the Capitol. Senator Sumner, one of the greatest of American orators, was going to make a speech in favor of the treaty. They would always be glad afterward that they had had the opportunity to hear it.

It was quite evident from what they heard said on the way to the Senate chamber that a good deal of fun had been made of the treaty by people who did not believe in it. Alaska was called the "American Siberia," "Zero Islands," "Polaris" and "Icebergia." The Russian doctor's eyes flashed and his thin nostrils dilated, but he did not stop to say anything.

Arthur did not expect to understand the speech or be much interested, but to his surprise he found himself listening as hard as any one else did. There is something magnetic about a great orator; even to those who can not understand all of his argument he

makes himself understood. Senator Sumner got into that speech more information about Alaska than most of his listeners had ever heard before. He spoke on April 9, and the treaty was ratified April 10.

One result of Arthur's acquaintance with Alexis was, that when Captain Haynes and his wife came back to Washington, Arthur told them about Alaska, and the wonderful resources of the Northwest, to such purpose that his father thought it might be wise to look into it himself. When he talked with Dr. Mikhailov he heard things about the mineral possibilities of the new territory that interested him. The outcome of it all was that when the Russian doctor and his son returned to Alaska that summer, Captain Haynes went with them—and took Arthur.

The formal transfer of Alaska to the United States took place at Sitka, October 18, 1867. General Lovell H. Rousseau represented the United States, and George Lovell Rousseau, his son, raised the Stars and Stripes after the Russian flag had been lowered by a Russian sailor. Prince Maksoutoff represented Russia, though the actual ceremony of transfer was performed by Captain Alexei Pestchourof.

Arthur found the wild coast quite as full of interest and adventure as he had expected. It was different from any place he had ever imagined—the salmon weirs, the game, the huge trees, the mountains, the Alpine glow on them, the skin-clad Indians. It was a land of wonders. "Alaska," said Dr. Mikhailov, "is a place where anything can happen." Hearing this an old Scotch trader solemnly told a story.

"There was a Scotsman came out some years ago," he said, "and settled in the Northwest, and some time later a cousin of his came out to visit him. The

morning after his arrival, d'ye ken, they went for a bit of a walk and a great gray beast came crashing through the thickets wi'oot the slightest warning. When the veesitor got his breath he said, 'For the Lord's sake, Jock, what was that?' 'Oh,' says Jock, 'that was a moose!' 'A moose!' says the puir loon, 'an' what like are the rats then?'

"I tell ye, ma friend, in a new country it's weel to be prepared for what comes, then ye're no like to be taken off yer guard."

Arthur's mother decided, however, that she could not endure life in the extreme frontier, however great its future might be, and the family finally pitched their tent—it was hardly more—in California. But some of the things Alexis and his father had said stuck in Arthur's mind. He privately determined that when he was old enough to seek his fortune, Alaska would be the place in which he should look for the pot of gold. The boys parted with considerable regret on both sides when Dr. Mikhailov returned to Europe for further study; and Alexis took from a small box a little lump of strange, heavy, yellow stuff and gave it to his friend with an air of profound secrecy.

"That's gold," he said. "It came from Alaska. When I'm a man I'll come back, and we'll look for it together. I know where I found that. You'll never tell?"

Arthur promised. Often and often he took out the tiny water-worn, gleaming ball of precious metal and wondered where it came from, but no one else, so far as he could hear, had found gold like that in Alaska.

THE OLD GODS

Deep in the heart of Wakonda's mountains,
Further than white men see or know,
There they run singing, the hidden fountains,
There they talk of the long ago.

"White men by hundreds of thousands are coming,
Crowding and swarming across the plains,
Scaring the grouse in the mountains drumming,
Driving the herds from the buffalo lanes.

"Do they not know the ancient saying—
Law unchanged of the Elder Day?
Whether in toil, or traffic, or slaying,
He who would take must always pay.

"They cut and burn the woods on the mountains,
They plant their grain on the plain below,
They shall suffer the wrath of the Gods of the Fountains,
Drought and famine their children shall know.

"They plunder the land, they destroy its traditions,
Wakonda's people are scattered afar.
The white men's gods are their fierce ambitions;
Who can be safe where the white men are?"

Far in the sky an eagle flying
Brought to the Old Gods the waters' plaint.
And Wakonda smiled. "Do they think I am dying?
Do they think my spirit is feeble and faint?

"I tell you, I who my people have treasured,
That I rule the Gods of this ancient land,
The white men's deeds I have weighed and measured.
They shall have a payment they understand!"

XXII

THE MEN WHO BRIDGED THE DESERT

“Then drill, me Paddies, drill,
Drill, me heroes, drill,
No sugar in your tay,
Workin’ on the U. P. R-a-i-l-w-a-y!”

TERRY wound up the verse with a flourish nobody but himself could have got out of that antiquated guitar. For that matter neither he nor the other men of Irish birth in the construction gang would have allowed anybody else to talk about “Paddies” when they were around. But Terry Donovan could do things that would have got another man a smashed nose for his impudence.

The gang had halted for the night somewhere in the Platte Valley; none of them but the surveyors knew or cared exactly where. General Grenville Dodge was building the Union Pacific Railway.

Thousands of ex-soldiers, many of whom had served under him in the Department of the Missouri, flocked westward to work on the great road. It had a military aspect from the first, for a transcontinental railroad was regarded as the only means of solving the Indian problem and also at the same time keeping an eye on the Mormon settlements, now growing into something like a nation under the astute government of Brigham Young. The construction camps were like bivouacs. The men marched at the tap of the

drum and wasted no motion. The advance guard went ahead to locate the road. Then followed a second line to cut through gorges, grade the road and build bridges. Then came the main line of the army of workers, perfecting the alignment, ballasting the rails and building the road. The bases of this transportation army were at Omaha, Chicago and the East, where its finances were controlled. Along the line of the completed track the construction trains pushed ever further and further into the wilds.

From the western end of the route, the Central Pacific was building eastward from California, using Chinese coolie labor. Among the Union Pacific gangs were Irish navvies, some of them so green that they had not got the bog dirt of old Ireland off their brogues or its language off their tongues. The Central Pacific had to bring iron, machinery and similar supplies by sea, around Cape Horn or across the Isthmus of Darien, but for wood it had all the forests of the Sierra Nevada. The Union Pacific had to bring everything overland from its Eastern terminal; it had scarcely any timber for trestle and shed work but the unserviceable cottonwood of the Platte. Both roads wanted control of the traffic of the Salt Lake Valley. If the surveyors made no blunder they would meet, somewhere in the middle of the continent.

Ben Taylor had been glad to get home, and spend a summer working on the farm when the war was over. But farming was not what it had been; it was lonesome without Harvey; and since Rebecca and her husband came back from Ohio to live with the old folks, Ben was not really needed. He could remember his father's reading about the railroad conventions of 1849, and Asa Whitney's great project for linking

Atlantic and Pacific States by a transcontinental line, selling homestead farms all along the right of way. In 1853, again, Sumner sent Boston as a Fourth of July toast, "The railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific," declaring that its completion would be only second, in the history of human progress, to the Declaration of Independence. To those of the neighbors who were inclined to be skeptical when Congress passed an Act incorporating the Union Pacific in 1862, Ben told stories of railroad-building and bridge-building in the army. "Our troops built a hundred and eighty-two bridges on the Nashville-Decatur line," he said with the old atlas open on the kitchen table, "and if General Dodge takes hold of this he'll put it through." Some of his listeners had never really understood how great was the territory of the Southern States until Ben showed them, by the scale of miles. Maps are very nearly useless to people without imagination.

Aunt Rachel had always known, she said, that Ben wouldn't be contented to stay on the farm forever. She only hoped he would come home safe. This railroad would run through a hostile Indian country.

When Ben reached the construction camp he found there some familiar faces. Paul Randolph was out as a surveyor; Terry Donovan, Spike Tallant, a Swede named Johnson who had been in the Navy, some Germans from Sigel's army, a New Hampshire man named Allen, a big, good-natured Irishman called Pat—Pat McCormick on the pay-roll—all these Ben had encountered in the varying chances of the army and the military prison. It was the brag of Ben's division that it could arm a thousand old soldiers at the word of command, and furnish experienced officers of all

grades from a general down. General Dodge himself was coming over the line, and it happened that Ben was one of the twenty men on the General's train when it neared Plum Creek, about two hundred miles west of the Missouri. As the engine slowed into the station the telegraph operator sent a message into the car of General Dodge. The men on the platform seemed to be in a state of excitement.

"Indians attacking a freight-train on the track ahead of us," said a long-faced Michigan man, coming in from the platform. "They got the crew and are burning the cars. The next station telegraphed back to us to stop the General's train. Looks like he meant to go on and fight 'em."

There was no confusion, only prompt action. The construction men formed in line on the platform, showing to the experienced eye of the General that they were soldiers. The train ran on slowly until the burning freight-cars could be seen. Then the order was given, "Deploy as skirmishers." The Indians, taken by surprise, were driven off, the crew rescued. General Dodge afterward said that his men went forward as steadily and in as good order as he had seen some of them climbing the face of Kenesaw Mountain under fire. The little incident pleased him. It showed what stuff his construction army was made of.

The road was graded a hundred miles in advance. Ties were laid roughly in place, adjusted, gauged and leveled; then came scientific track laying. A light car drawn by a horse at full gallop, at the end of sixty feet of rope, and ridden by a young daredevil, brought its load of rails to the front. Instantly two men seized the end of a rail and went forward, others of the same gang taking hold in pairs until the rail was

off the car. The men went forward at a run till word was given to drop the rail in its place or by the road. The same thing was done at the other side of the car. Each gang took no more than thirty seconds to the rail, and four rails to the minute were handled. The moment the car was empty it was tipped off beside the track to let the next load go by, then tilted back and sent for another load. After the rails were laid, came the gaugers, spikers, and bolters—three strokes to a spike, ten spikes to a rail, four hundred rails to the mile—and it was eighteen hundred miles to San Francisco.

In the train of long box cars, first to arrive on the ground, the men slept and ate—hammocks were swung under the cars, beds spread on top of them, bunks built inside of them. After these arrived the cars loaded with ties, rails and spikes. As the railway grew it created Benton, a great terminus town such as only a railroad can conjure up, six hundred and ninety-eight miles beyond Omaha in the midst of bare desert. Here is the description Ben wrote to his mother:

“Dear Ma: I am writing this in Benton which you will not find on the map and you never saw anything anywhere near like it. There is a place looks as if you had filled a basin with lye and sand and let it dry till it was like hard soap. In the middle of this place a city of 3,000 people has come up in just about 2 weeks. They have a Mayor, Alderman, Daily Paper, Health Ordinances and all the modern imps., including a Big Tent which is a gambling-house. Terry & I went in to see what it was like and we were some surprised. On the right side was a bar furnished with cut glass goblets and big mirrors and

decanter and all as handsome as in a City. At the back an open space for dancing and a full band on duty day & night on a platform. The rest of the room was full of tables for monte, faro, rondo coolo, fortune wheels & so on, with 3 or 4 hundred men playing there in the evening.

"Ready made houses are sent out in batches with fronts of red brick, brown or gray stone or stucco, all made of wood in Chicago. Two boys with screw drivers can put up a house in about 3 hours with plain sides and 20 X 20 tent, it costs about \$300 and you can take it down and move it along when you go.

"The outskirts of the town are banks of a kind of dirty white lime & a man said the Easterners in their black clothes look like cockroaches in a flour barrel. I don't suppose you ever saw any thing of that kind mother, but he was about right."

Within ten months Benton had vanished altogether, but in the meantime places like Kearney and Cheyenne, along the route, had secured their start.

Ben had just finished his letter to his mother when he noticed a little group of rough fellows not far away who seemed to be teasing something or some one. As he came nearer he saw that they were talking to a young girl, not more than sixteen years old, in a scarlet Garibaldi blouse and dark blue skirt, a little jockey cap with a scarlet quill set neatly on her fair hair. Clinging to her were a fashionably dressed little boy and girl, and she was trying to reassure them.

Ben shouldered his way into the group.

"Let this lady alone!" he said with a dangerous glint in his eye. Three or four more of the railroad men were coming up. The louts hesitated an instant and then dispersed.

"Thank you, sir," said the girl gently.

"I'll take you home if you'll tell me where you live," said Ben rather abashed. He had not seen a girl like this for a long time; he had seen no women at all for months.

"Thank you," she said again. "It's not far. My lady had a headache, and I was taking the children for a walk when they stopped me."

Ben wondered if she could be American, and who she was.

"You don't live in this country, do you?" he asked.

"The children's home is in Chicago; their father is interested in the railroad, and he brought us all out here to see it."

"Emmy says," put in the small boy, "'at this is a fairy town 'at grew up in a night. 'E railroad's 'e giant that built it. We can't see him 'cause he works when we're asleep—like 'e genie in 'Aladdin.'"

The young girl blushed and laughed. "I told them fairy stories to keep them happy on the train; they were so tired."

So her name was Emmy, and she told fairy tales. Her blue eyes had a sort of sparkle, as if she knew of things that other people couldn't believe.

"You're not an American?" Ben asked.

"Oh, yes, I'm American now. Father and Mother came from Norway when I was a little baby, and we had a farm on the prairie. (She said "prairie" as if she loved it.) "But Father was killed in the war, and Mother was lost in the snow one night coming home from town, so that we children had to go to the Orphans' Home. When the boys are big enough we shall live all together again. This is the place where we are staying. Good-bye, and thank you, sir."

Ben managed to see her again before he lost trace of her, and found out that her name was Emmy Petersen. She had a brother Axel who was working in Chicago. Ben told her that she would know when the railroad was done because word was to be telegraphed to all the big cities. When it was done and he was free he was coming to see her. She looked a little surprised, but did not forbid him to come.

Ben thought more or less of the girl, on the long, lonely desert trail. She was so pretty and quiet and plucky, and she was a soldier's daughter. He liked her simple dress much better than the furbelowed and flounced and pleated and ruffled dresses of the ladies who came out with the directors of the road later on. Their hats were tipped over their noses, and they wore plaits and frizzes of false hair that they seemed to buy by the bushel. Emmy's yellow braids under her simple cap were all her own, he knew, for once the children pulled them down on her shoulders.

As the two roads came nearer the meeting-place the excitement grew. When the Chinese trotted down the mountains on the west, the Irish were on top of the Black Hills ready to come striding down on the east. Every mile now meant that the railroad that gained it would get a prize of from \$64,000 to \$96,000. Each company had more than ten thousand men at work, and from four to ten miles a day were completed.

When the two lines actually approached the appointed place of meeting, Promontory Point, it was found that the Central Pacific had graded eighty miles to the east that it would never cover, and the Union Pacific had spent about a million dollars in grading to the west that it would never use. When

the two tracks came within sight of Promontory Point a space of about a hundred feet was left to be filled on the day of celebration, May 10, 1869. Telegraph wires were so connected that every blow of the sledge which was to drive the last spike would be reported in every large city of the United States. Early in the day Leland Stanford, governor of California and president of the Central Pacific, arrived with his party, and a little later Vice-President Durant and two directors of the Union Pacific arrived from the opposite direction. There was a delegation of Mormons from the city of the Latter-Day Saints, and a detachment of the regular army with its band. A few Mexicans, Indians and half-breeds were there looking on curiously at the strange ceremonies of the invaders. When all was ready a crowd of some six hundred people had assembled to see the end of the great work.

The coolies and Irish began laying the ties across the unfinished line until they met. The last tie to be placed was of California laurel. Governor Stafford presented a spike of Arizona gold, silver and iron, Governor Tuttle a spike of Nevada silver. Dr. Hackman, in behalf of California, presented the last spike, of gold. With a silver sledge Stanford and Durant in turn drove it in. Then the crowd cheered, the locomotives tooted in each other's headlights, and the band played, in all the loneliness of the desert.

The Central Pacific train backed away and the Union Pacific engine passed over the track; then this maneuver was reversed. Each engineer broke a bottle of champagne over the other's engine. A railroad two thousand miles long had been built in three years. Nothing like this had ever been done before, in the history of the world.

Ben half hoped to see Emmy among the ladies in the directors' car again, but she never came. He wrote to her about the celebration, and in time received her reply:

"We read about it all in the papers, and I am very proud to know some one who helped to build the road. We were in New York just then. The chimes of Trinity Church rang 'Old Hundred' and a salute of a hundred guns was fired. The chimes then played the 'Ascension Carol' and patriotic airs. When we come back to Chicago Mr. Hall has promised to help my brothers take up a claim on the prairie. He says there is a great future for the West now the railroad is finished."

THE TRACK-LAYER'S SONG

The lamps of this great city they are blazing in me eyes
To beckon me to all delights the boulevards devise,
To oyster shops and minstrel shows and bars and dancin' halls,
And broadcloth and a velvet vest in place of overalls.
Yet after I have dwelt awhile in grand hotels and such,
There comes a time I do not care for all them things so much,
And 'midst the high society in which I sport and play
I hear a little voice within, that softly seems to sa-ay—

“Turn again, turn again, turn again, O'Reilly,
You have a boss a-waitin', with work for you to do,
Waitin' for you somewhere, at the end of nowhere,
Out across the desert there's a job a-callin' you!”

It's fine and satisfactory to eat and drink your fill,
With a waiter close behind you, attentive to your will,
To gaze upon the balley from the most expensive row,
And ev'ry night in every week attend a different show.
Yet a Colorado canyon when the snow begins to thaw
Beats all the painted scenery Kiralfy ever saw,
And though prairie melodraymas may quite entertainin' be,
There's a little voice of mem'ry that whispers unto me—e—

“Turn again, turn again, turn again, O'Reilly,
With this childish foolery a man has naught to do,—
Waitin' for you somewhere, at the end of nowhere,
In the Painted Desert Life and Death are callin' you!”

XXIII

PRAIRIE GOLD

“TELL us a story, Emmy!” begged Elga, who was nine.

“Oh yes, do!” chimed in Thekla, who was younger.

“Come on—we’ve done our work real good,” coaxed Axel and Torvald, big boys of ten and eleven, almost of a size.

“’Tory!” piped baby Hildegard. She was too little to do anything but laugh and clap her hands with the rest, and she liked that, even when she did not know what it was about.

Emmy made a dimple in one rosy cheek with the point of her knitting-needle. They were all sitting around the stove in the largest room of the cabin; there was a little room, and a loft where the boys slept. All around was the howling whirling whiteness of a Northwestern prairie storm. The snow came sudden as thunder, blowing from the sky-line, after the mother had gone to town. The father had been killed the year before in the great war in the South, and they did not even know where he was buried. Only a letter had come from another soldier who had fought in the same battle.

Brigit Petersen was a tall, strong Norwegian woman, and she had carried on the farm ever since her husband went to war; she went on doing it. The nearest town was half a day’s journey away. To-day

she had taken the two big horses and gone there for provisions and to have a troublesome tooth out. It was so cold that she left all the children at home in charge of Emmy, who was almost thirteen. If she did not get home by dark, Emmy would get supper, see that the boys fed the cows and hens, and put the little ones to bed. They were always good with her.

Grandmother, whom the younger children could not remember, had come with her daughter and son-in-law to the new land, and Emmy had learned from her an almost endless collection of stories. They were much more interesting than those in the American school reader the children had. They were about Trolls and Elle maidens and Nixies and Skrattels, animals that could talk, and woodcutters who lived in huts in a forest. To these children a forest was a kind of fairyland. There were no trees on the prairie within sight of their home. In the stories, things were always happening to people who went into the forest to gather fagots, or cut wood, or hunt deer, of which Emmy found a picture in the reader. But the fuel in this box stove was not wood, but hay or cornstalks twisted into a hard bunch. Sawing and splitting wood was not one of the boys' tasks. Neither was picking up stones; you might walk for miles and not find a stone to throw at a rattlesnake. The cabin itself was built of sods and earth and some timber hauled from the railway. At first it was thatched with bundles of grass that let in the rain so that when she was a little thing Emmy had to crawl under the table or the big shelf, and curl her feet up on her little bench to keep dry.

Sometimes, when she was tired of telling the same

story many times, Emmy made up one out of her own head. She did so now.

She and Elga went on knitting; Thekla picked over beans; the boys fed the hungry red mouth of the stove and tinkered at the little sledge they were making of a packing-box. There was not much to do indoors in a prairie winter. In Norway, Mother said, the men used to carve wood and paint it with gay pictures in the long winter evenings. The chairs and tables and chests, the wooden bowls, and even the doors of the kitchen cupboards, were polished smooth as ice and painted with bright flowers or people skeeing, sledging, sailing or driving goats, cows and reindeer. Grandmother could weave beautiful soft cloth dyed by herself in colors made of moss, weeds or bark. Mother's banded petticoat in the chest under the bed was like that. But they could not afford to bring the furniture to America, and nobody here ever spun, or wove, or carved wood. Things were bought in town, and the storekeeper sold no wool,—only yarn. Wood was too costly on the prairie for boys to whittle. When Axel tried to carve a wooden horse with his new knife, out of a piece of a packing-box, the pine split and splintered. They had no homespun now except knitted stockings and mittens and leggings, and those took all their time to make. But Emmy could always think better when she was knitting, and she had been thinking of a story.

"A long time ago there was a boy named Hjalmar" (pronounced Healmar) "who lived with his grandmother in a little hut in a forest. The hut was high up on a mountain, far from any other house, and Hjalmar had never seen a town in his life. He didn't

know anything about a store, or a town hall, or a bank, or a Masonic Block, or a hotel, or a school-house." (This made the boys feel grand.) "His grandmother made almost everything they both wore, with her silver knitting-needles. She was all the time knitting unless she was cooking or sweeping. She kept her needles and yarn on a little table by her bed, and when she was wakeful she sat up in bed and knitted in the dark.

"Once in a while a shoemaker came around with a pack on his shoulders, making and mending shoes for people. He liked to stop at Hjalmar's house because the grandmother always had new, soft, warm stockings ready for him, and he wore out his stockings very fast with all his walking. When Hjalmar was ten years old the shoemaker made him a pair of red shoes with high heels and silver buckles. The buckles came out of Grandmother's chest of precious treasures, and had belonged to Hjalmar's father when he was a boy.

"The cobbler told them bad news. In the castle on top of the mountain a wicked King lived, who wanted this cottage for one of his woodcutters to live in. He was going to send his servants to drive Hjalmar and his grandmother out. They felt very sad, for they had no other home. Hjalmar followed the cobbler a little way on his road, and asked if there was no way to keep the King from taking their cottage, because his grandmother was old and could not walk far.

"‘I asked about that,’ said the cobbler, ‘and the porter laughed and said, not unless they could bring the wicked King a basket full of gold as heavy as two men could carry.’

"Hjalmar knew that his grandmother had no gold, and this was no comfort at all. He had often heard

of the Trolls, the little men with long beards and pointed caps and shoes, who dwelt inside the mountains and had all the gold and silver they wanted. He had never seen a Troll, but he wished very much now that he could. He looked at the great mountains glittering in the sun, and thought that out of a whole mountain-full of gold one basketful would be hardly anything to the Trolls.

"He began to wander about on his skees, watching for Trolls. One cold day he sat under a fir tree eating fladbröd, when he saw something skimming along over the snow. It looked like a large, bright red grasshopper, but it was far too big for a grasshopper, even if they ever came in winter. As it came nearer he could see that it was a stolkjaerre."

This is a kind of carriage used in Norway.

"It was ornamented with gilded flowers and the wheels were gold, and two rabbits as white as snow were harnessed to it with beautiful little harnesses of white kid fitted with silver. Hjalmar did not see the rabbits at first because they were white like the snow-drifts. When he had just got a good look at the driver, a little man in fur with a red cap and a long white beard, his little dog Frode ran up and began to bark, and oh dear me! the rabbits broke their harness and ran away. The stolkjaerre began to slide down over the snow, but it tipped over first, and spilled out the little people inside. A little old lady in brown silk with a fur hood, and two lovely little maidens in white fur and blue and pink velvet, and the Troll himself, stood holding on to each other and watching the stolkjaerre slide away and fall into a dreadful chasm.

"Hjalmar was terribly afraid he was to blame, and

he said, 'Please do not cry so; I will do anything I can to help you.'

" 'Do! Do!' scolded the Troll. 'What can you do? I and my family were on our way to the wedding of the Troll King's daughter, where a crown of diamonds will be given to each and every guest, and now we have no rabbits and no stolkjaerre and cannot go.'

" 'Please come with me and see Grandmother,' said Hjalmar, 'she can do anything.' He really thought she could when he was a little boy, and though he knew better now, he was so anxious to comfort the Trolls that the words just slipped out. He picked them up in his arms and took them home, and very much surprised was Grandmother to see them, and she gave them fladbröd, and romekolle, and rodgruid, and codfish pudding, and reindeer cheese. When she heard what had happened she said she thought she could knit a stolkjaerre of red yarn, with Hjalmar's skees for runners, and his little goat could draw it. By morning it was done, and away went the Trolls and Hjalmar to the Troll King's palace inside the mountain.

"Grandmother told Hjalmar not to pass through the door on the mountainside, because people had gone in there and never come out, and she could not spare her Hjalmar. Much as he wanted to go, he minded her. He could see inside, for the door stayed open to let the guests in and out, and there were thousands of wax candles, and gold and crystal lamps, and all the furniture seemed to be of gold or silver, and the ladies' dresses sparkled with colored jewels. There were scores of musicians playing, and he could hear the pat of hundreds of little dancing feet. But he stayed outside and knocked his feet together, and

clapped his hands to keep warm. When the lights were out and the dancing was over, the Troll came out with two servants behind him carrying a big basket.

"'Here is a present for you,' said the Troll. 'The Troll King has sent his huntsmen to catch my rabbits, and he sends you this crown to remember him by.' He set a twinkling crown on Hjalmar's head—it was so dark that only the twinkles were seen—and the servants put the basket into the stolkjaerre, and away went Hjalmar and his goat and never stopped till they reached home. And when the basket was uncovered it was full of gold, and on Hjalmar's head was a crown of diamonds!

"When they finished counting the gold they found a letter at the bottom from the Troll King, saying that he had sent word to the castle that if any one harmed Hjalmar or his Grandmother, the Trolls would send an army of rats and mice to eat up their grain and their potatoes and their bedclothes and clothes and curtains and furniture, and gnaw in two the timbers of the castle. And so it all came out right."

"Jiminy!" said Torvald in a satisfied tone, "that was fine."

"Well, now, you boys go out and feed the cows and hens while I get supper," said Emmy. In telling stories she always tried to talk as if it were a book, but when she spoke to the children she talked as the neighbors did. When every one else was in bed she went on knitting, until she went to sleep with her head on the table. When she woke it was daylight, and the prairie was all a white sparkling sea of snow, and Hilda was crying for Mother. But the mother never

came home. Only after many months, when the children had been sent to the orphan asylum, Magnus Henning found a sleigh and two horses and a woman, frozen in a swale, miles off the road. Whether it was Axel Petersen's wife he did not know, but the neighbors said it was.

Emmy had a plan, however, for making a home they all could live in when the boys were old enough to stake out a claim for themselves. The matron took a great fancy to her, and hated to have her go when a Mrs. Hall, of Chicago, whose husband was a railroad director, came and took her for a nurse to her two children. The little one cried when Emmy said good-bye, and Axel and Torvald winked hard. Emmy told them to be good and study, and they would all have a home together some day.

It seemed to the boys about as likely as if she had said she would come for them in a stolkjeerre made of red yarn, but they promised to be good, and study.

When Mrs. Hall found out why Emmy was saving all her money, she told Mr. Hall. He said that by the Homestead Act of 1862 a farmer without any capital could get a hundred and sixty acres of wheat land, and that when the boys were old enough to file their claim he would help them.

One day, in Chicago, which was only a big, overgrown village then, Emmy saw something as strange to her as anything in a fairy tale—a reaping machine. Emmy knew that the Americans laughed at her father and the other Norsk farmers because their women worked in the fields, but she had expected to do it all the same when the boys got their claim. Every hand was needed when the wheat was cut, for it must be cut in four days sometimes, not more than ten at most;



"I SHOULD LIKE, IF YOU PLEASE, TO KNOW WHAT A
REAPING-MACHINE COSTS."

and they would have no money to hire men. She stared at the machine with fascinated eyes. It was her afternoon off, and she had meant to go and see an old lady who kept a boarding-house and was helping her to make a dress. The inventor himself, a tall, big man with a shaven upper lip and a big beard—Cyrus McCormick of Virginia—was there explaining the machine to some gentlemen, and quite a crowd was standing by. When they had all gone Emmy still lingered, to see the machine a little more plainly. The inventor saw Emmy and asked her if she wanted anything.

"Yes, sir," she said, "I would like, if you please, to know what a reaping-machine costs."

Mr. McCormick must have wanted to laugh, but he had been impressing on his employees the fact that farmers must be treated politely. Perhaps this was the daughter of some farmer. He told her the price; it was more than a hundred dollars.

"Do you want to buy one?" he inquired.

"Not I, but by-and-by my brothers perhaps will," said Emmy in her pretty, straightforward way. "When the boys are old enough we hope to take up land and live all together again. And the reaping is the hardest, because it comes only once a year and we cannot afford to hire many men. A machine costs no money for board."

"But my child," said Mr. McCormick kindly, "the reaper need not be paid for all at once. Have you and your brothers as much as thirty dollars?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Emmy, her blue eyes sparkling like the sunlit lake. "I have forty-six dollars and sixty cents in the bank now."

"Then, when you have taken up your land and want

a reaper, go to my agent, or write to me here, and you can pay thirty dollars down and the rest after the wheat is cut. You will have the reaper to use in getting in your crop. If it isn't all right we'll make it right." And bowing as if she had been a great lady, he left the shop.

Emmy had never heard of buying on credit, but two years later she and Axel and Torvald were able to get not only a reaper but a self-raking attachment for it, on this plan. A week before the wheat was quite ready the reaper, with its red paint and its shining blades, came and stood in the farm-yard. They all gathered around to admire it until it was too dark to see anything but a strange dim bulk of machinery.

Everybody on a farm can do something if only to feed the chickens, as Emmy said. The reaper did the work that men with sickles, cradles and rakes used to do, but the binding must still be done by hand. The wheat was gathered and tied in sheaves with a rope of wheat-stalks. In the hot sun it was wearing work. Emmy and Elga and Thekla were in the field, and ten-year-old Hilda cooked and washed dishes in the house.

Next year they heard of an improved machine with a footboard and moving platform that would draw the grain up on it. The binder stood on the platform and did not have to walk about bent double. They took some of their savings and bought a "Marsh Harvester." The weekly paper said that some day a binder would be invented to tie knots. Magnus Henning said that God gave men ten fingers for that. His son Haakon wanted to marry Emmy, but she would not leave the boys.

Then Ben Taylor, a young railroad man, dropped

in one day to say he knew a man in Janesville, Wisconsin, named Withington, who was working on a self-binder. He got a pass for Emmy and took her to see it.

Two steel arms caught the bundle of grain, whirled a wire round it, twisted the ends of the wire together, cut it off and dropped the sheaf. Anybody, boy or girl, who could drive a reaper could do the harvesting now.

When the binder was done Withington took it to Chicago to see whether McCormick would take it up. He had on his feet a pair of socks that Emmy had knit. Emmy and her sisters knit socks for all the railroad men Ben knew, and the young brakemen and mechanics said they were lucky socks.

At first Withington seemed to have no luck. He had no trouble in seeing the great manufacturer at his house, but as he finished explaining the self-binder he looked up, and Mr. McCormick had gone to sleep! Quite disheartened, the inventor tiptoed out and went back to Janesville. He boarded with an aunt of Ben's, and Emmy was there for a week on a visit. Ben was in despair. A fellow with no more go-ahead than that——!

"Wait," said Emmy confidently. "The machine is a good one."

"This ain't a fairy story," said Ben, running his fingers through his thick hair. Just then his aunt looked in.

"A man is asking for Mr. Withington," she said. "In a hurry."

Ben went to find him, and about an hour later came in, alone.

"I give up," said he. "Do you keep a private fairy

of your own in that work-bag of yours, Em? McCormick has just sent a man down here to find Withington and bring him back to Chicago. Said he had been up 'most all night and was tired out, but when he woke up he remembered that somebody named Withington from Janesville had been there with a self-binder, and he wants to see it."

Cyrus McCormick took up the Withington self-binder. Ben Taylor bought one of the first reapers that had it, the year he married Emmy and took her to a home of her own, next the farm of Axel and Torvald.

"The inventors are the Trolls of America," said Emmy, "and the machines are their magic."

THE CENTENNIAL

Now have we taken our seat
In the Parliament of the earth,
Not as vaunting our strength,
Not in the pride of birth,
Knowing that we have our life to live,
Whereby to prove our worth.

Four hundred years ago
We were but an ancient dream,
Born of the things that are
And the nobler things that seem,
A fantastic vision blown down the years,
Hy-Brasail's distant gleam.

Three hundred years ago
We hung on the draggled hem
Of warring Empires and pirate States—
Though little we recked of them,
And the world gave hardly a thought to us
To praise us or condemn.

Two hundred years ago
We were scattered folk and few,
Making new roads and new customs here,
Where all the land was new,
Holding our hard-won vantage grounds
For the sake of the wheat they grew.

A hundred years ago,
On a parchment clean and white
We set forth our new-found law—

Man's duty and man's right,
The immutable law laid down by God,
Unchanging as day and night.

Now are we come to our place;
This is the day and hour
To save the freedom our fathers won
For our land's eternal dower;
And Thine be the glory, O Lord, and Thine
The wisdom and the power!

XXIV

EARS TO HEAR

“**Y**OU see,” said Aunt Rachel placidly, “I was interested in the first place because of that poor little girl of Rebecca’s. And when I made bold to speak to Professor Bell about her he thought she might be cured, or ’tany rate he could teach her to read words on the lips. He’s taught deaf and dumb people in London, and ’t was his father that invented this visible speech. I wisht you could see him, Celia, with that little five-year-old Georgie Sanders, out there in Salem.”

Aunt Rachel hadn’t changed an iota. Everywhere she went, she behaved as if she knew everybody and everybody knew her, and somehow, before long they did. This was the first visit she had made to her niece Celia, since Celia and Martin Kendrick had been married and come to live in Boston. Young Doctor Kendrick was just setting up a practice, and they only had a little bit of a house at the South End, but it had a spare room, and a welcome for Aunt Rachel. Since Uncle Jo died, Rebecca and Ben had been living out West, and Celia insisted that the dear old lady should spend this winter with her. Even in that small house, with little Allan and baby Caroline there was plenty to do. But Aunt Rachel still found time to lend a hand among the neighbors. While on one of these errands of comfort she had discovered Professor Bell.

The young Edinburgh professor of elocution had boarded with the lady next door for a while, and teaching elocution not being very lucrative for a stranger in Boston, he had taken to teaching deaf mutes. He was a tall young man twenty-five or six years old, with black eyes, curly black hair, a pale complexion, big nose and rather full lips. He had a real gift for teaching. Aunt Rachel reflected, secretly, that there was something about him that made her think of Harvey, her boy who had never come back from the war. Harvey was always one for the books, and he was so interested in this electricity they had discovered. He would have liked Professor Bell.

Rebecca, the daughter who lived West, had one child that was deaf; had been deaf ever since it had scarlet fever, poor little thing. Another year, Aunt Rachel meant to see if Rebecca wouldn't let the little girl come to Boston and try if something could not be done for her hearing. Meanwhile she listened with great interest to everything the neighbors had to say about young Professor Bell. She told it all over to Celia, who was kept rather close at home with the children, and to young Dr. Martin Kendrick, who found himself more interested than he had been in anything for some time.

The professor had been living in Salem for some time, and supported himself by teaching Mr. Thomas Sanders' little deaf-mute boy Georgie and Mr. Gardiner Hubbard's fifteen-year-old daughter, Mabel. In his spare time he experimented with electricity, in a workshop he had fixed up in a cellar. He was trying to invent some kind of a harmonic telegraph, that would make it possible to send several messages over one wire. Mr. Sanders and Mr. Hubbard were so

much interested in his experiments that they were lending him the money to go on with them. When he had to make a trip to Washington to see his patent lawyer he had to borrow money from Mr. Sanders for the trip. In Washington he went to see Professor Joseph Henry, a famous scientist nearly eighty years old, who told him he had "the germ of a great invention."

This was not the harmonic telegraph; it was something different. At first Hubbard and Sanders did not believe in it. The neighbor who told the story said she didn't blame them, it sounded perfectly crazy to her. He thought he could invent a talking machine. When he was a boy he had made an artificial skull out of rubber and gutta percha, that would say words when air was pumped in from a bellows. The neighbor said she would believe that when she heard it talk.

"Now, don't be hasty," said Aunt Rachel placidly. "I can remember when folks didn't believe in the railroad or the telegraph, and 't wa'n't so long ago."

Aunt Rachel was a good deal interested in the progress inventors had made in the time since she was a little girl. She was looking forward to going to the great Centennial Fair, not only because she expected to meet Ben and Rebecca there and go West with Ben when he went home, but on account of all the wonderful things folks said there would be to see. She could not help hoping that young Professor Bell could finish his invention, whatever it was, in time for it to be exhibited at the Centennial. It was said that Mr. Hubbard would be one of the Commissioners, and of course, if the invention was a good one, he could get it in. Ben would be so interested to see it.

Professor Bell was working now in a room at 109

Court Street, Boston, that he had rented of Charles Williams, a manufacturer of electrical supplies. He had a young assistant, Thomas A. Watson, and they lived in two cheap little rooms not far away. The rent of the shop and the cost of the experiments and the assistant's wages of \$9 a week were paid by Mr. Sanders and Mr. Hubbard. At first they said they would not do it unless the inventor gave all of his time to the musical telegraph, but he persuaded them to let him put a little time on the other invention.

Martin Kendrick happened to be at home one evening when Aunt Rachel was telling the latest news, and he kept asking questions until he got the whole story.

"I wish he may succeed," said the young doctor. "It would be a big thing for our profession. Lots of times, if we could have word as soon as a patient is taken ill, it would make all the difference in the world."

Little Allan, who was five years old in the Centennial year 1876, took to holding a sea-shell to his ear and making believe he heard somebody talking from the post-office. Aunt Rachel began to believe in the thing herself.

But the inventor had not really got very far yet. It was a hot June day in 1875 when he really began to hope that his invention was possible. At that stage he had a machine like a sort of crude harmonica with a clock spring, a reed, a magnet, and a wire. He had been working over it for three hours when he heard a faint twang from the machine, though he was not touching it. Watson, in the next room, had snapped a reed on a machine there, and this machine had answered.

"Snap that reed again, Watson," he called. The same result followed.

Now if you sing the G note close to the strings of a piano the G string will answer. Professor Bell once said to his friend Hubbard with firm conviction, "If I can make a deaf mute talk, I can make iron talk." He studied the construction of the human ear drum; he imagined two iron disks, or ear drums, connected by electric wire that would catch vibrations of sound at one end and reproduce them at the other.

But for a long time he got no further. For forty weeks the machine did no more than make inarticulate noises. At last, on March 10, 1876, the miracle happened. Watson was in the main shop, three flights below the room where the inventor was working, when he distinctly heard the latter's voice. "What is it?" he asked.

"Mr. Watson, please come here, I want you." Watson rushed up the stairs breathlessly, crying, "I can hear you; I can hear the words."

Bell got his patent on his twenty-ninth birthday; it was Number 174,465. He had not even a name for it; he called it "an improvement in the telegraph."

"I told you he'd contrive it somehow," said Aunt Rachel serenely when she heard Watson tell the story of that momentous day. "Folks are doing wonderful things these days. The world's goin' to be a mighty different place when they get all these works of theirs a-going. Why, even I can remember when we had to do every smitch of our sewin' by hand. My mother spun and wove her weddin' outfit herself."

The Centennial summer arrived. Gardiner Hubbard was one of the Commissioners; his daughter

Mabel was engaged to the young Scotch professor. He arranged that a small table should be placed in the Department of Education at the great fair, and on it was placed the first telephone.

Aunt Rachel was among the happiest of all the visitors who roamed the spacious grounds and wandered through the immense halls filled with curious and wonderful things from all over the world. Ben showed her the first grain binder; and the first reaper. They heard an old farmer call it "a cross between a wheelbarrow and a flying machine." Rebecca called her to see statuary molded in butter, and Rebecca's husband explained the Westinghouse air-brake to her. Her trunk accumulated souvenirs for all the children she knew—a glass slipper that might have been worn by Cinderella, a little red pocket-book with a nickel Liberty Bell for a clasp; you moved the tongue of the bell and it opened the fastening. She had stereoscopic views of all the buildings and many of the exhibits. Martin, who had gone to Philadelphia with her and taken little Allan, and stayed a week, discovered Old Abe, the eagle mascot of his own Wisconsin regiment, sitting stately and very fierce-looking on his perch. Aunt Rachel heard poems read, written for the occasion by her favorite poets—Whittier, Lowell, Bayard Taylor. But it was some time before she heard whether young Professor Bell's invention was attracting any attention.

In fact it had been ignored. There were so many other inventions and exhibits with which the judges were familiar, and which had been brought to perfection, that the unknown work of an unknown young man remained unnoticed. It was nearly the end of

June before Mr. Hubbard managed to persuade the judges to look at the little machine on the table. The day was warm; it was a hot Sunday.

"Ma!" said Ben suddenly, "do you see that dark man and the lady with him, over there? That's the Emperor of Brazil; I heard somebody say so."

"Well, 't is, sure enough," said Aunt Rachel calmly. "I saw that gentleman in Boston, time he came there. He went to see Professor Bell's class for deaf and dumb scholars at Boston University, 'cause he wanted to start a school o' that kind when he got home. I always liked Dom Pedro after I heard that."

Ben looked down at his mother with a twinkle in his black eyes. "Marm," he said drolly, "you do beat all."

Dom Pedro de Alcantara, Emperor of Brazil, and his wife, the Empress Theresa, went into the Educational Building. Much to the surprise of onlookers, the Brazilian monarch, catching sight of the young inventor, made straight for him and exclaimed, "Professor Bell, I am delighted to see you again." Followed questions as to what Bell was doing, and explanations of the novel invention. A crowd of some fifty people was now within hearing. The inventor spoke into the mouthpiece of his device, Dom Pedro holding the receiver.

"My God," ejaculated the Emperor, "*it talks!*"

The thing seemed incredible. The aged Professor Henry listened with a look of absolute awe to the iron disk speaking with a human voice. "This," he said, "comes nearer to overthrowing the doctrine of conservation of energy than anything I ever saw."

Sir William Thomson, Lord Kelvin, the engineer of the first Atlantic cable and one of the foremost

scientists of Great Britain, said at last, "It does speak; it is the most wonderful thing I have seen in America."

The telephone had become a fact.

On October 18, 1876, a sustained conversation between Boston and Cambridge Observatory was kept up by telephone for three hours. Each of the persons conversing took notes of what he saw and heard, and the notes were published in parallel columns in the *Boston Advertiser* next day. Bell gave a lecture in Salem, which was transmitted by telephone to the *Globe*. Within sixteen months seven hundred and seventy-eight telephones were in use.

Aunt Rachel, visiting Rebecca and her husband and children, out in Ohio, read with deep interest the reports of all these doings in the Boston papers Martin and Celia sent her.

"Some day," she said placidly, "they'll be able to talk on the telephone clear to Chicago. It'll be a real comfort when we can do that."

"Mother," said Rebecca laughing, "I don't believe it would surprise you if they said somebody had got up a machine that would fly."

"Well," said Aunt Rachel, "maybe they will. And it's just as likely as not to be right here in Dayton, Ohio."

NOTE

For the full story of this invention see "Birth and Babyhood of the Telephone," *Thomas S. Watson*.

THE GOPHER

The gopher sat on the edge of his hole
And mused, "How inferior is the mole!
He piles up a hillock of earth with care
And thinks he has planted a mountain there.
How skittish the squirrel, how thievish the mouse,
Nibbling and scuttling in barn and in house!
Mice, moles and squirrels should be put down—
The only real life is in Gopher Town!"

The gopher dove hurriedly out of sight
As a terrier loomed against the light.
There were bulbs and roots galore to be found
By gopher society underground.
He was free to dig and to moil like a slave
From the hour of his birth till he came to his grave.
He was sure that his virtues were quite unique,
For he was a Gopher of Gopher Creek.

In the turquoise world of the far blue sky
An eagle was sailing, remote and high.
In the sunshiny world of the growing wheat
There were fluttering wings and scampering feet.
Strong and silent and pure and sane
The soul of the land booded over the plain,
While the gophers extended their burrows brown
And vowed there was nothing like Gopher Town.

You say that animals do not think—
For all these fakers in pen and ink?
You are sure that the gopher so active and small
Has no conception of ethics at all?

You consider the case as hereinbefore stated
To be quite incorrectly demonstrated?
Why, bless you, my child, it is time you found out
It's the *human* gopher we're talking about!

XXV

I KNEW HIM WHEN

“**H**E’LL never amount to anything,” observed the Honorable Alpheus O. Brown definitely. “I knew Tom Edison when the family were living in Port Huron, before his mother died. He couldn’t get on in school at all—never went to school, in fact, more than a few months in his life. There were people who made a great deal of his being such an omnivorous reader, but there is no mental discipline in mere unguided reading for pleasure. I am a great believer in courses of reading, marked out by trained minds. This boy simply read anything and everything he could get hold of.”

“I should say,” remarked Mr. Symonds, the newsstand dealer, with a twinkle in his eye, “that in that case a good deal would depend on what he could get hold of. I knew him when he was a little shaver sellin’ newspapers on the Grand Trunk. He’d read Gibbon’s ‘Decline and Fall of Rome’ and Hume’s ‘History of England,’ and considerable of the Penny Cyclo-pedia, before he was twelve years old.”

“He said he had, I suppose.” Mr. Brown’s neat side-whiskers stuck out like a cat’s, and his cold gray eyes were unbelieving. “You will excuse me if I point out, Mr. Symonds, that there was no one in a position to examine him on the contents of these works.” And the speaker walked off.

Mark Symonds grinned at the disappearing, frock-coated back of the little man. His ruddy, square-jawed face was as good-humored as ever. Crippled as he was, and had been since Gettysburg, none had heard him say a malicious or pessimistic word. Everybody who bought papers of him, at the station on the Pennsylvania Railroad where his stand was, went away with a sense of warmth and cheer; every child in town knew him; bewildered women unhesitatingly came to him for information and direction about trains. If a few important people like Mr. Brown regarded him as unpractical and foolish, there were plenty of others who did not.

The telegrapher grinned back, from his little window, as Mark added, shuffling his papers into place, "Why, you knew him, too, didn't you, Bob?"

"Yes, when I was in Memphis," answered Robert Scott, crossing his arms on the window-sill; there were few persons in the station, and it would be a slack time till the express was due. "I remember the time he dropped in there. We had a fellow on the Cincinnati end that was a demon at sending. It was his particular delight to rush anything important over the wires so fast we had to hump ourselves to take it. But he couldn't beat Tom Edison. Moreover, when Tom started sending he had our Cincinnati friend begging for mercy inside of ten minutes. He was a wiz at the key."

"He was a pup chemist when I knew him," reflected Symonds. "Actually set up a laboratory in an empty car. It caught fire and the conductor pitched young Edison and all his traps out quicker'n scat. But the funniest thing that happened was before the war. I was braking on that train when a couple of young

Southern bucks got on, with an old black servant carrying a wooden box like it was a baby. Tom came along with his papers and they grabbed the whole bundle and started throwing 'em out of the window. The folks along the road thought it was snowing newspapers, I reckon, for the next few miles. You could see 'em looking up and trying to figure out what was going on. The fellers kept on till there wasn't a paper left and then solemnly asked Tom what the damage was. Tom made a lightning calculation and named a price. They told the old darkey to pay the boy, and he took a handful o' coin out of the box and gave it to Tom. When Tom came through the next time, with popcorn, they took that away from him and chucked it out. Then they took all the apples and oranges and candy he had and sowed those along the right o' way. Paid him for everything,—anything he asked. Then they took his basket, and then they said they'd throw him out next, but they didn't get a chance to do that. I suppose it was just their way of having fun. Tom came out of it pretty well off, but nobody on that train got a paper, or a grain of popcorn, or a piece of candy, or anything else, that trip, after Tom met up with those Southerners."

"Thing I don't understand," said the telegrapher thoughtfully, "is why folks don't seem to see the importance of electrical inventions like those Edison is working on. I picked up a couple of magazines Saturday night to take home to Sophie, and from all there was in them you'd never know we had so much as heard of electricity in this country. One of 'em had a department headed 'Timely Topics' or something like that, but it was about church music, wood-engraving and why folks ought to travel in Europe.

S'pose we were to have another war, which would be most likely to win, the side that signaled by telegraph or the one that didn't? Who's going to get the pick of the market, the man that can use electricity or the one that has to depend on a mule-train? What do they teach these college boys anyway?"

Mark Symonds chuckled. "I never went to college; don't ask me. But it does seem to me that there might be schools where a feller could learn something besides diggin' up Greek roots. If I had a boy I believe I'd rather have him go to work for Tom Edison than go to college. I haven't seen Tom since he moved down into New Jersey, but I know two-three of the men that work there, and I tell you, big things are coming out of that shop some day."

Scott's interest increased. "What's he doing?"

"Well, you know about the quadruplex telegraph, and the stock-printer; he worked those out when he was in Newark. His place at Menlo Park's just a two-story, white wooden building, full o' chemicals and steam baths and furnaces and hydraulic presses and Lord knows what else. He's got a library of over two thousand volumes. I believe they told me he'd entered 'most three hundred patents and caveats up to April of this year. There was the megaphone, and the phonograph, and the electric pen, and some improvements on the telephone. You know he's workin' on an electric light. They say he's goin' to have it so that you can turn on the lights of a whole town, if you want to, just by throwin' in a switch."

Scott showed no surprise. In fact, to the men who had seen the development of the electric telegraph, almost anything seemed likely.

"Symonds," he said presently, "my vacation is 'way

over due. Sophie don't want to go away; we're just fairly settled in our house, and she's planted everything three deep all over the place. What would you say to you and me going up to Menlo Park for a day or two? I've got a curiosity to see how far that electric light has got along."

It ended in the two friends departing, one day in May, 1880, for the New Jersey town in which their old acquaintance was working out problems never before touched in the history of the world. To their intense satisfaction, ten-year-old Billy Scott and Joey Symonds were allowed to go. They had no very distinct idea of what they were to see, but Joey was always delighted to go anywhere with "Uncle Mark," and Scott's holidays were so rare that his small son regarded a day with "Father" as a most especial treat. Both boys knew that Mr. Edison, whose workshop they were to see, had had to earn his own living when hardly older than they were. He had established two vegetable-and-fruit stands in connection with his business as a train-boy, before he was fourteen, buying produce of the farmers and butter from the farmers' wives along the road, to be sold at a small profit to townspeople.

Symonds could move faster on his crutches than some men could on their own feet, and they reached the Edison grounds early in the afternoon. The inventor and his assistants had been stringing wires from point to point, curious-looking glass bulbs depending from them. The new electric light was now working in the open.

It consisted of a pear-shaped glass shade, or container, with a loop of wire or string inside. Inside the glass there was no air. The electricity passing

through the wire would make the light. It seemed eerie, like magic. There was no fluid, like kerosene or whale-oil, to feed the flame; no candle to be consumed. The boys did not more than half believe that such a thing could be done.

But it was. As dusk settled down on the flat New Jersey landscape, all of a sudden lights blazed out, hanging in the air like stars. Then suddenly, they went out. Then they came on again. They were turned on and off by connecting and disconnecting the current that ran through the wire.

It was all the more awesome, because, as Scott explained, the current passing along that slender wire was strong enough, if it were turned into their bodies, to kill them, just like a stroke of lightning. The boys were told never to touch a "live wire." The mysterious lights would probably be strung along the streets of all towns and cities within a few years, and everybody would have to learn how to avoid the danger of being killed by electricity unchained. But there was no danger so long as the electric wire was "insulated." Scott went on to explain what that meant.

The strangest and most unaccountable thing in this new power was that there seemed no limit to its strength. Very possibly it would be found, before they were old men, running street-cars, railroad trains, engines in factories, maybe carriages and pumps and drills and other machinery. An electric burglar-alarm had already been invented. It began to look to the boys as if when they were men, there would be nothing whatever for the muscles of men, horses or cattle to employ themselves about; it could all be done by electricity.

"Not quite everything," chuckled Mark Symonds.

"Not quite. Electricity can't provide you with brains."

He was speaking across the boys' heads, to a man who had come up within the last few moments—a short, rather thick-set man, with a massive head and dark penetrating eyes. "You don't expect to do that, I take it, Mr. Edison?"

The inventor smiled back. "Not at present. There seems to be more demand for other things." The boys listened eagerly to his answers to the rapid fire of questions which the visitors poured forth, and were surprised to find that they could really understand most of his explanations. Electricity seemed to be a simple affair to the men who dealt in it.

But all the sight-seers who came to the laboratory did not find it so clear. After the first electric lamp was lighted, on October 21, 1879, the *New York Herald* had published an illustrated article in its Sunday issue, about Christmas time, which brought visitors out by the thousands. The railroad had to run special cars at times to take care of the traffic. Even after they had seen the lamps burning, many insisted that there was some hocus-pocus about the thing, and that it could not be made to give a really cheap and trustworthy light. Others made a variety of objections to it, on what they called scientific grounds. The most astonishing query, perhaps, came from a man who listened attentively to the explanation of the process of manufacturing the new bulb light, and then inquired with owl-like solemnity.

"But, Mr. Edison, *how do you extract the vacuum?*"

"Well," said Mark Symonds, the laugh rumbling away down into his capacious waistcoat, "he asked a

question I've often asked myself,—so many folks seem to have one."

Another man soberly averred that Edison would "have to find some way to close up the pores of the glass."

There were other interesting contrivances to see besides the light. A small motor was on exhibition, which furnished the power for a sewing-machine and other machines. A small electric railway was nearly completed, for use in hauling material as well as for demonstration purposes. The boys were enchanted with this. The locomotive had an electric headlight and signal bell; there were three cars, a flat car for freight, a box car, and an open car with two park benches on it, back to back, protected by an awning. The track started about fifty feet from the shop and ran north one-third of a mile, along a country road. It would be ready for use about the middle of May. There was a chance that the electric engine might some day be used on the New York elevated railroads. If it was there would be a great reduction in noise, dust and oil-spots, to the infinite relief of the passengers.

A lithographer down on Water Street had been using the new lights ever since January. When Scott said they might as well see it when they went to New York next day, Edison suggested that they could see something even more interesting than that—the first electric light installation on board a steamship. The steamship *Columbia* was to sail from New York May 2, for Portland, Oregon, by way of Cape Horn—a two months' voyage in those days—and her staterooms and main saloon were lighted by one hundred and fifteen lamps of sixteen-candle-power. Oil lamps

were also carried in case anything should go wrong, but Edison didn't think anything would. The cargo included thirteen locomotives, two hundred cars, and other railroad supplies.

It was the first time that Billy and Joe had ever been on an ocean liner, and everything about it fascinated them. The second officer told some hair-raising tales of the kind of weather to be expected around Tierra del Fuego, and the boys felt that they should be watching the shipping news anxiously about the time the *Columbia* was due in Portland. As a matter of fact, she made the voyage safely, the new lights worked well, and when her captain reached port he found a consignment of supplies from Menlo Park awaiting him. After the steamer sailed, Edison had found that carbon filaments of bamboo fibre were better and less fragile than the paper carbon used in the first lamps, and he had sent new bamboo filament lamps across the continent to replace the original stock. That installation lasted fifteen years. When in July, 1895, the ship was docked for a general overhauling, the lights were replaced by a newer model, but no repairs of any account had been required up to that time. Long before that, the malodorous and dangerous oil lamp on steamers and railway trains was a thing of the past.

This was the reason why a certain spring day in 1880 was destined to stand out in the memories of two small boys from a Pennsylvania town, as the most interesting and important day of their brief experience. It was even more important to both of them than they could have known then. In after years Billy Scott was an electrical engineer and Joey Symonds president of an electric railway.

G. A. R., 1892

In the clear September sunlight,
To the music of fife and drum,
Shoulder to shoulder, as long ago,
The serried legions come.
From every State in the Union
The soldier boys in blue
Come down to the Great Encampment
Of 1892.

The songs of long-dead camp-fires
Are floating through the night,
And every house in the city
Is decked with the colors bright—
The flag of the loyal Union,
From street and avenue,
Greeting its troops returning—
The soldier boys in blue.

Through all the city echoes
The war-drum's thunderous beat,
And hearts keep time to its cadence,
And the tread of marching feet
As they move in double column
Along the Avenue—
Shoulder to shoulder, as long ago—
The soldier boys in blue.

Far over hill and valley
Their camp-fires burn to-night,
And many a memory-picture
Is limned by the leaping light

Of comrades long-departed
To join the Great Review,
Where Lincoln waits to greet them all—
The soldier boys in blue!

XXVI

CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK

ALLAN KENDRICK was riding herd in Montana. He had been doing it for two months, and it seemed as if he had always been there.

Ever since he was a little boy he had been dreaming of the West. Once, when his mother found him reading a dime novel about it, she told him that the West was becoming peaceful and settled now; even the famous Sioux chief Sitting Bull had been defeated by General Custer. Then her father, Captain Morgan, a retired officer of the regular army, had taken him on his knee and told stories better than any in the dime novel. That was why, at eighteen, instead of finishing college and studying medicine like his father, Dr. Kendrick, and Grandfather Kendrick, for whom he was named, he was out here riding a pinto in the loneliest place in the world.

He knew less about ranching than the youngest cowboy on the ranch, who was only thirteen and was nicknamed "Dogie," which means a stray calf without any mother. Somewhat to his disgust he himself was generally called "Pills."

His grandfather Morgan had taught him to ride and to shoot, but the pinto taught him that riding in the East was mere play. Here he saw men shoot without drawing the revolver—soft-spoken, quiet men who never picked a fuss or scrupled about ending one.

He stood hard work, rude fare, rough jokes and accidental hurts as pluckily as he knew how; he stuck, and meant to keep on sticking.

One morning he and Dogie were riding along a mountain trail when they met a grizzly, almost face to face. Quick as a flash the younger boy shot, and by almost miraculous luck killed the bear. Dismounting, breathless with excitement, the boys found that she had two very young cubs. Dogie decided that they would carry these back to the ranch-house for pets, and set about tying up their paws in canvas, that they might be fastened behind the saddles. The horses nearly went crazy at the bear-odor, but the youngsters mounted and started down the trail. Before many minutes, Allan's cub got one paw free and stuck desperate claws into the pinto's haunch. The next Allan knew, he was lying on his back beside the trail, looking up at the sky, and neither horse nor man was to be seen. It afterward developed that a similar accident had happened to Dogie. The boys got into serious trouble over the runaway horses. Worse than that, some one went off with the carcass of the grizzly, and they had nothing but bruises to show for their adventure.

Allan lost his way getting back, and spent the night at a neighboring ranch. One of the herders was a big, fair, quiet man named Russell, who had a collection of clay models and sketches which to Allan seemed wonderful. He said that in the long monotonous days of herding sheep, when he first came from Missouri, he had to do something or go crazy, so he studied art. Allan sent his mother the sketch Russell made of him. On the other side of the paper was a head with "Davis" scrawled under it.

The next letter Allan got contained a thing very unusual from his mother—a request. She asked him to find out who the original of the sketch was, and see if he was born in Deadwood. Every family has its traditional beauty, and in this one there was a Cousin Adrienne, with dark eyes and wonderful auburn hair of the shade called “Titian” by artists in New York, where she was a belle before the war. She had gone West with her husband, a young engineer named Davis, when Deadwood was a new settlement, and died there. Some time afterward her husband also died, and they had heard that her little son David was dead also, but this had never been quite certain. The sketch reminded Allan’s mother of Cousin Adrienne.

Allan remembered some old, yellow, fragile copies of the *New York Tribune*, which he and his sister Carol had once found, when his mother was sorting over the letters in a venerable brass-bound trunk. In them were printed letters from Deadwood by this same Cousin Adrienne. When she went out there she traveled two days, after leaving the railroad, by stage, in one of the old “Concord coaches.” During the last night, noises like bird-calls were heard, which were not birds but Indians signaling to one another. She and the one other lady in the coach rode all that night with knives in their hands, ready to kill themselves rather than fall into the hands of the savages.

The second of the three published letters described life in the mining settlement. The young bride had the best of the cabins, its walls being lined with canvas, though it had but one room. She had entertained there one colonel, two judges and a United States Senator, and two of them had to sit on the bed. In the

third letter she said she had become quite a "gold-sharp" and had seen the noted scout Wild Bill, and the frontierswoman known as "Calamity Jane" who rode and shot like a man.

For some time Allan did not get a chance to find out anything at all. He had that fall his first experience of a "round-up." All the ranches in the district joined in sending from one to four men to it, each man taking several ponies, with wagons to carry blankets and mess kit, one to each six or seven men. One first-class foreman, called the captain of the round-up, controlled all these men. Beginning at one end of the line, small parties of cowboys rode over the country and brought in all the cattle they found, and this herd was watched all night and driven during the day. On reaching a ranch the cattle branded as belonging to it were cut out, or separated from the rest, and driven into its corral. During the round-up Allan learned that the youth named Davis was not a cowboy, but worked in a printing-office in Livingstone, a town of perhaps two thousand people. He sent a letter there, but got no answer.

During the next year or two Allan had varied experiences. Once he rode a hundred miles helping herd cattle to the cars. Bivouacking alone on the way home he was aroused by something walking over his legs. Cautiously lifting his head he beheld a skunk crouching on his chest. Holding his very breath he lay motionless until the animal stepped off; then, yet more cautiously, he lifted his head a little higher and saw no less than thirteen skunks disporting themselves in the moonlight. He crept toward his horse and rode away from there. On another occasion he was nearly frozen to death in a blizzard, and in the spring

he had the never-to-be-forgotten experience of seeing the whole wild country brighten and blossom when the chinook, the warm dry wind of the northwest, blew down the eastern slopes of the Rockies. He had taken a position as caretaker on the ranch that winter. Partly to occupy himself, partly because he had an instinctive dislike of waste, he began to evolve a plan for doing something with the milk of the cows left there. The cowboys regarded milking as no fit work for a man, and what could be done with milk if you had it, more than a hundred miles from a city? Allan knew how to milk, and churn; he had learned, much against his will, during summer vacations at the farm. He sold fifteen hundred pounds of butter that winter. The ranch-owner was astonished and pleased, when he came back from Chicago.

During a visit to Livingstone, Allan made another effort to find Davis, and this time succeeded. The young printer was a slim, dark-eyed fellow with yellow hair. He said that his name was David Llewellyn Davis after his two grandfathers. The boys pretended to think he was stuttering when he said his name was David Davis, and guyed him, so that he called himself "Lew." He had been born in Deadwood, and knocked about in one mining town after another in the care of his father's old partner, who had brought him up—a mining boss who had known Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Mark Twain and "Buffalo Bill," and the West in the days before the Union Pacific. He was a red-headed Irishman named Terence Donovan, and most people supposed Lew to be his son. Lew had been up in the mountains with him prospecting, and Donovan had died there. Then Lew passed the rest of the winter on their claim, with no

neighbors but the Blackfoot Indians. When they became a little too neighborly he drew a circle round the cabin with some flour, repeating poetry over it. They took this for magic and kept respectfully beyond the line.

"What did you recite?" asked Allan.

"Oh,—the 'Galley Slave' and 'Soldier, Soldier'—the 'Barrack-Room Ballads,' you know,—Kipling."

But Allan did not know. Lying up on the springing grass of the hills Lew read from the tattered paper-covered books that went everywhere in his pockets, the story of Krishna Mulvaney and other stories unlike anything that Allan had heard. Lew said that Kipling was an Englishman. He was in this country, and Lew had come back to Livingstone in the hope of seeing him. Every man is allowed one author about whom he may be a trifle daffy, and Kipling was this young fellow's idol.

The two lads took a liking to each other at sight. They became "bunkies." Lew had never been to school, but had read everything he could lay his hands on. He could not quite understand why Allan, with his chances, had come West to be a cowboy. Even the editor of the Livingstone paper, who had given and lent him books, was not a college man. He had a pet mountain lion, that used to lie on the hearth in the office and blink at visitors in a disconcerting manner. Her name was Nellie. She was great friends with a large Newfoundland dog also belonging to the office. As Lew and Allan were coming down the one street of the town late at night, they saw Nellie. It was bright moonlight, and she was walking in the middle of the street. After her trotted the dog. He seemed to feel that she had no business out at that

time of night, and that the responsibility of her was on him. She thrust an investigating nose between a pair of swinging doors, just like a cat steering for a lighted room. No "bad man" ever cleared out a bar-room quicker than it was cleared then. The dog went in after the great cougar, and, with her collar in his teeth, was pulling her inch by inch out of that bar-room when her master came and led her home.

Mr. Kipling was fishing somewhere on a river miles away, and Allan could not wait for him. Lew was to ride herd on the ranch this season, but he said that rather than not see Kipling he would lose the job. A week later he appeared.

"Well," said Allan, "d'you see him?"

"Oh, yes, I saw him," said Lew.

"What's he like?"

"Well, he's not very big,—'bout your size,—dark, with straight black eyebrows and black mustache. You'd think his eyes were black, but they're blue—and he wears glasses. I bet there ain't much he don't see, nor that anybody can fool him about. He stayed with my boss while he was here. He likes Bret Harte, and Mark Twain, and Longfellow, and he's awf'ly interested in our army. Says our regulars are as good as any. He was at a dinner in San Francisco where he met that New York fellow Roosevelt, that's had the Elkhorn ranch over on the Little Missouri. Roosevelt made a speech about our needing a bigger army and navy, and said something about 'our natural enemy England, with her chain of fortresses across the world.' But Kipling didn't seem to be mad about it."

"You must have got quite well acquainted with him."

"Lord, I never spoke to him! I didn't have the

nerve. Saw him once or twice on the street, and 'round the office; that was all."

"Why didn't you get an introduction?"

"Say, Allan, if the Angel Gabriel was to fly down out of the sky and rest a minute on that rock there, would you butt in and ask him for a feather out of his wing for a souvenir? What use would a man like that have for a jour-printer, now you tell me?"

Lew seemed to be half exalted and half depressed, and Allan said no more on the subject. He had seen the rancher, Theodore Roosevelt, at a round-up, where the New-Yorker said little and worked strenuously. The men Allan knew had various stories to tell about him. They agreed that though a "tenderfoot" he seemed to hold his own. Two of the men on the Roosevelt ranch were woodsmen from Maine; the others were Westerners. Big Bill Sewall, a guide from Moosehead Lake, used to tell how they all went out together to cut the logs for their ranch-house. Sewall's record was fifty-three trees in a day, while, as he put it, "the boss, he beavered down seventeen." Roosevelt never forgot that word "beavered." He laughed heartily when Allan told him one of his grandfather's Lincoln stories. Dr. Kendrick and Lincoln were traveling by railway through a timber region, and Lincoln commented on the way the trees had been felled, with a keenness that showed his practical experience. "Look at that!" he observed, of a haggled and unsightly stump. "It looks as if it had been chewed off!"

Allan saw a certain resemblance between the New York ranchman and the English author. They both took an interest in human nature and the day's work, without much regard to the birth, wealth, education or

other worldly advantages of the man who happened to be doing the work. It made a fellow feel that what counted was character. As Kipling wrote home to his paper in India, Americans were brought up to believe that nothing was impossible. And that was an inspiring idea.

Certainly a man had a chance to show what he could do, out here. When Allan wrote to his people about Roosevelt, his grandfather, who seemed to have known everybody, was much interested. He said that this young man's father was one of the prime movers in securing an allotment, during the war, giving a part of the soldiers' pay to their families. Dr. Kendrick met him two or three times, in the winter of 1862, riding around the camps in rain and chill, attending to that business. A friend of the Kendricks had known Roosevelt at Harvard. He said that at graduation the young man's ambition was to help to clean up New York politics, but he admitted he didn't know just how he could do it. The friend believed that Roosevelt had gone out to Dakota because, after the death of his young wife and that of his mother within a few hours of each other, he felt that he could not bear to stay in New York just then. During the short time he had been in the New York Assembly he had had a rather brilliant career. The letter concluded:

"I hear the young man is something of a boxer. Once, while he was at Albany, some members of the opposition determined to get him out of their way by hiring a prize-fighter to pick a fuss with him in the lobby of his hotel. When the bully pretended that Roosevelt had run against him, and menaced him with his fists, the young fellow stepped back a little, not to be rushed by three or four at once, and landed a blow

that laid the bruiser flat on the floor. Then he smiled broadly and remarked that he hadn't had so much fun in a year, and walked off. I must say that while I don't believe in fist fights as a rule, I do not see just what other argument would be effective in a case like that."

This tended to increase Allan's interest in the man. During Roosevelt's stay in the Bad Lands he had done more than any one before him to stop the "rustling" of cattle by unscrupulous characters who would pick up any stock they found. He had written magazine articles; Allan's mother had forwarded some. She had written that when Allan came East, Lew must come with him, and she had sent a very sweet little note to the boy himself.

There was talk now of a World's Fair at Chicago, to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. New York wanted the Fair, but Chicago won. Roosevelt proposed sending as a Western exhibit a log-cabin, such as Lincoln was born in, and Andrew Jackson, Harrison, and all the other great men of the West, had lived in. Every cowboy on his ranch and some on other ranches took a personal interest in that cabin. When it had gone to the Fair, Allan Kendrick and Lew Davis took their season's pay and went also.

Allan's father and mother and sister Carol were coming to the Fair; so were his Western cousins from Minnesota, and Southern cousins from Richmond and Tennessee. The boys had samples of the rock from the claim Terry Donovan had staked out for his adopted son, and William A. Clark, the bonanza king, said they indicated copper. They planned to go in together and work the claim, next year.

The Fair astonished them, bewildered them, re-

duced them almost to a state of dumb acquiescence in any suggestion made to them as they wandered about. They had expected something like Allan's childish memory of the Centennial; they found a white enchanted world.

On the level land set apart for the great experiment, the Fair Commission had raised white and stately buildings, façades and statues of incredible beauty, arcades strung with constellations and garlands of lights, reflected in lagoons and canals and multiplied by the twinkling spray of fountains. The minarets, domes and golden doorways of Oriental palaces were combined with the exquisite simplicity and dignity of the Greek and the primitive strength of the Goth. The boys had been in Chicago three days before their friends arrived. In that time they had found their Western log cabin sturdily undismayed in its place, and recovered a little from their first stunned amazement. They could find their way about.

Lew, to his silent surprise, found himself at home with his relatives, almost from the first. Allan's family took him in at once as Allan's chum. Ben Taylor, with his big laugh and thick crop of iron-gray hair, his pretty wife and her flock of fair-haired children—Harvey, Ray, Hilda and Torvald, ranging in age from sixteen to ten,—were just as friendly. Rupert Walton was a Virginia lawyer; Geoff and Frank were raising oranges in California. This one family group embraced people from half a dozen States, from Boston to Los Angeles.

The young Taylors knew exactly what they wanted to see first. A Norwegian galley was moored in a lagoon, a replica of Thorfin Karlsefne's *Long Serpent*, brought by a crew of fourteen men from Norway

to America, with no shelter but an awning. Not many miles from their own farm a Rune Stone had lately been dug up, with an inscription in ancient Runic letters cut into the stone. A Scandinavian farmer grubbing out stumps found it on a little hill in a meadow; probably the hill had once been an island. It told of a party of Norsemen who had penetrated to the boundary between the Ojibway and Sioux territories, when some of them were killed in a massacre,—long before the time of Columbus. The Fair was all very well, the ten-year-old Torvald admitted, but there ought to be *another* Fair, in honor of Leif Ericsson!

THE DISCIPLE

Away out West in the boomers' land,
Where water is scarce and the scenery's grand,
And the editor's sanctum resembles a sieve, and the Indians
 haven't learned how to forgive,
Where journalism is muscle and bones,
 Lived Jones.

The paper of Jones was earnestly run
On the general plan of the *New York Sun*,—
The editor's desk was a plain board shelf,
And he set the most of the type himself,
And hustled for ads, and wrote news, and rhyme,
And editorial in his spare time.
And he earned his bread, and occasional stones,
 Did Jones.

He never complained of his strenuous lot,
Or threw himself a forget-me-not,
Or missed a chance to encourage his town,
By rhetoric, or boosting, or playing the clown.
But once in awhile, when his day was done,
And the last blurred sheet from the presses run,
Somewhere along in the depth of the night,
He would feast his eyes on the welcome sight
Of a daily run in the orthodox way,—
"I'll have one as good as *The Sun*, some day,"
Would be heard in weary but hopeful tones
 From Jones.

XXVII

THE LIGHTED FUSE

“THE battleship *Maine* has been ordered to Havana.”

In the center of a storm there may be quiet. Washington, the heart of national and sometimes international tornadoes, is a singularly unexcitable place. Any day in the winter of 1897-8, any three of the famous men of the United States could have walked along Pennsylvania Avenue arm-in-arm without causing heads to be turned. Of all the unexcited places in the national capital, moreover, the editorial rooms of a daily newspaper may safely be called the quietest.

Hugh Tallant, one of the little group of messenger-boys employed on the youngest and cheapest of the Washington dailies, had seen a Cuban political agent, a Central American diplomat, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and an ex-Confederate who had been lieutenant-general of cavalry at twenty-six, in the course of his duties during the past six months; and he knew that all of these regarded war with Spain as a possibility. Like other people possessed of this knowledge, he was aware that he was expected to keep what he knew under his hat.

Therefore, when the telegraph editor sent him with that line of news to the editor-in-chief, he felt a thrill of excitement, such as any boy might feel who knew that war was impending; but his freckled face and

sharp gray eyes did not betray his feelings in the least.

He was wondering what Mr. Roosevelt and General Joe Wheeler would think of it. The little, quiet, gray Alabama Representative was a very old friend of the chief editorial writer on Hugh's paper, the spectacled, gray-haired man whom everybody called "Major." Hugh heard the Major say one day,

"I do not know any way I would rather die than leading a column of American troops against Morro Castle."

Hugh's father, who died when the boy was five years old, had been a Union soldier. Hugh could just remember him—a wiry, happy-go-lucky, active man who looked much older than he was, but laughed like a boy. At the funeral a tall, quiet lawyer whom people called Judge Randolph had taken Hugh on his knee and told him that his father had been a brave soldier and a good friend. It was Judge Randolph, who lived in Washington, who had got Hugh this place on the paper. Two of the other office-boys were sons of Confederate soldiers; the staff was a mixture of Northerners, Southerners and Northern men who had lived in the South. But the thing which waked Hugh up to the fact that the great war was over was something he saw one day in the Capitol, when he was there waiting for the House reporter's copy. A little old lady, timid, scared and bewildered, had been hunting through the endless corridors of the huge place for a certain Congressman who might be able to help her get a pension. Her husband had been a Union soldier. Hugh would have liked to help her, but he did not know much more about the building than she did. A plainly dressed elderly man stopped and asked kindly, "What can I do for you, madam?" She ex-

plained. "I know the man you want to see," he said at once. "I will take you to his committee-room." And not until he had escorted her there, and introduced her, and she had found that the pension would be granted, did she learn that her unknown friend was General Joe Wheeler, member of Congress from Alabama. She had taken him for an attendant or a clerk.

Hugh had a shy admiration for General Wheeler after that. It was hard to believe that the unassuming, quiet, gray-bearded man had once been one of the most daring and resourceful cavalry leaders of the South, but he had. He had gone almost straight from West Point into the Confederate Army, and when the war ended, found himself cut off absolutely from the career for which he had fitted himself, and which he loved with all his heart. He went home to Alabama, and set about doing what he could with a plantation. After a while his neighbors sent him to Congress, where he had now served for some thirty years. He never bragged; he never said bitter things. He was a good man and a good citizen.

Hugh's other secret admiration, Mr. Roosevelt, was of quite a different type. He was a bluff, outspoken young New Yorker who had lived on a ranch in the West, shot big game, and done a number of other things. For the last year he had been, as the political reporter put it, standing the Navy Department on its head. Hugh knew from things he had heard in the office that Roosevelt believed there would be war.

And the battleship *Maine* had been ordered to Havana.

Hugh took that dispatch to the editor-in-chief in

the last week in January. The editor, a tall, grim-faced man with a mouth that could shut like a trap, read the slip, said "H'm!" and went to talk with the Major. The papers had pictures of the white battleship entering Havana harbor. Nobody—that is, hardly anybody—supposed that within a few months all battleships would be in sombre gray war-paint, and all America waiting anxiously for war-news.

Some people, who do not know how a newspaper is made, are wont to say that the editors print all sorts of news because "they have to fill up the paper with something." Hugh could have enlightened them on that. He knew, of course, that out of the news that pours into the office of every daily paper, from the pencils of reporters, from the end of the chattering telegraph wire, in bulky envelopes from news agencies, and once in a blue moon from the lips of men who have inside information on important matters, only a small part can possibly have room in the columns when the forms are locked. He had heard "space men" cursing the editor who ruthlessly cut their three columns down to three-quarters of one column, and amateur contributors complaining because their letters were not printed in full—half a column or more about the doings of an archæological meeting. He knew that when his paper gave reports of the atrocious doings of General Weyler in Cuba, it did so because these things were true, and not because the paper had to be filled somehow.

This one-cent Washington daily was fighting against odds, in some respects, almost as much as the Cubans were. It put out two editions a day, morning and evening, and its reporters had to compete with both the other Washington dailies, one morning and one

evening. The *Post* could get some of its news from the *Star* of the night before; the *Star* men could read the morning *Post*, but the one-cent paper had to beat them both—if it could. Its Cuban policy was more or less anti-administration, which did not make things easier. A former owner had left the paper deeply in debt, and all the staff did more work than it was paid for. For that matter, newspaper men almost always do. That business, like lumbering, railroading and soldiering, depends more on *esprit de corps* than on capital. Hugh's paper had it, down to the messenger boys.

The editor-in-chief believed in civil service reform, in free journalism, in honest politics, in preparedness and in fighting when necessary. He was a good fighter and stood up for his own rights, but one night when he lost his temper with a cabman, and afterward found out that the man was in the right, he hunted the cabman up and apologized to him. If a man on the paper did good work, the editor could be counted on to see it and remember it. Perhaps one may add that Hugh's greatest hero was his chief.

For three weeks the *Maine* lay in Havana harbor and nothing happened. Then the crash came. The news went flashing over the wires:

"At forty minutes after nine o'clock on the evening of February 15, 1898, the Maine was blown out of the water."

"Two commissioned officers and two hundred and sixty-four seamen lost their lives."

"Captain Sigsbee asks that public opinion be suspended until further report."

The telegraph men clicked out further details. The officers and crew of the *Maine* had retired to their

quarters when a frightful explosion was heard, followed by another and by lesser detonations. Within an hour it had become impossible to save another man. Discipline was perfect; there was hardly the confusion that would have been produced by a call to general quarters.

"By God," said the Major, running his hand through his thick gray hair until it stood up straight, "we'll *have* to fight now!"

Within forty-eight hours a Naval Commission was appointed to go to Havana and make an investigation. If the *Maine* had been destroyed, as the public believed it had, by an explosion from without, war with Spain must come.

The Senate and the House unanimously adopted a joint resolution, creating a fifty-million-dollar emergency fund to be used at the President's discretion. Senator Redfield Proctor made a private and unofficial tour in Cuba, to see just what conditions under the Weyler régime there were like. When he came back, he knew. On March 16, he made a speech.

The speech was not emotional; it was not excited. Senator Proctor was a hard-headed, unimaginative Vermont Yankee. He read his speech from manuscript, without oratorical gestures. But as Senator Frye of Maine observed, "It was just as if Proctor had held up his right hand and sworn to it."

Weyler had ordered all the inhabitants outside the lines of fortification of the towns to concentrate themselves within those lines within eight days after the order was issued. Otherwise they would be treated as rebels. The order added a new word to our language, which has never lost its meaning of horror—"reconcentrado."

Within a year after this order, more than four hundred thousand Cubans were dead. Men, women and children, with all their domestic animals, were huddled in huts ten or fifteen feet square, crowded inside "trochas"—trenches surrounded by barbed wire. In some of these places half the people had died and half the living were so diseased that they could not be saved. A week later Senator Thurston of Nebraska, who had also visited Cuba, made his speech. Mrs. Thurston had gone with her husband, and died on the way home, heart-broken at the scenes she had witnessed and the suffering she had tried to relieve. When the Nebraskan addressed the Senate he said,

"I have a right to speak. I give to you a message from silent lips; and if I held my peace when such a question is under discussion, if I refrained from testifying to the atrocious cruelties inflicted upon the people of Cuba, I should falter in my trust; I should fail in my duty to one whose heart was broken while a nation hesitated."

Yet Thurston's speech, moving as it was, and the previous report of Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, hardly stirred the people more than Proctor's plain, straightforward statement, effective by its very lack of striving for effect. Intervention—even if it meant war—this was urged more and more strongly as the weeks went by.

On March 29 the Naval Commission reported the *Maine* destroyed by an external explosion. On April 12 President McKinley asked Congress for authority and power to take measures to end hostilities in Cuba and establish order. He ranged his arguments under four heads. The barbarous conditions existing in that island must be abolished. American citizens in

Cuba must be protected. Intervention was justified by the injury inflicted on our commerce. Finally, the existing disorder was a menace to our own peace.

A week of discussion followed—not discussion whether war should be declared, for the war party in the House was three hundred to twenty—but whether to recognize the independence of the insurgents. Looking back upon this period of uncertainty after the lapse of twenty-seven years, the curious feature of it appears to be that most people believed the war would be a serious one, involving great losses to the United States even in case of success. English authorities doubted the ability of this country to cope at short notice with the army and navy of Spain. Spain herself did not expect to win the war, but did hope for favorable terms, a compromise won by fighting.

On the evening of April 18, a warm still night, Hugh heard a reporter speak of the situation.

“Roosevelt is ready for war, and I’ll be hanged if I don’t believe he’s the only man that is. He has had the Navy practicing with powder and ball. He’s made ’em go through all the maneuvers he could think of when he visited the squadron at Hampton last fall. He’s rushed a train-load of ammunition across the country for Dewey in the Pacific, and he’s dinned into ’em all that their bunkers must be kept full of coal—and seen that they had the coal. We may have a hundred thousand volunteers and no uniforms or guns for ’em—and maybe no provisions, but if we could fight this war with the Navy we wouldn’t lose out.”

Roosevelt. An energetic, outspoken, bumptious man with a mugwump record. That was the way people had talked of him, till lately. Now it seemed to be different.

Hugh had a ticket that night for the old Albaugh's Theater. In front of the bulletin-boards as he trotted down the Avenue, knots of silent readers were standing. There was an electric feeling in the air, like that before a heavy thunder-storm. The play was Thomas Shea's melodrama, "The Man-o'-War's Man." The dramatic editor said it was good.

The theater, a large one where Irving and Terry and other stars of the first magnitude used to be seen, was now given over to vaudeville and melodrama. But this night it was packed to the doors. The boxes were draped with United States flags, and filled with members of the diplomatic corps belonging to Central and South American legations. The men were in full uniform, their wives and daughters blazed with jewels. Never was such an audience seen at Albaugh's in Hugh's memory—or that of most other people.

The curtain rose on a street in Barcelona and a group of Spanish students dragging the Stars and Stripes in the dust. Then a crowd of Yankee blue-jackets leaped on the stage with a joyous whoop. There was a splendid fight. Wilder and wilder grew the applause as scene followed scene in quick succession. It was a good melodrama, excellently played, and the audience, tense with the strain of the past weeks, let itself go and cheered and shouted till it was hoarse. Henry Testa, the actor who played the Spanish villain, surpassed himself. The hisses that greeted his every appearance gratified him in a way, but Hugh, hanging about the stage door, heard him say dubiously, "That's all very well, but the other day a drunken man stood up in the orchestra and threatened to shoot me."

Congress was still in session when Hugh passed the Capitol on his eastward-bound car, going home. The discussion lasted far into the night. In the small hours of the morning of April 19 the report of the Conference Committee was adopted. It directed the President to demand that Spain withdraw from Cuba, to use the Army and Navy if necessary to enforce this demand, and it pledged the United States to leave the people of Cuba free when their independence was assured. The formal declaration of war came a week later.

THE SLOGAN

Outworn were the brave old legends of Roman and Celt and
Greek—

No more to our sated fancy did their great voices speak—
Lapped in a pleasant safety, guarding our hoarded gold,
We hugged our precious comfort, and our hearts were wise
and cold.

In the harbor of Havana the tide swung to and fro,
Where a white ship lay at anchor in the tropic sunlight's glow.
In the swift West Indian twilight the violet heaven grew dark,
And out on its fateful errand went a tiny, murderous spark.

The roar of the seething waters, the crash of a frightful doom,
Shattered the peace of the harbor, and out of the thunderous
gloom
Leaped like a demon of hatred a fierce unhaltered flame—
And down in the heart of the warship, one spoke the Captain's
name.

Only a common sailor—you have often seen them stray
Through the streets of a seaport city, on their brief, bright
holiday.
He stood at "Attention" calmly, and his dreadful message gave
Where he found his Captain halted by the verge of an open
grave.

Only a common sailor, awaiting the Captain's word—
In all that grim confusion, no note of fear was heard—
Two hundred and sixty-six seamen that died between breath
and breath,
Their comrades saved as by fire from the pitiless jaws of Death.

By the light of the dauntless courage that leaped from soul to
soul,
By the names that blaze immortal on God's great judgment-
roll,
Wake to the call of vengeance! Your watchword's written
plain
In letters of blood and fire, on the hull of the martyred *Maine!*

XXVIII

THE SEARCHLIGHTS

“**F**OR many years has Europe been saying that Americans must their proper places learn. Now it seems that the time is come.”

The German baron, after delivering this ultimatum, rolled his china-blue eyes inquiringly about the table. Nobody answered. The taciturn Englishman ate his dessert; the tall American drank his coffee. As for the young people at that end of the table, they had gone on deck to look for the coast of China, and the big Swedish purser got up and followed. Only Madame Emmerich, a handsome, middle-aged widow, gave respectful attention to the baron's views. The American and the Englishman met a few minutes later in the smoking-room.

“Judge Randolph,” said the Englishman, “how do you regard the situation between your country and Spain?”

“Bad,” said the American coolly, “for Spain.”

“But you don't expect an immediate victory?”

“Not immediate; no.”

The Englishman thought the Americans were overconfident, and said that the first naval battle would probably be a crushing defeat.

Randolph smoked his cigar out, and then went on deck. His nephew, Raymond Arden, was promenading with Madame Emmerich's pretty daughter, Adele

Saville. He reflected that when he was Raymond's age he had been smitten with the girl's mother, then Fanny Marshall. Fanny had married a handsome Southerner more than suspected of having been a Confederate spy, gone to live abroad, and taken an Austrian as her second husband. Raymond's mother had lived abroad for ten or fifteen years and the boy was educated there until he went to Harvard. Sometimes it seemed to the judge that his sister Lucy's son was hardly American at all.

The purser, Lindstrom, was tramping moodily along by himself. He was a blond young fellow with a rather sullen expression. Randolph stopped him with a question, as to when the steamer might expect to make Hong Kong. The purser told him.

"Dewey's fleet," said the American, "cannot remain there more than twenty-four hours if war is declared, England being neutral."

"It won't," said the purser.

"Well," said Randolph meditatively, "I'm not a military expert, but I believe there's a surprise coming to Europe before this war is over."

The young man's blue eyes flashed. "You bet there is! I'm going home to enlist as soon as I'm off this job."

"You are an American then?"

"Sure. So's dad. He was in the Civil War. He'd disown me if I didn't go. Fact, I wouldn't want to own myself."

"I was in that war too. I was in a Pennsylvania infantry regiment at Gettysburg."

Raymond had never heard just that tone in his uncle's voice; in fact, the lawyer was not much of a talker anyway. It had been impressed upon the boy,

by friends of his mother, that he ought to try to please this bachelor uncle in every way, because in the natural course of things his large fortune would come to Raymond. When the judge invited his nephew to accompany him in a tour through the Orient, he having been advised to take a six months' vacation from his work, Raymond went as a matter of course. He and his uncle Paul had been rather good chums when he was a boy of ten. But now he was not sure whether they were.

The judge seemed to approve of young Lindstrom. In Hong Kong the purser, by request, brought up his father and introduced him. Captain Lindstrom was a tall, erect man who might have been fifty but was nearly ten years older. After he left the American Navy he had gone into the Oriental trade, and had a large acquaintance among the captains of tramp steamers. He seemed to take a fancy to Raymond Arden. Learning that the young man spoke several languages, he offered to take him to Manila as interpreter—he had affairs to look after there. Judge Randolph did not object and Raymond himself was taken with the adventure of it. They were on board a British tramp in Cavité Bay when war was declared.

Captain Lindstrom had served in Farragut's squadron under this same Commodore Dewey who commanded the Pacific squadron—then a junior lieutenant. When the *Mississippi* had to go into action in the Vicksburg campaign, with all lights out, it was Lieutenant Dewey who thought of painting the deck white, so that the gunners could see their guns.

"He is a small man with big piercing eyes," the Captain said reflectively, "always very neat in his dress. It is not good to find those eyes going through

you from his side of the mast if you have done anything wrong. But he will forgive almost anything except a lie. There is no better officer in our Navy. All this talk of German efficiency," he added, "makes me sick. Yankee faculty will beat German efficiency, any day in the week. As for the Spaniards, they have neither."

It occurred to Raymond, looking out at the lights of the city founded by Philip of Spain, that the judgment of a practical seaman like Captain Lindstrom might be better, on the subject of navies, than that of a German baron or an English commercial traveler, or an American college professor. All of these were extremely pessimistic about the American Navy in this war with Spain.

The bay of Manila is one of the finest of harbors. Its area is one hundred and twenty-five square miles, its depth very great. The entrance is divided into two channels by the rocky islands of Caballos and Corregidor, the former strongly fortified at this time, and armed with heavy modern guns and equipped with searchlights. The channel to the north is called Boca Chica (small mouth), that on the south, Boca Grande. On the south the entrance is twelve miles wide.

Under the guns of the forts at Manila and Cavité and the Corregidor batteries lay the fleet of the Spanish Admiral Montojo—called by the sailors the Fighting Montojo. The flagship *Reina Cristina*, the *Castilla*, *Don Juan de Austria* and *Velasco*, were protected cruisers, and there were eight gunboats. The entrance to the harbor was mined.

On the morning of Saturday, April 30, the American squadron was sighted off Cape Boliao, and about

four o'clock it rounded to, off Subig Bay. In Manila, Governor-General Augusti announced that after Montojo had disposed of the Americans here, Spanish cruisers would be sent against San Francisco. His address to the people explained that the American ships were manned by foreigners incapable of discipline or courage, who were coming to destroy the Catholic religion, confiscate all property, kidnap the people useful to them and behave generally like the ruffians they were, but Spanish bravery and patriotism would make their efforts ridiculous.

"That ought to make a young feller's blood boil, if he was an American," commented Captain Lindstrom with a grim smile. "You are English, ain't you?"

"Certainly *not!*" answered Raymond curtly. "I was born in New York, and my mother's a member of the D. A. R."

"Oh!" said the Captain. Then he added, carefully, "I thought from something your uncle said that your father was a foreigner."

Something in this remark suggested to Raymond that the Captain was thinking that his uncle must be disappointed in him. He felt an unaccountable resentment that any one should take him for anything but an American. Emotions boiled up inside him that had not been aroused since he was a small boy and went with Uncle Paul to a Grand Army meeting. He was conscious of keen anxiety regarding that little American squadron of six ships, all that stood between the Spanish fleet in the Pacific and the unprotected Western coast.

Next morning he was aroused from the troubled

sleep into which he had fallen late at night, by Lindstrom's hand on his shoulder.

"Get up, lad!" said the old sea-dog's voice, thrilling with excitement. "Dewey's ships are coming into the harbor!"

Scrambling into his clothes Raymond tumbled up on deck. Hidden only by the darkness, the American squadron, with all lights out, had crept into the Boca Grande, taking the chance of mines and torpedoes and a plunging fire from the fort on the heights of Corregidor. Incredible as it seems, no Spanish guard or patrol gave warning. Half the squadron passed before the watch on Corregidor detected sparks escaping from a funnel and the guns on the fort opened fire. The *Boston* and *McCulloch* returned a few shots. Then followed silence.

Once past the fort, the ships slowed down to bare steerway, and at five o'clock in the morning their flagship, the *Olympia*, was five miles from Manila, which lay on the east side of the bay, twenty-five miles from the entrance. Eight miles south of it on a low peninsula were the arsenal and fortress of Cavité, commanding the Spanish navy yard. Under its guns lay the Spanish fleet in line of battle, nearly east and west. At a quarter past five, fifteen minutes after the guard at Manila discovered the American squadron, it was light enough for the three batteries of heavy guns at Manila, the two batteries at Cavité, and the long range guns of the Spanish fleet, to open fire on the Americans. Two guns of the approaching squadron fired back at Manila, but Commodore Dewey signaled orders to stop this. He did not intend to bombard the city, in which were some three

hundred thousand non-combatants and troops. His orders were "to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet."

The squadron proceeded to form for attack, under fire, with the precision and calmness of target practice. The flagship led, followed at regular distances by the *Baltimore*, the *Raleigh*, the *Petrel*, the *Concord* and the *Boston*. It moved on steadily for twenty-six minutes toward Cavité, and two torpedo mines exploded ahead of the *Olympia*, but too far ahead to endanger her. The men had all been on duty for eighteen hours. In the engine and furnace rooms the heat was from 125 to 160 degrees. The day was clear and intensely hot.

At nineteen minutes to six, the flagship then being about three miles from the fortress of Cavité, bow on, Dewey called to Gridley, her captain, "You may fire when ready, Gridley." An eight-inch gun in the forward turret blazed out at Montojo's flagship, and from every ship of the squadron arose a deep-throated cheer:

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! *Remember the Maine!*"

Then every gun that could be trained on the enemy poured out shot and shell with the deadly accuracy of American gunners. The Spaniards increased their fire, knowing exactly the distance of the Americans, who had to guess at theirs. One large shell directed at the *Olympia* dropped within a hundred feet, and a fragment passed under Commodore Dewey and gouged a hole in the deck. Owing to the deep draught of the American ships, Dewey changed his course when four thousand yards away and ran parallel to the Spanish line.

"Open with all guns," he ordered. The roar of the

five-inch rapid-firers of the port broadside was followed by the deep crash of the turret eight-inch guns. The Spaniards in their strong position were putting up a good fight. The signal-halyards on the after-bridge of the *Olympia* were cut from the officer's hand; a sailor climbed up in the pelting fire from the enemy, and coolly mended the break. A shell went through the foremast of the *Boston* just in front of Captain Wildes on the bridge. Four runs were made along the Spanish line. Then, finding some inaccuracies in the chart, Lieutenant Calkins, the navigator of the flagship, told Dewey he believed he could take her closer, casting lead to find out the depth. The fifth time she ran within two thousand yards of the enemy, followed by the rest of the squadron. The American fire was now frightfully destructive. Admiral Montojo with the *Reina Cristina* advanced from his line, but met with a concentrated fire from the American ships, turned, and made for the breakwater. An eight-inch shell from the *Olympia* went through the stern of the Spanish flagship and the whole length of the ship to the engine-room. There it exploded and set fire to the interior. The flagship being thus made unmanageable, Admiral Montojo took his flag in an open boat and went over to the gunboat *Isla de Cuba*, from which he continued to issue his orders. Captain Cadarso of the flagship, mortally wounded, refused to be carried off, and with many other wounded men, went down with his ship. The heavy firing from Manila having continued, Dewey sent a flag messenger to the Governor-General with notice that if it did not stop he would shell the city. The batteries in Manila became silent.

It was now half-past seven. The men had been

fighting for two hours, with no breakfast except a cup of coffee. Dewey ordered the ships to retire beyond range, and breakfast to be served. Cheering, the squadron filed past the *Olympia*, which brought up the rear. When the commanders were called aboard the American flagship to report, the amazing truth came to light—not a man was killed or seriously hurt, not a ship was disabled. Meanwhile the Spanish authorities concluded that the Americans were in retreat, and cabled that report to Spain. After taking three and a half hours to recuperate, the American squadron again came on, and under orders for close action poured a merciless fire into the Spanish fleet. The *Baltimore* was ordered to attend to the arsenal at Cavité. Into the smoke-filled bay she steered, and when close up opened all her batteries, with the result that with a fearful roar the powder magazine of Cavité exploded and the battery was smashed.

Then the *Boston*, *Concord* and *Petrel* were ordered into the bay, and the *Petrel*, the lightest-draught of the three, got behind the breakwater, up to the gunboats; the crews surrendered and the ships were scuttled and fired. At twenty minutes to one the Spanish flag had been hauled down from Cavité and the white flag raised. The flagship, the *Castilla* and the *Don Antonio de Ulloa* had been sunk, the *Manila* and some tugs and launches captured, and the other ships and gunboats burned. Hundreds of Spaniards had been killed and wounded. The admiral and his son were slightly wounded. The American surgeons proceeded to attend the injured, while Dewey in his flagship stood off toward Manila and asked permission to use the submarine cable to Hong Kong for sending in his report to Washington. Augusti refused, and

Dewey promptly cut the cable and sat down before Manila to await further orders. The army of insurgents under Aguinaldo was besieging the city by land. On May 8 the dispatch boat *McCulloch* arrived at Hong Kong with Dewey's reports of the victory.

From the British tramp steamer, Raymond Arden watched the battle with the illuminating comments of Captain Lindstrom to aid his comprehension of it. When it was all over, and he could think of returning to his uncle at Hong Kong, he said very soberly,

"As soon as Uncle Paul is ready to let me go back to America I'm going home to enlist—if they'll take me."

"He's ready now," said Lindstrom.

NOTES

Mr. Beach, an engineer officer on the *Baltimore*, wrote home after the battle:

"The night we ran by the forts the Spanish officers were all at a grand ball. The entrance to the harbor was planted with torpedoes; they thought that was enough and had no patrol, picket boats or torpedo boats on watch . . . I think that their ships, combined with their forts, made them equal to us as far as powers of offense and defense were concerned. They had as many modern guns approximating to the same size as we had and more men to fire them. . . . We did not employ much tactics because there wasn't much need for them.

"The lesson I draw from the fight is the great utility of target practice. The Spaniard has none; we have it every three months. I am confident that had we manned the Spanish ships and the Spaniards manned our fleet, the American side would have been victorious, as it was."

The first news of the battle to reach the United States came by way of Madrid, and was a confused attempt to claim a Spanish victory. Owing to the necessity of depending on the mail service to Hong Kong, Dewey's dispatches did not come till a week later. They read:

May 1. Squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning. Immediately engaged the enemy and destroyed the following Spanish

vessels: *Reina Cristina*, *Castilla*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, *General Lezo*, *Marques del Duero*, *Correo*, *Velasco*, *Isla de Mindanao*, a transport and a water battery at Cavité. The squadron is uninjured, and only a few men are slightly wounded. Only means of telegraphing is to the American consul at Hong Kong. I shall communicate with him."

May 4. I have taken possession of the naval station at Cavité and destroyed its fortifications. Have destroyed fortifications at the bay entrance, patrolling the garrison. I control the bay completely, and can take the city at any time. The squadron is in excellent health and spirits. The Spanish loss not fully known but very heavy; 150 killed, including the Captain of the *Reina Cristina*; I am assisting in protecting the Spanish sick and wounded; 250 sick and wounded in hospital within our lines. Much excitement at Manila. Will protect foreign residents."

In the reaction from strenuous anxiety regarding the ability of the American Navy to meet that of Spain successfully, somebody on the staff of the *New York Sun* wrote the following résumé:

"Oh, dewy was the morning upon the first of May,
And Dewey was the Admiral down in Manila Bay,
And dewy were the regent's eyes, those eyes of royal blue,
And Dewey feel discouraged?
I dew not think we dew."

This expresses with fair accuracy the almost hysterical delight of the American public when the significance of the news from Manila was understood.

THE STATUES

We are the Minute-Men.
We stand as when we heard
The warning word.
Will the summons come again?
We are the Minute-Men.
If it come by land or sea—
Ready are we.

We are the Volunteers.
In our place we stand
Waiting command,
As in forgotten years
We stood, the Volunteers.
Again, if need there be,
Ready are we.

We are the Regulars.
Following the flag we ride,
Whate'er betide.
Winning for it new stars—
We are the Regulars.
East or West, land or sea,
Ready are we.

We are the rank and file.
Not ours the wealth or fame;
We play the game!
Empires were lost, the while
We mustered, rank and file.
That our land might be free.
Ready stand we!

XXIX

RED TAPE AND BARBED WIRE

“**T**HEY feed these guasimas nuts to the pigs, I hear.”

“They won’t be ripe yet awhile,” said Allan Kendrick dryly, shifting his rifle a little. “You’re too luxurious in your ideas, Lew. ’Member we left men cryin’ at Tampa ’cause they couldn’t come.”

The dismounted cavalry of General Young’s brigade were toiling up a mountain trail so narrow that four could not walk abreast. There was no wind, the blazing sun beat down fiercely upon them, they were covered with fine red dust. The night before, in their makeshift camp at Siboney, they had been drenched and chilled by a heavy tropical rain-storm. They had made the acquaintance of tarantulas, snakes, vultures, and huge land-crabs that scuttled through the undergrowth, and their rations, not plentiful, consisted of pork and beans, canned tomatoes and coffee. On landing at Daiquiri four days ago, information had reached General Wheeler that a force of several thousand Spaniards was posted in the wooded hills inland, where the mountain trail joined the valley road at a point known as Las Guasimas, from the low, wide-spreading trees that grew there.

When war was declared the firm of Kendrick and Davis, mining engineers, closed its office and enlisted in the First U. S. V. Cavalry, counting it great good

luck to get in. The public had renamed the regiment "Roosevelt's Rough Riders." They now referred to themselves as "Wood's Weary Willies." Many of them were cowboys, who never under any circumstances walked when they could ride; but they tramped through the heat as philosophically as the rest. Along the valley road were marching the First Regular Cavalry, white men, and the Tenth, negro regulars, toward the hidden enemy.

Western ranching and mining had made Allan Kendrick into a bronzed, self-reliant, able young fellow. Lew Davis, his partner, shared his two years at technical school,—after which they returned to the West to divide their time between their own copper mine in the mountains and an office in Butte. Now, the mine could wait; war would not.

The men were climbing a ridge enclosed in a horseshoe-shaped group of thickly wooded hills, where the enemy was said to hide. Captain Allyn Capron, fifth in a direct line of United States Army officers, was riding on ahead; he was an experienced captain of Indian scouts and a famous hunter. As they approached the top, he detected the presence of Spaniards on the hill to the right, and passed the word back to keep silence. The men deployed on both sides of the trail, in jungle too thick to let them see ahead except in places, and netted with wire fences. On the right a Spanish soldier appeared for an instant and fired. Almost before the report was heard, Tom Isbell of Troop L, a half-breed and a dead shot, brought him down. Then from three sides came a plunging fire, and the fact that the Spaniards had smokeless powder made it nearly impossible to return their shots. The Americans were ordered to go on

at the double-quick, shooting as they ran. Forty or fifty were shot before they emerged from the thickets and saw a sort of block house at the top of the hill, with an open space before it. They halted an instant to form, and with an Indian yell, charged the block-house, Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt leading. In the face of the murderous fire from the building they fell back—then from the left came the shots of the regulars from the valley road charging up the slope, and the volunteers gave a cheer and went on. The Spaniards abandoned their stronghold and fled to the woods, and the Americans, camping there, held the ground.

Capron was shot down in the first few minutes, borrowed a gun and fired two more shots, though mortally wounded. Hamilton Fish, a six-foot athlete, son of a millionaire and member of a New York family distinguished for three generations, was also among the killed. Edward Marshall, a newspaper correspondent, shot in the spine and paralyzed, insisted on dictating his "story" before giving up. Young Dr. Church, a Princeton man, dressing the wounds of a soldier who had fallen in an open space, heard from a comrade posted in a thicket the warning:

"Doctor, you'll get shot if-you-don't-watch-out!"

Church looked around with a grin. "Why," said he, "what business have you got here without getting killed? You're not a doctor." He finished his work as coolly as if bullets were not flying all around him.

A trooper of the Tenth who sat by a stump firing steadily, replied to a passing comment that he "had a bad wound in his hip."

"That's all right, it's been there for some time."

A New Mexican named Rowland brought a mes-

sage to Roosevelt, who learned that the man had two ribs smashed, and ordered him to the rear. Half an hour later he found Rowland on the firing line.

"I thought I sent you to the hospital," said the officer.

"Aw—I couldn't find the hospital," said the trooper casually, and stayed where he was. That evening a Spanish officer in Santiago said in the hearing of the British consul,

"The Americans do not fight like other men. When we fire they do not run away; they run right toward us."

The officers of this vanguard of the army of invasion fared as their men did. Neither Roosevelt nor Wheeler carried any baggage but a mackintosh and a toothbrush. There was a lull of a week, without further action; then, on June 30, a general forward movement was ordered. Lawton's division approached Santiago by way of El Caney; and on July 1 the Rough Riders and the regulars were all mixed up together on the slope of San Juan hill. In all their entrenchments, and in fortifying their jungles, the Spaniards used wire; it could not be broken, and in some places it was so closely interwoven that even the clippers could not be inserted, but the Mauser bullets came through without difficulty, and filled the air with their vicious *z-z-z-eu!* Lew Davis, lying on the hillside where he had been shot down, was whimsically reminded of the sound of a cracking lamp-chimney on a cold night. Allan was borne on up the slope among the regulars, into the thick of the fighting, and on the way passed wounded men being helped or carried to the rear.

General Wheeler had been suffering for some days

from an attack of fever, so severe that the day before he transferred the command of the cavalry to General Sumner. But the sound of shots was too much for the little general. He ordered himself carried to the front. Half way there he caught sight of some wounded, and climbed out.

"Take them in here," he said, "I'll ride."

The breathless, powder-grimed, sweating privates on the firing line were presently aware that the intrepid old ex-Confederate was among them, his sword drawn, his deep dark eyes blazing.

"Give the Yankees hell, boys, give 'em hell!" he shouted, forgetting everything except that after thirty-three years of civil life he was facing bullets once more. Not till there was a pause in the fighting did he know what he had said, and then he apologized in great confusion. The men chuckled and told him it was all right. They were fond of "Fighting Joe Wheeler," even as his own gray-coated daredevils had loved him, in the days when he was young.

When night fell the Stars and Stripes waved over San Juan Hill and over El Caney. There were about five thousand men in each position. Some of the officers, doubting the possibility of holding San Juan Hill, counseled retreat, but General Wheeler refused to consider it. "If we can get through to-morrow," he said, "our breastworks can be made very strong." The troops held their ground.

Army wagons, filled with wounded, crowded the roads. Spanish sharpshooters, perched in the tree-tops, harassed the stretcher-bearers and surgeons. Allan Kendrick, shot through the thigh, lay under cover of some scrubby bushes, aware that any call for help would draw the attention of the sharpshooters



"THE INTREPID OLD EX-CONFEDERATE, 'FIGHTING JOE WHEELER,' WAS AMONG THEM."

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to him. At last he perceived somebody coming cautiously toward him from the direction in which he believed the American troops to be. It was a big corporal of the Tenth—a negro of the “buffalo soldiers”—and he was stalking somebody. He nearly stumbled over Allan, and the young volunteer whispered feebly,

“Look out; there’s a sharpshooter over there in a tree.”

“That’s what I’m here fo’, right now. Ouah cap’n he sent me and some others in yer to clean ’em out. We’ll git de rascal.” He crept on in the direction indicated.

Not long after a voice from above called in agitated tones, “Don’ shoot, señor,—Americano, Americano,” and the speaker hastily climbed down.

“American, huh?”

“Si, si, Americano.”

“What’s yo’ regiment?”

“Tenth Cavalry, señor.”

“Well, den,” came the trooper’s verdict, acrid and deliberate, “ef you belongs to the Tenth Cavalry, and you’s a w’ite man, you’s de ve’y man I’s lookin’ for.”

The negro presently returned, without his prisoner, and carried Allan back where the stretcher-bearers would find him. Later, in the field hospital, he hunted up the volunteer to return to him some letters that had dropped from his pocket, and asked whether the young man’s father had been in the Union army. He explained that a soldier by that name had helped his own father to escape from slavery in 1862. His name was Grant Walton; his father, Steve Walton, had been in one of the black regiments, and fought at Fort Wagner.

"Dey do say," he added, "some folks ask de off'cers o' dat regiment if dey fill de men up with whiskey to make 'em fight de way dey did. I reckon folks don't ask dat kinder question no mo."

"Anything I kin do fo' you, suh," he added heartily, "I'll be proud to do. We pays ouah debts, when we kin."

Allan asked him to find out, if he could, what had become of Lew Davis. A day or two later the corporal told him that Lew had been picked up after thirty-six hours on the field, still alive, and seemed likely to recover. The two met in course of time. Despite fever, unsuitable food and other drawbacks, their tough young constitutions pulled them through.

"The worst of it was," said Lew soberly when they got a chance to talk, "watching those infernal buzzards wheeling 'round up there, and wondering if I could fight 'em off by the time they turned their attention to me. Say, ol' timer, ain't this queer—before this thing started America was supposed to be so out of practice in real war, and so devoted to business, that we were sure to get licked. We never had much trouble running a G. A. R. encampment or a convention—or a World's Fair. Now here the woods are full of men that can fight like the devil, and the War Department can't feed 'em on anything better than embalmed beef and pork and beans. There was nine miles of freight cars loaded with supplies in Tampa, if you remember, and nobody knew where to find anything. 'T ain't the military end of this war that's all balled up; it's the business end."

"Guess it's been so in all our wars," said Allan dryly.

"The officer that unloaded our stuff at Daiquiri,"

Lew continued, "found the first transport hadn't anything on it but mules and stewed tomatoes, and the next one wouldn't anchor till the first one finished unloading. Says the cap'n, 'I got orders.' The officer—I dunno who he was, but he was sure mad—says he, 'Orders are for those that can't get along without 'em. I've got ten thousand men here with no rations, do you think I'm going to feed 'em on tomatoes? Will you move, or do I have to move you?' He moved."

"You can cut barbed wire," said Allan meditatively, "some easier than you can red tape. And havin' a pull don't take the place of experience—more especially in a railroad job. That's how."

THE BULWARK

Swift the news came flashing from the squadron where it lay,
Under ancient Spanish bastions half a world away,

News that Spain had lost the battle, and the jewels in her
crown
Changed from gems to pinchbeck baubles, when her flag came
reeling down.

Flag of Cortes, flag of Davila, Pizarro and their crew—
Blood and gold in rivers flowing, in the Old World and the
New.

—What betides the Spanish islands? Let the future speak and
say—
For to-day is with our squadrons, in their grim war-paint of
gray ;

For to-day is with the battleships, the bulwark of our land.
God be good to those Americans who do not understand!

XXX

THE DAGO

ANTONIO GALDOS, aged nineteen, born of Spanish parents in a New England seaport and educated in an orphan asylum, on the streets and in a reform school, was enjoying shore leave in Santiago de Cuba on a May night in 1898. Santiago was named for the patron saint of Spain—one of the Seven Champions of Christendom seven hundred years ago—San Diego, St. James of Compostela, at whose shrine pilgrims got souvenir shells. The waif knew little of history, but he did know that to the Yankee pigs every Spaniard and Italian was a Dago.

In school he was taught that Spaniards discovered and settled the New World before ever the *Mayflower* left Plymouth, but when he pointed this out, his schoolmates hooted him. In his five years of seaman-ship he had been to Spain more than once, but the Yankees neither knew nor cared that the cathedrals of Seville and Cordova, the Alhambra and the royal palace of La Granja, were greater and finer than any buildings in Boston or Newport News. When the *Maine* was blown up, Antonio was a stoker on the *Vizcaya* in Cervera's fleet. He felt a fierce joy at the prospect of revenge at last—revenge upon the Americans. They had treated him like the dirt under their feet; now they would know what his country was like!

The lot of a stoker on a Spanish warship is not a happy one, but after his experience on tramp steamers

and trading ships he stood it well enough. He liked the West Indies especially. With the fleet of Montojo victorious in the East, and Camara's ships hastening to reinforce Cervera, Spanish success was assured, so the men were told.

The harbor of Santiago is peculiar in shape, and its very narrow entrance was strongly fortified. Cervera's ships lay within it, ready to assist Toral's army in the defense of Santiago by turning the great guns of the ships on invading American troops, if indeed they came near enough to threaten the city. Thus far none had appeared. The harbor channels were mined with torpedoes; four land batteries guarded the entrance, and a battery moored on an old ship faced the entrance from within. After playing hide-and-seek among the West India islands for some time, Cervera now sat secure within the harbor. On May 26, the American Flying Squadron hove in sight, and its commander, Commodore Winfield Schley, contrived to get near enough to the entrance in a small boat, to be able to report to the Navy Department that he had with his own eyes seen the Spanish fleet. Antonio could see the long beams of the American searchlights dancing over the night sky. On May 31 the squadron bombarded the Santiago forts for an hour or so, but without serious results. Next day Sampson's squadron arrived, and the harbor was blockaded.

The entrance to the harbor was only two hundred yards wide. The Americans would not dare come in.

It was a wonderful moonlight night, the night of Friday, June 3. Unknown to the Spaniards, seven men aboard the American ships were preparing for an exploit of reckless daring. It was the plan of Lieu-

tenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, an assistant naval constructor, whom Sampson had asked to express an opinion whether the channel could be blockaded by a sunken ship. By his own request the young officer was in command of the party, all volunteers, chosen by lot, because practically every man in the squadron wanted to go. The *Merrimac*, a coaler three hundred and thirty feet long, was to be run into the entrance, swung across the channel and blown up with torpedoes, the men taking the very slim chance of escaping on a raft. The launch of the *New York* was to keep as near as possible to rescue survivors. At three in the morning the plan was carried out. The *Merrimac* was detected and for ten minutes the Spanish batteries pelted her with shot and shell. All night the launch kept watch, but no survivor appeared. In the afternoon a Spanish officer, on a tug, emerged with news that Hobson and his men had been taken prisoners, two being slightly wounded. Moreover, the rush of water into the hull of the ship sunk her before she swung directly across the channel. The way was not blocked.

Antonio did not see why the eight American prisoners should be treated with such respect and kindness. When they were brought in, some of their guards made menacing gestures, passing the hand edgewise across the throat. The Yankees laughed in their faces. They were allowed to have clothes and food sent them from the American fleet, and Lieutenant Hobson had a comfortable room to himself. Why this leniency?

"Wait," said old José Moreno, the steward. "When the Americans shell our forts, these men will be destroyed."

But nearly a month went by, and nothing happened. Meanwhile the scarcity of provisions within the blockade became almost famine. No supplies could be obtained from the interior, because the Cubans were besieging the city on that side. Moreover, during the last week in May American troops were landed and came up on the land side. Cervera found that his guns could not be effectively used against them. He could not fire high enough to damage the approaching Yankee army without endangering the Spanish troops opposed to them. He determined to make a dash out of the harbor and try to escape. The Spanish navy had some high-speed armored cruisers; the only fast ships the Americans had were the *New York* and the *Brooklyn*. Cervera had positive orders from his own government and from Captain-General Blanco at Havana to come to the rescue of Havana if possible. He saw little hope of success, but he had no choice. The coal bunkers were filled, cattle taken aboard as provision, the ships were stripped to fighting trim, and the guns loaded. Saturday night, July 2, was the time arranged, but the American searchlights did not happen to be trained on the entrance, and to try to steam past the sunken *Merrimac* in the dark would be dangerous. On Sunday morning the Americans would be off guard, attending their religious services. Moreover, at eight o'clock, a lookout on the hills brought the information that Sampson's flagship, the *New York*, had gone eastward and was out of sight, along with the *Massachusetts*. In fact Sampson was going to Siboney to confer with General Shafter, and the other ship was going to coal.

Orders were given promptly, brandy was served out to the Spanish crews, with notice that there was to be

no surrender, but a fight to the end, no quarter asked or given. Admiral Cervera would lead, on his flagship the *Maria Teresa*, turn westward and attack the cruiser *Brooklyn*, the only ship now in sight which was believed capable of overhauling the Spanish ships. The *Vizcaya*, following, was to try to ram the *Brooklyn*. Then would follow the *Cristobal Colon*, the swiftest cruiser, and the *Almirante Oquendo*.

At twenty-five minutes to ten on Sunday morning, July 3, a bright sunshiny day, the men on the American fleet, busy with their light Sunday duties, saw the flagship of Cervera nosing out of the channel. "They're coming out!" flew from mouth to mouth. Signal bells rang, speaking-tubes conveyed curt orders, awnings came down, stokers shoveled coal with the swift precision of men prepared through weeks of drill for this very emergency. The *Maria Teresa* was heading straight for the *Brooklyn*, firing as she came. The *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *Oregon* and *Texas* were nearest, the *Gloucester* off to the right. The four battleships opened on the Spanish flagship with shells and solid shot. One shell shattered her main water-supply pipe, the second entered the Admiral's cabin and exploded, another tore through a gun-room and killed sixty men. Eight hundred yards behind came the *Vizcaya* under forced draught, heading also for the *Brooklyn*.

Some of the boilers and furnaces on the American ships were being cleaned out that day. The *Brooklyn* had only two boilers in service when the enemy appeared, and could make only eight knots. Schley guessed that the *Vizcaya* was about to ram her, and wheeling, came bow on, to meet her prow to prow. The Spanish flagship was past help, on fire from stem to stern; her captain ordered her run ashore, and a

moment later he was killed. Admiral Cervera, aided by his son, swam ashore, and the crew leaped into the water to save themselves if they could. The *Vizcaya* swerved off toward the coast to escape the *Indiana* and *Iowa*, and the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon* and *Texas* went after her. The American stokers were cramming their furnaces with coal soaked in oil, which caused the flames to roar from the smokestacks; the guns were flashing and thundering through the thick clouds of smoke that covered the surface of the waters. Into the heart of the smoke and spray raced the *Cristobal Colon*, and close behind her the *Oquendo*. The *Colon* seemed to stand some chance of escape, and the *Oquendo*, with the five American battleships pounding her, fought hard to give the fleeter ship a greater advantage. But the first shell that landed on the *Oquendo* exploded in her after-torpedo compartment; her decks were swept by a fire that nothing could withstand; the *Oregon* moved in upon her, while the after-guns of the *Texas* and *Brooklyn* as they turned west after the *Vizcaya* and *Colon* were also turned upon her. A mile beyond the wrecked and burning flagship she ran ashore a wreck. Some of the crew reported that her captain, Juan Lazaga, shot himself in the conning tower as the ship drove on the rocks. At the entrance of the tower were later found a jeweled sword, a revolver, a pile of ashes and some bones. All this destruction had occupied but forty minutes.

Meanwhile the *Brooklyn*, *Texas* and *Oregon* were making all speed westward after the *Vizcaya* and *Colon*. Then the torpedo destroyers *Pluton* and *Furor* rushed out of the harbor, making thirty knots an hour. The steel yacht *Gloucester*, under Lieutenant Richard Wainwright, had been waiting for this.

As the destroyers turned westward the *Gloucester* dashed right in between them and the Spanish cruisers, firing her port guns at the ships and her port broadside at the destroyers. A shot from the *Texas* smashed the *Pluton's* boiler; one from the *Gloucester* disabled her steering gear, and the steel yacht ran in between the two destroyers, firing both broadsides under the guns of the fort, and aided by two shots from the *New York*, which was now coming up. The destroyers were done for.

For a time it looked as if the other two Spanish ships might get away. The *Oregon* and *Texas* were of the type of ship built for coast defense rather than sea-fighting; it was like a freight engine laboring after an express flyer. Aboard the *Brooklyn*, Schley formed a line of sailors to pass cool drink from the officers' stores down to the engineers and stokers, and stationed an ensign where he could keep them informed of the fight. The *Vizcaya* was overhauled, and within ten minutes was on fire, her hull riddled, lurching toward the beach, where some Cuban insurgents were firing on the men swimming ashore. Captain Evans of the *Iowa* fired a small gun over the heads of the Cubans to stop this, and by order of his superiors began rescuing survivors. Following the coast the *Colon* sped on twenty, thirty, forty miles; then as she approached Cape Cruz the *Brooklyn* steered straight for the cape to shut her off. Captain Clark of the *Oregon* signaled to Schley:

"A strange ship, looking like an Italian, in the distance." (The *Colon* had been purchased from Italy).

Schley smiled and sent back the message, "Try one of those thirteen-inch railroad trains on her." And a

thirteen-inch shell hurtled through the air—another, and the *Colon* hauled down her colors and ran ashore at Rio Tarquino, forty-eight miles from Santiago, at a quarter past one. There, thirty years before, the crew of the *Virginus* had been massacred by the Spaniards. Before abandoning her the crew had opened her sea-valves, and she became a wreck. All along the line of the fighting, Americans were now busy in rescuing survivors and caring for the wounded.

Antonio Galdos, stunned by a shot that had killed three near him, came to himself aboard the *Iowa*. Captain Eulate of the *Vizcaya*, bleeding and exhausted, was being carried aboard. Captain Evans received him with every sign of respect, and when Eulate drew his sword, kissed the blade and offered it in token of surrender, Evans said,

"Keep your sword, sir. You have fought like a brave and gallant officer." Taking the Spaniard's hand he added with a touch of grim humor, "Only one quarter of it would belong to me; you have fought four ships."

The things Antonio saw and heard of during the next day or two bewildered him exceedingly. There was the story, which old José Moreno told, that when the men on the *Texas* started to cheer, Captain Philip stopped them, saying, "Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying." That, José admitted, was something beyond his experience. The Americans scrambled through the wrecked and burning ships, risking the explosion of guns from the heat of internal fires, to rescue wounded Spaniards whom their own comrades had abandoned. They were like big, good-natured boys. Where among them was the spirit of those who had jeered at him and called him "dago,"

and mobbed him and pounded him when he fought back?

"Glory enough for everybody," said Schley, of the *Brooklyn*. Still, there was some good-natured guying of the men on the *New York* because she had had the bad luck to be somewhere else when the great moment arrived. The Spanish boy from the *Vizcaya* heard three *Brooklyn* men, walking arm in arm on shore, chanting joyously:

"Where was Sampson when the fleet came out?
Where was he and what was he about?
Say, little man, tell me if you can,
Where was Sampson when the fleet came out?"

But nobody was knifed on account of that. Antonio came to the conclusion that if the Americans had, as it appeared, taken Manila, taken Santiago, taken everything, he would wait and see how they governed the islands they had conquered. It might be that these Americans were of a different breed from those he had known hitherto.

A PROPHECY

His sword with valorous gesture

The Kaiser Wilhelm drew:

He said, "I am the People,

That saying it is true.

The world is all mine oyster,—

I will of it a stew!"

—The *Washington Capital*

January 25, 1896

XXXI

UNDER THE CEIBA TREE

“**T**HERE they come!”

It was a little before nine o'clock on Sunday morning, July 17. As far as the eye could reach, along the eight miles of trenches, from the Third Regiment at the extreme left to the Eighth on the El Cobre road at the right, American troops were standing on sandbags, and watching. General Shafter's bulky figure, attended by General Wheeler, Lawton, Kent, Ludlow and Ames, and eighty other officers, emerged from the American lines and moved down the hill to halt beneath a large ceiba tree. The cannon crashed out in the national salute of twenty-one guns. Twenty thousand American soldiers cheered, and sixty thousand people were aware that the surrender of Santiago was about to take place.

General Toral, preceded by trumpeters and followed by two hundred Spanish officers, all in full dress uniform, came out of the gates of the city, and approached the tree. There was a salute of bugles on each side. Formal courtesies were exchanged. Then the two commanding generals met in front of the lines.

“General,” said Toral, in Spanish, “I am forced by my fate to surrender to the possession of the American army and to you, the city and the strongholds of Santiago. I am now ready to do so formally and honorably as agreed.” The Spanish officers brought their swords to “present arms.”

"I receive the city," replied General Shafter, "in the name of the Government of the United States of America."

The two Generals saluted. Toral and his officers turned, and with swords still presented marched toward the city, followed by the American officers and their escort of negro cavalry. The American lines cheered again. Spanish troops, meeting the American officers within the walls, escorted them to the Plaza de Armas in front of the Governor's palace. Opposite was the Cathedral. Toral was invited to salute his own flag, by the firing of twenty-one guns. Then the stately banner of Spain, first raised over these islands more than four centuries ago, was hauled down from the staff above the portico of the palace.

General Shafter formally presented to Toral the sword and spurs of General Vara del Rey, killed at El Caney. His body was identified and buried by the United States troops. The Spanish garrison surrendered arms at the arsenal, and were marched out to a camp provided for them. The officers of the victorious army were invited to luncheon in the palace.

A little before noon, Lieutenant Miley went up to the roof of the building with the great silken flag of the United States. Just at twelve he and Lieutenant Joseph Wheeler, Jr., and Captain McKittrick, raised the Stars and Stripes, while a dense crowd filled the square. As the flag lifted slowly on the strong southwest wind the soldiers presented arms, the spectators uncovered, and the band of the Ninth Regiment played "The Star-Spangled Banner." As Captain Capron's battery thundered the salute a salvo of cheers was heard once more from the Americans in the trenches.

The Americans had been ordered not to cross their

trenches or enter Santiago, because of the danger of infection, but the two armies immediately began to fraternize more or less, exchanging hard-tack, coffee and other commodities across the boundary. About five o'clock the Red Cross relief boat came in. The half-starved people of the captured city discovered that they were to be fed.

Shafter had, in his own words, "beaten the rains to Santiago." This promptness had saved the troops thus far from the great danger of yellow fever, which nearly always appeared in August and September. But in spite of the care taken to get the main body of the army into camp on the high ground north of the city, within a fortnight four thousand men were down with malarial fever. The war with Spain has been justly called a regulars' war; the majority of our troops belonged to the regular army. But some volunteers compared very well with these seasoned soldiers.

"It gets me," said Allan Kendrick to a young recruit he met while on hospital duty, "that a fellow like you, that has lived all his life in luxury, wants to come down here for fifteen dollars a month and board. Nothin' seems to phase you."

The slender, dark-eyed boy curled up under a ceiba tree reading letters, glanced up with a smile.

"How about you?"

"Well, but Lew and I have been roughing it out West for ten years or so. You ain't even been in America except when you were in Harvard, till this got you."

Raymond Arden blew a smoke-ring into the hot air. "*Time* for me to tote my share of the load, don't you think? See here, fellows, I got a letter from my

uncle that's rather pertinent just now. Remember that German attaché that tried to prove we couldn't do what we did at Las Guasimas and San Juan without the help of artillery?"

"'S our specialty, doing what can't be done," drawled Lew. "One o' those military experts didn't know what we meant when we said 'get there,' and it worried him. Wonder if he knows now?"

"What about the German?" queried Allan, scenting something of interest.

"I'll read you what Uncle Paul says—he's just got back from Manila. 'I think that Dewey's diplomatic work in Manila is at least as important as his naval victory. He is 7,500 miles from the nearest home port, with two thousand men and his ships, and bound to control the situation. The Spaniards are enemies; the Germans, I believe, would be if they dared; the Filipino is an unknown quantity. On establishing his blockade, Dewey issued the usual regulation, that no foreign vessels or boats move about the bay after sunset without his permission. When German launches violated this rule, our patrol launches turned them back, even when they were taking German officers to the clubs in Manila.' " Raymond chuckled, meditatively. "'Then they would send out a decoy launch in one direction and others would slip out into the dark. Dewey turned his searchlights on their ships then, and Admiral von Diederichs made a fuss. Dewey said he was sorry, but maybe the Germans didn't quite understand that *he* was maintaining the blockade, and *they* were *not*. After a while the German ships began to change position pretty often, one going out to Mariveles harbor outside the bay, to be replaced by another. Dewey met those tactics by

sending to meet incoming German ships, and ask who they were, where they came from and where bound. That made Diederichs madder yet, but Dewey's reply to his protest was,

“ ‘ ‘Tell Admiral von Diederichs there are some acts that mean war, and his fleet is dangerously near those acts. If he wants war, assure him that he may have it here, now, or at the time that best suits him.’ ” ”

“Called his bluff,” commented Lew Davis, grinning.

“Well, then, as my uncle goes on to say, von Diederichs went to Captain Chichester of the British warship *Immortalité*—senior British officer in the harbor—and asked what he thought of Dewey's claiming any such ‘right of search,’ he called it. But he didn't get any change out of the downy Briton. Chichester answered that he and Admiral Dewey ‘had a perfect understanding on that point.’ After letting the German sweat a few moments, he added that he'd show him, if he liked, instructions from his own Government ordering him to do just what Dewey claimed the Germans should do. And that settled *that*.

“But it didn't settle von Diederichs. Reports began to come in from reliable sources that the Germans were secretly landing supplies for the Spaniards. On July 7 Aguinaldo's men captured a Spanish transport and attacked the Spanish garrison on Isla de Grande in Subig Bay. The German warship *Irene* stopped 'em and made them run up a white flag. When Dewey heard this he sent the *Raleigh* and *Concord* out to take the island. As they came on the scene the *Irene* steamed off to Manila. The *McCullough* halted her as usual. Then von Diederichs went right up in the air. He sent an officer to tell

Dewey he wouldn't have his warships hauled up like that.

"I can see how those big bright eyes of Dewey's must have looked, as he delivered his ultimatum to the German.

"Tell Admiral von Diederichs that I desire to know—whether—there is peace or war between your country and—mine. If there is—peace—I suggest—that he should—conduct himself accordingly. If there is—war—I wish to be informed,—in order—that I may—conduct myself accordingly.'

"Then the news of Cervera's defeat came along, and von Diederichs subsided for awhile.

"I've got a hunch," Raymond added thoughtfully, folding up the thin typewritten sheets, "that this war may turn out to be a whole lot more important than it looks—may give some folks in Europe a sort of notion what 'American' means."

A detachment of Twenty-fourth Infantry was marching cheerily along the road below singing:

"If it's 'sociated with the burnin' of the han',
You need some herbs f'om de Medicine Man!

"Oh-h, de Medicine Man,
Wid 'is grip in 'is han'—"

"Hear those chaps sing!" Raymond added. "A lot of 'em came along singing just like that the day after El Caney. One big corporal was carrying a dog—regimental mascot of sorts. Correspondent asked him if he hadn't been fighting all the day before, and he said he had. Hadn't he marched all night? He said yes to that. Then what was he carrying that dog for? He looked puzzled. 'Why, boss,' said he, 'the dog's tired.'"

"They've been on duty at Siboney," Allan said. "Yellow fever hospital." The full-throated chorus had changed its tune to a rollicking cake-walk:

"Darktown is out to-night!"

"That's by an American negro composer," said Raymond. "He was in London last year. Said he would like to do for the folk-songs of his people what Wagner did for the folk-music of Germany. He'd been educated in Europe. I was a good deal interested in the traditions of primitive races about that time. The mater had a scientific friend, an Englishman, who'd been in British West Africa studying native life. He said they had a great reverence for unusually big trees, and that sometimes you'd find one in the middle of a hut-circle, all hung with offerings like an altar. Maybe that's why the natives here call the ceiba tree—remember that big silk-cotton tree where the generals met?—the 'God-tree.' "

The boys were silent, looking down over the roofs of the ancient Spanish city.

"Must be handy to know as many languages as you do," said Lew half-enviously. "Down at the Red Cross headquarters they couldn't get anybody to help 'em clean up the place at first, that could talk any English. By the way, d' you ever know how those first Red Cross supplies we had in the hospital got there? 'Seems Miss Barton and her secretary and the rest were gettin' things unpacked, when here comes an officer and says, 'I hear you are giving out provisions. I'd like to buy some for my men.' 'We can't sell you any,' says Miss Barton—ever see her? She's a meek, quiet little old lady, looks like somebody's



"'T. R. PUTS IN ALL THE VEGETABLES AND STUFF IT WOULD HOLD.'"

grandma, but she can get more done--! 'But I'll pay you for them myself,' he says. 'I've got a lot of men out here in the jungle that are sufferin' for the lack of proper food.' So after she'd had her little joke she tells him, 'The Red Cross does not sell supplies. If you will send one of your men here, you can have whatever you need.' He gives a big laugh and says he, 'Oh, *that's* it! Have you got a sack around here, anywhere?' They rustles up a meal-bag or something and he puts in all the vegetables and stuff it would hold, and goes off with it over his shoulder. That was T. R."

"I got a letter from home to-day," said Allan suddenly, "with a lot of clippings in it. Somebody's abusin' the officers that signed that 'round robin.' One man tries to make out you can't believe anything a soldier says. They seem to think we're livin' on the fat o' the land. That little Spanish stoker we run into, that's waitin' on the officers' mess, gave us a song and dance about the way the papers in Madrid lied about everything, but seems as if there must be some o' that kind of officials in Washington, if they think they can cover up the facts about our embalmed beef."

Lew chuckled. "Reminds me of what happened last week over where the Eighth are camped. Friday being whitewash day, of course there was a detail ordered to attend to the lieutenant's quarters. D' you ever see the menagerie he's got over there? Couple o' deer, and a crane, and a twelve-foot boa-constrictor. He was goin' to give the snake to the Washington zoo, but it got blinded somehow when the Cubans brought it in, so he kept it for a pet. Well, that big Irishman, Mike McCormick, was on, and he maybe had some

aguardiente in him, I dunno. Anyway, when they'd cleaned everything all up nice, he suggested they should whitewash the crane. Then they whitewashed the two deer, and finally they whitewashed the snake. Then they went off. When the lieutenant got back and saw his pets he sent for the detail *pronto*. 'What d' you mean,' he says, 'by whitewashing those deer, and that crane, and that snake?' Mike was a little bit shaky by that time, but he saluted, grave as a judge. 'Why, sorr,' says he, 'you told us we was to whitewash everything in sight!' Maybe that's what's the matter at Washington."

Antonio Galdos was indeed serving as waiter, interpreter, caterer and steward for some officers in the American army. He found it wholly different from any other service he had ever entered, but he did his best to obey the incomprehensible regulations they issued to him. These Yankees seemed to be "loco" over cleanliness. Never had the ancient streets of Santiago been so cleansed as now. The colonel-doctor Wood, finding that some of the citizens paid no attention to his orders that dead bodies and cases of pestilence be made known, decreed that those disobeying should be made to work thirty days on the streets! *Caramba!* Antonio listened to one such citizen unburdening his soul as he toiled. That citizen called upon all the saints and apostles to curse the Yankee colonel and all of his relatives, including the living and the dead; he adjured all the inhabitants of heaven to bear witness that this was just. It was a most thorough, fundamental and all-embracing curse, and occupied many minutes, but the indignant one had to serve his thirty days, just the same. It was evident that these Yankees meant orders to be obeyed.

The peace protocol was signed at Washington, August 12; the treaty of peace was actually made on November 28 in Paris. The volunteers were sent home, and only enough troops retained to garrison conquered territory. The colonel of the mess which Antonio served had determined, when the end of his stay in Cuba should arrive, to give a grand farewell feast. The menu was somewhat limited, but Antonio did his best. As a climax the colonel had certain bottles of champagne, sent him by a friend and saved for this occasion. When all was eaten, the colonel made ready for his final *coup*. "Antonio," he said, "we will now have the champagne."

Antonio brought it—in a saucepan. Mindful of instructions to boil every drop of drinking-water, he had boiled the champagne.

The moment was too serious for profanity. After a speechless minute the guests broke into a forlorn laugh. Afterward, when Antonio Galdos had a job in a Spanish-American hotel in New York, he knew what he had done, and then he marveled that he was yet alive.

That day a telegram came to Raymond from his uncle Paul. His mother had been taken suddenly and seriously ill. Since he was to come back to New York soon, in any case, to finish out his service in helping to get the camp at Montauk Point into shape, could he come at once? He found that this could be arranged. While racking his brains for some quick way of reaching New York he met a war correspondent who had been editor of a Montana paper, an old acquaintance of Martin Kendrick and Lew Davis. He was in charge of the dispatch boat of his newspaper, and was going to New York at once, Kendrick and

Davis with him. This solved the problem for Raymond. As the little steamer sped toward the North Star that night, the cold wind that swept her deck was welcome to the boys, though their teeth chattered. It meant home.

Off the Carolina coast they ran into a snowstorm. The bronzed Western editor wore an expression which Lew called his "poker face."

"Used to look that way when he went down the street to play poker for enough money to pay off with, Saturday night. I wonder what's up."

"Plenty the matter," the correspondent answered to Lew's discreet question. "Coal on fire below. We can't make New York; we may get into Baltimore."

The storm increased. So did the fires. The engineer and his men, with all the help available, fought harder than most of the volunteers had fought Spain, but the deck by-and-by began to be hot.

"Only one thing in our favor," said the chief, as Raymond struggled through blinding, smothering, whirling snow to report.

"What's that?"

"We cleared on Friday, the thirteenth. Friday is my lucky day and thirteen is my lucky number. When they come together I usually play the races."

They edged into Baltimore after six hours of exhausting toil and suspense, and the men were shifting their feet on the hot deck. Raymond and the correspondent made for a telegraph office, one to wire his uncle, the other to report to his paper. After learning that his mother was better Raymond took the first train for New York. Allan and Lew, finding that Lindstrom and his father were in Baltimore, sought

a hotel, ate a huge meal and betook themselves to their room.

"I hope never to shave destruction any closer than we did last night," observed Allan with a mighty yawn as he dropped into bed. "Well, the war's over."

Several days later gray warships lay in the cold clear light of Northern skies, off Manhattan Island, and a quiet but very happy crowd of people gathered in the parlors of a Broadway hotel. Across the way the chimes of the gray Gothic spire of Grace Church were singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The troops had come back from Cuba.

Raymond Arden, Lew Davis, Allan Kendrick, Oscar Lindstrom, Arthur Haynes, Torvald Taylor, Billy Scott, Joe Symonds were there—somewhat worn and gaunt, bronzed by a tropical sun, yet with the ready laugh of men who have learned to make light of wounds and sickness and the grim face of death. Fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers and relatives and friends were there to meet the boys and welcome them home. Paul Randolph, watching the little groups with the quiet, observant eyes of a veteran lawyer, saw in them a type of the country itself. Following their leaders, whether soldiers, admirals, inventors, poets, statesmen, Americans were making their country a true nation, a world power. Some day those leaders, the men who saw further into the future than the little struggles of their own day, would be recognized as heroic figures, and their ages as an age of heroes.

NOTES

A part of the material for the stories of the war of 1861-65 and that of 1898 was obtained from the war articles published in the *Century Magazine* and written some by Union generals, some by Confederate generals, some by naval officers and some by other writ-

ers, many of whom were themselves engaged in the campaigns of which they wrote. Books on the period, written from various points of view, have also been consulted. In addition to these sources of information the writer has used material afforded by the reminiscences of personal acquaintances and members of the family. Four brothers of her father were in the Union Army, and one sister was in the hospital service, and all of the brothers were in different regiments, so that their experiences covered the Peninsular campaign, Banks' expedition, the surrender of Richmond and some of the work of the signal service.

During the Spanish-American war the writer was doing editorial on the *Washington Times*, a daily, and the *Capital*, a Washington weekly. Some of the material used in the five stories of this war came from scrap-books kept at the time, in which articles and books by war correspondents were reviewed or quoted. The story of the negro regular and the sharpshooter in "Red Tape and Barbed Wire" was told by one of the Rough Riders who called at the office after the war. The incident of Roosevelt coming to the Red Cross to buy supplies for his men was told to the writer by Miss Barton's secretary, and did not get into print until long afterward. A personal friend of General Wheeler related the story of his aid to the widow of the Union soldier.

Two other stories of Wheeler are as follows.

At the Capitol one day some of the older members were commenting on the death of men formerly their intimates, and some one said "We have Wheeler still with us."

"Yes," said Speaker Reed, "Wheeler never stays in one place long enough for the Almighty to put His finger on him."

Miss Annie Wheeler was much averse to her father's accepting a commission that would undoubtedly take him to the front, and asked why, at his age, he wanted to go.

"My dear," said the General, a glint of sedate fun in his eyes, "if there was a fish that had been out of water for thirty-three years, and he should see a nice, cool brook near by, don't you think he would wriggle a little?"

Miss Wheeler said no more, but went into the hospital service and was sent to Cuba. General Wheeler was the only man in history who ever held a general's commission in the Confederate Army, served thirty years in Congress and then held a general's commission in the United States army. He was the first American governor of the Philippines.

The author wishes to acknowledge the help given by Mr. Edwin Cobb, a Grand Army veteran, Mr. Ernest A. Sadler, a Spanish War veteran, and by an uncle, Maitland Lamprey, in the preparation of this book.

THE LEADERS

In the far-off days when this our race its purpose blindly
wrought,
When savage folk in the wilderness for food and freedom
fought,
The stones were gathered for temple and wall, they painfully
reared the same—
And nothing is left but a ruinous cairn, with neither use nor
name.

The men who muddled with stones and tile, they are gone to
the great unknown,
But the man who thought for himself and his race, unaided
and alone,
The man who listened for God's own word, with a heart that
was unafraid,
He has left his mark on the tribe that heard, by the speech and
the songs he made!

With granite and concrete and marble and bronze the Roman
worked his will,
And bent the soul of a conquered race to serve him of their
skill,
But the eagles are flown, and the Cæsars are dust, and Rome
is a palimpsest—
It is only her language and law to-day that have borne the final
test.

With logs and stone and rubble and brick we build in our
new-cleared land,
We gather the riches of earth and sea with greedy and care-
less hand,

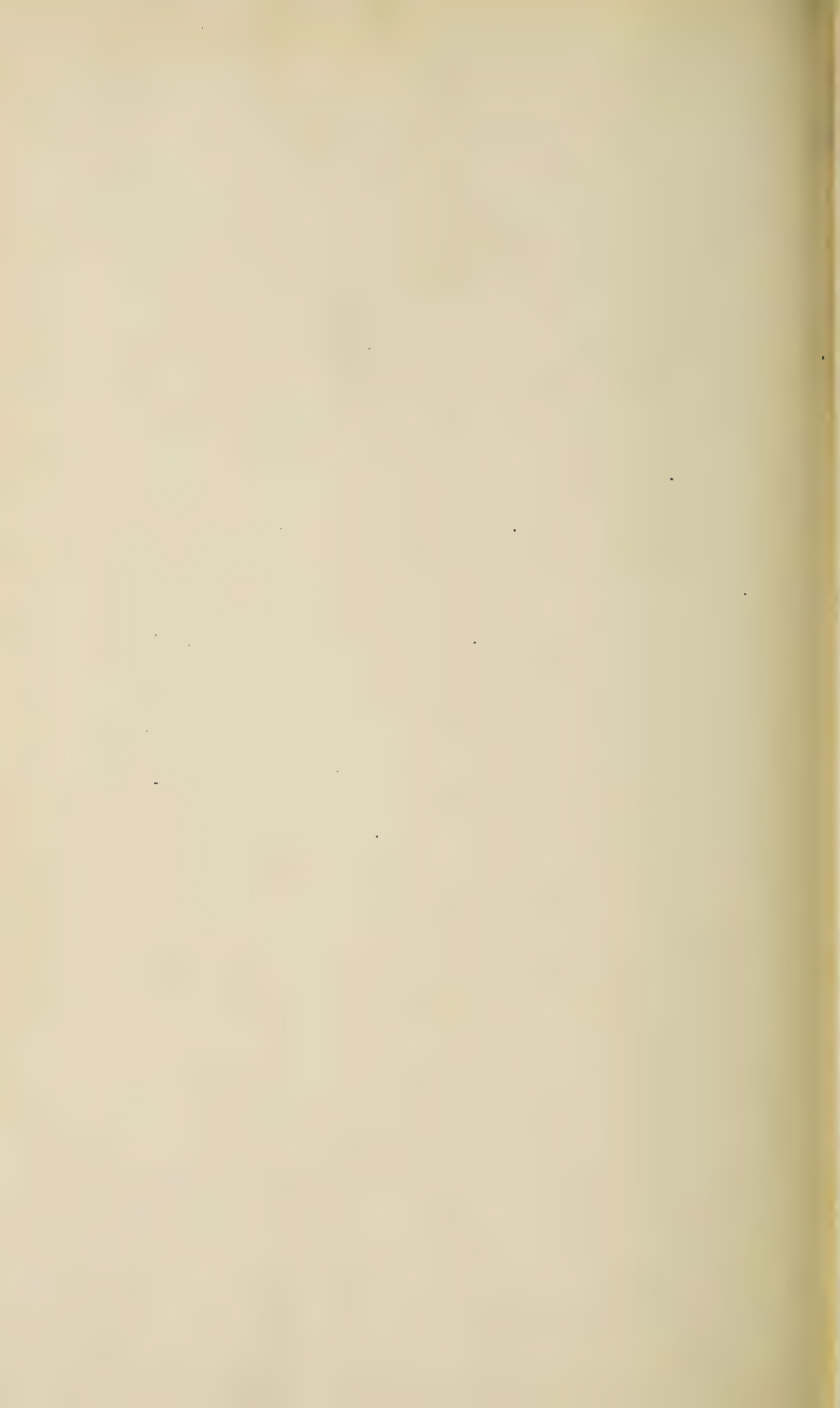
But when we are dead, and our souls are fled, as from Stone-
henge and Memphis and Rome,
What shall remain of the life of our race on earth that was our
home?

He who looked on the face of God, and saw what none other
could see,
And he who gave his life for the cause that a people might be
free,
And he who wrought for a brotherhood, that was great enough
for all,
And he who swept from the market-place old hatred's cum-
bering wall,

—These are they who have left their work in the heart and
the soul of the race,
Who have won for us in the world to come a greater power
and place.
It is simple as wind and sunlight and rain, or that ten times
one is ten—
The Leaders are they who build for all time, with the souls
of their fellow-men!

THE END





DAYS OF THE LEADERS

By L. LAMPREY

Author of "Days of the Pioneers," etc.

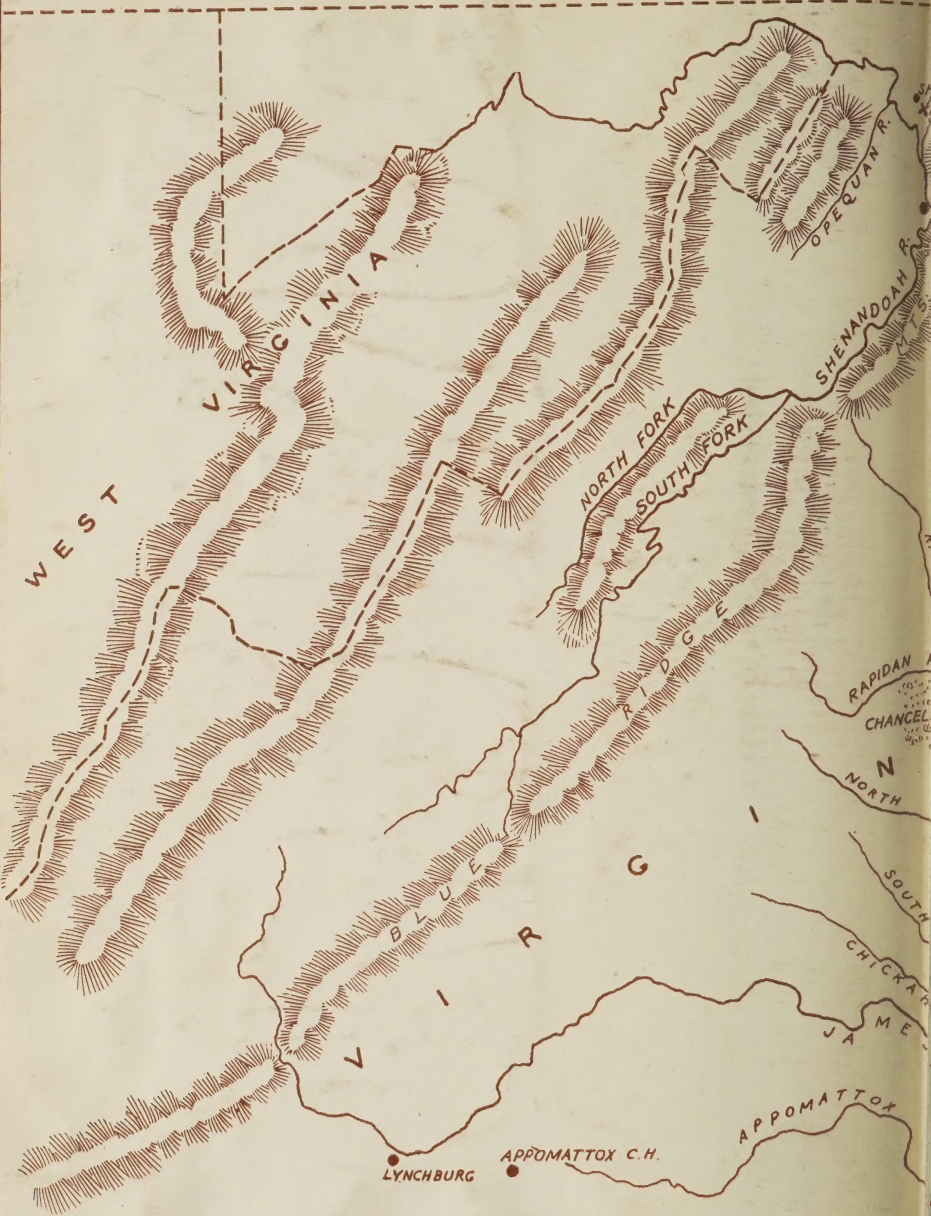
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PENNSYLVANIA



SCALE OF MILES
25 50 75 100

WOODS
MARSHES
X BATTLES (Where there were no towns)

